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THE
SIDNEY ANECDOTES:

SELECTED FROM HISTORY,

Ancient and Modern,

AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES.



CHARLES AND AMBROSE SIDNEY,

OF GLASTONBURY.

LONDON:

W. J. SEARS, WARWICK SQUARE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1830.

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Dedication.

TO A BROTHER,
WHOSE BENEVOLENT DISPOSITION,
AND EXEMPLARY LIFE,
EXHIBITS THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF
CHRISTIANITY
ON THE HEART AND CONDUCT,
BY HIS AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS,

Charles Sidney
Ambrose Sidney

April 1, 1830.

DEDICATION.

TO ALL,

Who, piously inclin'd, with BOB the POET,
Will pray as *Fools*, and fairly own they know it ;

“ O that ane the gift wou'd gi'e us,

To see *oursel's* as ithers see us,

It wou'd frae mony a *blunder* free us,

An' foolish notion :

And mony a *daft* like thing wou'd lea'e us—

E'en in devotion.”

Charles Sidney
Ambrose Sidney



Sidney Anecdotes.

ANECDOTES OF FOLLY.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind, and what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions both of men and things,—that “*trifles light as air*,” shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveable within it, that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

“*De gustibus non est disputandum.*”

PREFATORY OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOLLIES OF MANKIND.

MOST men are wise in their own conceit,—*ergo*, they are fools: but there are as many degrees in folly, as there are varieties in disposition. Some are born *natu-*

ral fools, others are made fools of, and many more make fools of themselves. We have natural fools of rank, and many, possessed of property, who will *sagely* tell us, that “if they be fools, their money a’n’t.”

We have others, in the lower grade of society, who never were capable of stringing a couple of ideas together, nor of keeping a shilling in their pockets. Some are made fools of by others, being exposed in the naked deformity of their *minds*, both in their conversation and behaviour, or, if they have the *temerity* to venture to commit their crude ideas to paper, our good friends, the reviewers, kindly endeavour to make them appear as foolish as possible. Many more make fools of themselves, by endeavouring to enact a part in the drama of life, for which they are neither fitted by nature, habit, nor education ; thus, when we perceive a man of *Lilliputian* stature, insult and strike a man who could put him in his pocket ; or a man, or woman, with splay feet, or bandy legs, setting themselves to teach the graces, as rivals to d’Egville or Vestris—or, one who has been bred in the midst of rudeness and vulgarity, trying to put on the manners of the gentleman, and making a ridiculous blunder at his every attempt at politeness,—or, one, who has had but *little* education, and but *little* improved that *little*, presuming to open his mouth on a subject he knows nothing

of, and seemingly never will ; or, one who has got a few ideas jumbled together, whether innate or not, he knows not, nor cares from whence they arise, but having learnt a little of the “Manual Exercise” of penmanship, endeavouring to illuminate the world, without being able to join two sentences together grammatically, or even to spell correctly his own mother tongue : neither of these seem to have occasion to use Holy Willie’s prayer,—“ Lord bless us with a good conceit of ourselves.” Each can see his neighbour’s folly, but his self-conceit prevents his looking inwardly, and perceiving his own foibles.

The great, and the reputed wise, sometimes are guilty of acts of folly, which are the more conspicuous from the high station they fill in society. We have heard of a *statesman* acting the part of a *buffoon*, and endeavouring to flatter and amuse his master when called to consult upon an affair of vital importance to his country ; and of some few who have betrayed the trust reposed in them ; but these latter deserve a stronger epithet than that of fools.

Some have undertaken offices in the state, for which they were never qualified, and have made their sovereign *look like a fool* in the eyes of other persons, who smiled at the foolish *choice* of the one, and the foolish *conduct* of the other, of whom they made an easy dupe ;

and we have known some, who have lost good places through a foolish attachment to a party, who cared not so much for their country or their king, as for themselves and their friends; who foolishly thought they had a *weak* man to deal with, who would be *alarmed* at their desertion of him, and of their country, in a trying and important period. In this they soon found they had acted neither *wisely* nor *patriotically*, for they looked very silly when they found that their master could, and *would*, dispense with their services; having to *their astonishment* discovered, that there really were a few *remaining* talents, which he could employ in their stead. They cast a longing, lingering look behind, but were not allowed again to taste the fruit they had slighted; their folly now became conspicuous *even to themselves*, but conviction and repentance came too late, and they withdrew from the public gaze, regretting their folly, and without the respect or regret of their countrymen, whose cause they had forsaken.

Wolsey was conceited, and haughty, and imperious, lording it over both king and country, church and state. His master had strong and ungovernable passions, and the cardinal flattered and encouraged him in their gratification too much, and too long, even to be regarded by his prince, as a friend either to his person

or his government, for he was deprived of all his dignity and authority by him who had been the source of his almost regal influence and splendour, and reduced to a very low state of degradation and penury,—proving that “the friendships of the world are often confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure,”—and that such have not “sincerest virtue for their basis,” for “such a friendship ends not but with life.” He saw, and regretted, the folly of ambition, and of the means he used to gratify his own *pride*, and with a *doubtful* repentance exclaimed—“Had I served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, he would not have cast me off thus.” A grand lesson this, in the page of history, for ambitious and unprincipled statesmen !

“Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die !”

so saith a *good* poet, who had studied manking, morally and *politically*.

The follies of kings and governors are also on record in the page of history, serving as a beacon to warn the powers that be. Every head destined to wear a crown, is not favoured with the wisdom of Solon. Some are wise in council, yet foolish in action, like one of our witty monarchs,—

“ Who never *said* a *foolish* thing,
Nor ever *did* a *wise* one.”

Others are ambitious of the glory of conquest, like Alexander, who *whined* like a foolish child, because he could find no more enemies to combat with, nor countries to overrun ; while others, like imperial Nap, have lived to be shorn of all their power and influence, once approaching to universal dominion. Some have been led by the nose by a prime minister, a favourite, or a coaxing mistress, and others allowed themselves to be priest-ridden, of which we have a modern instance, in one making a petticoat for the Virgin Mary, who certainly does not *now* want such a thing, although she might have found it useful, and considered it a mark of respect, when in this world ; but by this folly he thought he would please the priesthood, some of whom are not such fools as to attach any value to his *extraordinary* and *womanlike* performance. Our own Harry the VIII. bore the burthen of one, long enough to know his weight to an ounce, but he shook him off at last, and left him in the mud, to rise as he could, and use his own two legs, or all four, as liked him best.

It is not now customary, nor perhaps necessary, for kings and princes to have *one* about the court, yclept the *king's jester* or *fool* ; perhaps they could not now

relish the good things often spoken by those foolish wise men, who sometimes dared to tell them a *bit of truth*, which a fawning courtier would have been afraid of mentioning ; or, there are now so many wtlings about the courts, that the wise or amusing sayings of a *hired fool* would be lost in the blaze of wit of our modern courtiers ; but we would venture a bit of advice to a prince inclined to economy, that it would be a saving to him, and perhaps to his country, were he to retain only *one* fool in his service, and to recollect what one, who was wiser than most of his own, or the present day, said—"A companion of fools shall be destroyed, but in the multitude of counsellors, (*i. e.* wise men, able to advise, and honest,) there is safety."

Even the *wisest* of our philosophers, statesmen, warriors, legislators, lawyers, moralists, and divines, *have*, and have *had*, their follies, foibles, hobbies, and whims. "Have not the wisest of men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himself, have they not had their HOBBY HORSES ? their running horses, their coins, and their cockle shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallets, their maggots, and their butterflies ? And so long as a man rides his HOBBY HORSE peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you nor me to get up behind

him, ‘ pray sir, what have either you or I to do with it ?’——God speed them,—e’en let them ride on without opposition from me, for, were they unhorsed this very night, ’tis ten to one, but that many of them would be worse mounted by one half, before to morrow morning !”

Some time ago there was a foolish wild goose ^{chase} after the philosopher’s stone ; some thought they had found it, others nearly so,—like a prize in the lottery, the *next* thing to it ; but no one could positively assure himself of having caught the prize. Many thought they had found out the true theory of the heavens and of the earth, until the enlightened and immortal Newton made fools of them all by HIS conclusive demonstrations ! which some are still foolish enough not to believe, because they *do not comprehend* them. Some few would-be philosophers there have been foolish enough to state there was not such a sensation as pain, although they were subject to hunger, thirst, and disease ; while some have gone so far as to deny their *own* existence !---while all around them saw them with their eyes, and wondered at their folly. We consider this the very perfection of folly, which could not go farther than to deny the existence of a Supreme Being ! We have heard and seen the word *atheist* applied to such as *professed* not to believe in the existence of an Eternal

and Supreme Being ; but we have never met with any one fool-hardy enough to avow his disbelief, although many give *practical* evidence of their non-belief. To such, the wise king of Israel seems to allude, when he says, “ the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.” We may here relate one anecdote, and fact, shewing—

THE FOLLY OF THOSE WHO PROPAGATE
INFIDELITY AND ATHEISM, BY THEIR
CONVERSATION OR PRACTICE ; AND
THE CONSEQUENCE.

A servant who had wonderfully *improved* by the irreligious and blasphemous conversation he heard, while waiting at his master's table, embraced an opportunity of robbing his master: being discovered and apprehended, he was urged to assign some *reason* for his ingratitude and dishonesty. “ Sir,” he replied, I have so often heard you speak of the *impossibility* of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery.” “ Well,” replied the master, “ but had you no fear of *that* death which the *laws of your country* inflict on a criminal?” “ Sir,” rejoined the servant, with a stern eye upon his master, “ What is *that* to you ? If I had a mind to

venture that, YOU had removed my GREATEST fear ; why should I fear the LESS ? This was the effect of foolish conversation, before those who require but a small stimulus to do evil.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

THE *First of April* was usually noted in the almanacks as “ All-fools’ Day, until about a century ago. It is still a custom in Britain on this day to send some unsuspecting persons on some frivolous errand, such as to buy a penn’orth of stirrup oil, or pigeon’s milk,—or, to ask for the History of Eve’s Mother,—or, to say some one wishes to see them on particular business, when they are not wanted.

In some parts of the north of England, and in Scotland, the custom is nearly alike, with this little difference, calling the party deceived a *Gowk*, instead of an *April Fool* ; *Gowk* being the common name of the cuckoo, considered a very silly bird.

Douce remarks, “ I am convinced that the ancient ceremony of the “ *Feast of Fools*” has no connection whatever with the custom of making fools on the first of April. The making of April fools, after all the

conjectures which have been formed touching its origin, is certainly borrowed from the French, and may, I think, be deduced from this simple analogy. The French call them April *fish* (*poissons d'Avril*), i. e. Simpletons, or, in other words, silly mackarel, who suffer themselves to be caught in this month. But as, with us, April is not the *season* of that fish, we have very properly substituted the word FOOLS. A similar day of *foollery* is kept among the Hindoos, attended with the like species of witticism practised here on the first of April."

In Poor Robin's Almanack for 1770, there is a *pleasant* attempt at a poetical description of the modern fooleries of this day.

" The *first* of April, some do say,
Is set apart for *All Fools'* day ;
But *why* the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know ;
But on this day are people sent,
On purpose for pure merriment ;
And *though* the day is *known before*,
Yet frequently there is great store
Of these *forgetfuls* to be found,
Who're sent to dance *Moll Dixon's round* ;

And having tried each shop and stall,
And *dissappointed* at them all,
At last some tells them of the *cheat* ;
Then they return from their pursuit,
And straightway home with shame they run,
And others laugh at what is done.
But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the *greatest fool* reputed,—
The man that *innocently* went,
Or *he* that him *designedly* sent.”

FOOLISH SATISFACTION IN BEING THOUGHT WISE.

“There is no project to which the whole race of mankind is so universally a bubble ; as to that of being *thought* wise ; and the affectation of it is so visible in men of *all* complexions, that you every day see some one so very solicitous to establish the *character*, as not to allow himself leisure to *do* the things which fairly *win* it ; expending more art and stratagem to *appear* so in the eyes of the world, than what would suffice to *make* him so *in truth*.

“It is owing to this desire, that you see, in general,

there is no injury touches a man so sensibly, as an insult upon his parts and *capacity*: tell a man of *other* defects, that he wants *learning, industry, or application*; he will hear your reproof with patience; nay, you may go farther,—take him in a proper season, you may tax his *morals*—you may tell him he is *irregular* in his conduct, *passionate, or revengeful* in his nature, and loose in his *principles*;—deliver it with the *gentleness* of a *friend*, possibly he will not only bear with you, but if ingenuous he will thank you for your lecture; but *hint, hint* but a *defect* in his *intellectuals, touch* but that *sore place*, from that moment you are looked upon as an enemy sent to torment him before his time; and in return, may reckon upon his resentment and ill-will for ever; so that, in general, you will find it safer, a better chance of being forgiven for proving he has been wanting in a point of common *honesty*, than a point of *common sense*. Strange souls that we are! As if to *live well* was not the *greatest* argument of wisdom! and as if what reflected upon our *morals*, did not *most* of all reflect upon our *understandings*!” Lessons of *wisdom* have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart through the ground-work of a story which engages the passions. Is it that we are like iron, and must be *heated*, before we can be wrought

upon? Or, is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a *true* report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a *fable*, in order to come at *the truth*!!

FOLLY OF THE ROYALISTS, AND SAGACITY OF CROMWELL.

The Protector having learnt that a party of the friends of the exiled Charles II. assembled privately at an inn at Islington, resolved to make one amongst them; and having disguised himself as a farmer, alighted at the inn from a horse much splashed, as if he had rode long and hard, and called for a mug of ale. When the landlord put it before him, Oliver asked him to drink, which brought on a conversation, in which the Protector let fall some expressions which induced Mr. Boniface to think he was no friend to the Commonwealth. After several cups, he affected to feel the effects of them, and with apparent candour informed the landlord that the occasion of his journey to London was a law-suit he had depending, and as he was *uncertain* how long it would detain him, he wished much he could find a set of honest men to pass his time with, that he might be as little as possible in

that d—d town where his royal master was murdered. Mine host being persuaded by his discourse that he was one of the right royal sort, took upon him to introduce Oliver to the said party, among whom he was soon as free and merry as any of them, and joined heartily in drinking "The King's return, and destruction to the Protector," and other such toasts. In the midst of all their jollity, a body of Oliver's guards surrounded the house, the commanding officer of which told the unsuspecting landlord, that he wanted to see the Protector, who had ordered him to wait upon him there, and that he was in *such a company*. Boniface assured the officer that his Highness was not in his house; but being peremptorily ordered to *inquire* for him, he went into the room laughing, and said that an officer "wanted the Protector!" Oliver, to their surprise, started up, and answered, "Yes, here I am!" adding, "Now, gentlemen, you may be convinced you cannot be secret enough to evade my discovering you; I pardon what is past, but advise, *not* to let me *find you out* another time."

FOLLY OF THE TURKISH SUPERSTITION,
AND THEIR AVERSION TO SWINE'S FLESH.

Busbequius tells us, that when he was ambassador at Constantinople, but really a prisoner, as he could not receive nor send any message without its being inspected: being aware of the Turkish aversion to every thing of the hog species, he hit upon the following expedient: When any one had a *secret* message to send him, he directed them to enclose it in a little bag along with a *roasting pig*, and to send it by a youth. When the chiaux * met the youth, and asked him what he had there, he was instructed to whisper in his ear and say, that a friend of his master had sent him a present of a roasting pig. The chiaux would then punch the bag *with his stick*, to find out whether the boy told the truth or not; and as soon as he heard the pig squeak, he would run back as fast as he could, saying, "Get thee in with thy *nasty* present;" then spitting on the ground, would add, " 'Tis strange to see how these Christians dote on this filthy, impure beast, they cannot forbear eating of it, though their lives were at stake." Thus was his guard handsomely choused, and the boy brought him afterwards any secret message that was sent him!

* A guard set over Busbequius by the Turkish government.

FOOLISH PREFERENCE OF A WITHY TO A ROPE.

Brien O'Rourke, an Irish rebel, being condemned to be hung, appeared greatly concerned at going to swing in a common halter, and petitioned earnestly, not for a pardon, or the preservation of life, but for a *change* in the instrument of death, he only desired to die in a *withy* instead of a *rope*. On being asked his reason for making such an insignificant distinction, he answered, "I am desirous of a distinction in life, which has been paid to many of my countrymen, who *have* been *indulged* in it."

MAKING A FOOL OF ANOTHER, AND OF ONE'S SELF AT THE SAME TIME.

A *collector* of paintings, good, bad, and indifferent, but who thought himself a bit of a judge, had contrived by *sundry* means to get together in his possession a number of showy paintings, and some *copies* from the first masters; but the judgment of our collector not being quite perfect, he would often mistake a copy for an original, whereas had he but read

any of the treatises on Painting, or the lives and histories of the old painters, he must have found out that only *one* original being in existence, and that being in a particular gallery, could not by any possibility have come into *his* possession. However, our *general* collector having, as he thought, met with a prize in a *supposed* original, and exultingly showed it to several of his friends, equally able to discriminate, one of whom strongly urged him to acquaint some one of the rich connoisseurs of his having *such* a valuable *Claude* in his possession. Sir John —— was the man, and so a letter was sent to inform him that an original Claude was to be seen at a house in Camberwell. Away flies Sir John, in his carriage, full of hopes of glutting his eyes on a rare production of Claude's pencil. The carriage at last stops at the door, his card is handed in, and the bustling possessor of the *breathing* canvas hands the baronet into the little room *full* of treasures. Casting his eyes about in search of the *wonder*, and not finding any thing *like an original* in the whole lot, he impatiently asked where the said Claude was hung; upon which the man of little judgment, pointing to the *supposed* rarity, says, "There, Sir John! *there* is the *glowing original*!" No sooner had this *judge* cast his eye on it, than he perceived it was a miserable copy, and

turning indignantly to the conceited collector, said, "What, sir, was you thinking of, when you desired me to come all this way to look at such a *daub* as that; which I would not go across the street to look at? Don't insult me in future:" and away he flung.

HOLIDAYS RECOGNIZED, BUT NOT KEPT.

Many of the *Saints'-days*, &c. of our Catholic forefathers, are recognized by the good folks of the present day, but strangely perverted by us in their observance, being employed in *feasting* instead of *fasting*. LENT was instituted as a fast, and the primitive Christians commenced their Lent on the Sunday now called the first *in* Lent. In A.D. 487, Pope Felix III. added the four days preceding the Old Lent Sunday, to make the *fasting* days amount to forty, which is the proper number.

Pope Gregory the Great introduced the sprinkling of *ashes* on the *first* of these four days, named *Dies Cinerum*, or Ash Wednesday; and in 1091, the Council of Beneventum strictly enforced its observance, which continued until the Reformation.

Some notable instructions for keeping *true Lent*, are given by HENRICK in his "NOBLE NUMBERS," which shows, that in his time there were many fonder of *feasting* than *fasting*.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder leane,
And clean
From fat of veales and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with *fish* ?

Is it to fast an *hour*,
Or, ragged to go
Or show
A downcast look or snore ?

No ; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate ;
To circumcise thy life.

To shew a heart grief rent,
To *starve* thy sin,
Not bin ;
And *that's* to *keep* thy Lent.

FOOLISH PHILOSOPHY.

A heathen philosopher may talk very elegantly about despising the world, and, like SENECA, may prescribe very ingenious rules to teach us an art he *never exercised himself* ; for all the while he was writing in praise of *poverty*, he was enjoying a great estate, and *endeavouring to make it greater* ; but if ever we hope to reduce those rules to practice, it must be by the help of religion.—STERNE.

FOLLY OF A CAPRICIOUS AND JESTING MASTER OF A COLLEGE.

Towards the close of the 16th century, Dr. Soames, being the master of Peter House, Cambridge, MARY, the widow of Thomas Ramsay, lord mayor of London, who had before conferred several favours upon that foundation, did actually proffer to settle five hundred pounds a year, (a very large sum at that time), upon the house, provided it might be called the house of "PETER and MARY." "No," said the capricious master, "*Peter*, who has lived so long *single*, is too old now for a *female* partner."—"A dear jest," says Fuller, "for the lady, disgusted at the doctor's fantastic scruples, turned the stream of her benevolence to the benefit of *other* public foundations."

ST. PETER A FOOL BY COMPARISON.

A friar in Italy, both clever and learned, was commanded to preach before the Pope at the time of the Jubilee, and went to Rome, before the appointed day, in order to see the manner of the Conclave, and adapt his sermon to the solemnity of the occasion. On that

day he ascended the pulpit, and having finished his prayer, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "St. Peter was a fool!" which he repeated three times, and then descended from the pulpit! The astonished Pope immediately questioned him on his strange conduct, when he replied, "If, Holy Father, a Cardinal can go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, and living at ease, wallowing in luxury, and *seldom* or *never* preaching, St. Peter *certainly* was a *fool*, who took so hard a way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching, abstinence, and humiliation."—The Pope could not deny the *reasonableness* of the reply.

YORKSHIRE SUPERSTITION.

Mr. Brand states, that it is a custom among the common people in *Yorkshire*, to sit and watch in the church porch, on the eve of Saint Mark, from eleven at night, until one in the morning. This is to be done three years, and on the *third* year they are supposed to see the ghosts of all those who are to die the next year, pass by into the church.

When any one *sickens*, that is thought to have been *seen* in this manner, it is presently whispered about that he will not recover ; for that such or such an one, who has *watched* St. Mark's eve, has said so. This superstition is in *such force*, that if the *patients* themselves hear of it, they almost *despair* of recovery. Many are said to have actually died by their *imaginary fears* on this occasion ; a truly *lamentable* but by no means *incredible* instance of human folly !

FOLLY OF A DRUNKEN PERSON.

A man in a state of intoxication, attempting to pass through a court, thinking it to be the street, but as he found interruption, he thought that some person intercepted him in the passage, on which he drew his sword, and began hacking and hewing a stone post, which he took for a man. Seeing the sparks which the collision brought forth, he drew back, exclaiming, "oh ! what a villain ! he carries fire arms !"

A FOOLISH ANSWER BY A SLEEPY LAWYER.

A puisne judge having fallen asleep on the bench during a trial, continued his nap until its conclusion ; when, on being asked his opinion, he rubbed his eyes, and called out, " Hang him ! hang him " ! but on being informed that the matter at issue, was not a *man*, but a *meadow*,---" Well then " says he, " mow it ! mow it " !

A DRUNKEN MAN MADE A FOOL OF, AFTER
MAKING HIMSELF ONE.

Philip, the good duke of Burgundy, in one of his evening walks in Bruges, found a drunken man lying in the public square, in a sound sleep ; he ordered him to be taken up and conveyed to his palace, where he was stripped of his rags, and accommodated with a clean fine shirt and night-cap, and put into one of the duke's best beds. When he awoke, he found himself in a beautiful alcove, and surrounded by officers very richly dressed ; and was still more astonished when they addressed him most humbly, asking *what* dress his Highness wished to put on for the day, as he knew he had but one, which had served him for a long time.

After many assurances that he was no prince, but indeed a poor cobbler, he was at last constrained to submit, and bear all the honours they seemed determined to load him with, and suffered them to dress him. He then appeared in public ; heard mass in the chapel, and kissed the mass-book, and in fact did go through all the ceremonies of the morning. At dinner he was sumptuously served, and waited upon, and afterwards joined a card party, then to a walk, and returned to other entertainments. After supper being placed before him and partaken of, he was led to the ball room, where also he was received with princely honours. The poor man having never, before this, seen or tasted such rich and good things, partook freely of all that was handed to him ; and the wine being also of the best quality, he felt no reluctance in indulging himself abundantly ; so that he got as much intoxicated as when they found him in the street, and was soon again in as sound a sleep as before. In this state they disrobed him, and replaced his own mean clothing, and carried him to the place where they had found him on the previous night, where he slept soundly until the morning. When he awoke, he returned home to his wife, and related to her as a *dream*, that which had *really* happened to him !

FOLLY OF WITCHCRAFT, AND ITS BELIEVERS.

When lord chief justice Holt was on the Oxford circuit, a woman was put on her trial for witchcraft; having done many injuries to her neighbours, their houses, goods and cattle, by means of having in her possession a ball of black worsted, which she had received from a person, who *told* her that it had *certain properties*. The poor old woman did not deny the possession of the said ball, but said that she had never done any one *harm* with it, but on the contrary, *good*; and that they only envied her having such an important thing in her possession. "Well," says the judge, "you seem to admit having used the ball as a charm; now, will you tell me how long you have had it, and from whom you had it?" The poor woman answered, that she kept a small public house, near to Oxford, about forty years ago; and one day, a party of young men belonging to the University, came to her house, and ate and drank what they liked to call for, but had no money among them wherewith to pay for what they devoured; and that one of the young men gave her, in lieu of it, the said ball; which he assured her would do wonders for her, as it possessed surprising powers; and the youth looked so grave and wise, that she believed him;

and she had no occasion to repent of it, for it had really done a great deal of good to her and others. "Well my good woman," said his lordship, "did the young man say any thing about unwinding the ball?" "O yes, my lord, he told me, that if I should do so, the charm would be gone; and here it is (producing it) in the same state I had it forty years ago." The judge having requested her to hand it up to him, for his inspection, he thus addressed the jury:

"Gentlemen.—I believe it is known to some of you, that I was educated at the University of Oxford; and it is now about forty years ago; like some of my companions, I joined in youthful frolics, which ripper judgment taught me were wrong. On one occasion about that period, I recollect of going to the house, which it appears this woman then kept; neither I nor any of my companions having any money, I thought of this expedient in order to satisfy her claim upon us. I produced a ball of black worsted, and having written a few Hebrew characters on a slip of paper, I put it inside, telling her, that in that consisted a charm that would do wonders for her and others; seeing she believed in the deception, we quietly took our departure, but not before I had enjoined her never to undo the said ball. Now, Gentlemen, in order to prove to your minds the *folly* of those who *believe in*, and *persecute*, such deluded

and silly creatures as this woman, now arraigned *as a witch*, I will undo this ball before your eyes, and I have no doubt will find the characters I wrote on a slip of paper forty years ago." The judge soon unwound the ball, and produced the identical paper, with the Hebrew characters; which so convinced the jury of the *folly* and *absurdity* of the then general belief, that the woman was immediately pronounced NOT GUILTY. and discharged!

NOTE.—We believe this was the *last* trial for witchcraft; although the statute still remained a disgrace to the statute book for many years afterwards, even until a few years back; when finally repealed, at the hour of between twelve and one, in the morning; which caused my lord Castlereagh to make the remark, that "the House was giving the quietus to the old witches act, at *witching* time of night"!

A MAN MADE TO LOOK LIKE A FOOL, BY A MADMAN.

A very reprehensible practice exists of exhibiting the interior of a madhouse to the idly curious, we might

say the inhumane, although some do visit such places with a benevolent intention. A gentleman having accompanied the celebrated traveller Mr. Park, in a visit to Bedlam, in London, recognised an old acquaintance, whom he had not seen for some years, among those who were allowed to walk about without personal restraint. A mutual recognition, and some civilities, having taken place between them, they were about to shake hands and part, when the insane person struck the visitor a smart blow on the side of the head, which occasioned him to ask his *supposed* sane friend the *reason* of his strange salutation; who replied, laughing sneeringly, and pointing his finger at him, "What a fool *you* are to look for *reason* in a *madhouse*!" This the traveller related to a reverend friend, as a caution, when accompanying him on a like visit.

GALLIC FOLLY REPROVED.

On a recent occasion, when this country was divided into several factions, each seemingly ready to embrace the first favourable opportunity for obtaining the ascendancy; our neighbours across the channel, ever eager to take advantage of our internal divisions, began to

consult among themselves how and when to make a descent upon our "tight little island."

Our ambassador then at the Parisian court, having had a secret impression of their intentions, as well as a hint from a friend at court, bethought himself of a scheme, whereby he might discover a knowledge of their treacherous intentions; and at the same time expose their folly, even to themselves. He invited the ministers of state, and others of the court, to a grand entertainment; when he had an amphitheatre erected, and several exhibitions prepared to amuse his party. Among the rest, he introduced two noble bulls, nearly of the same size, who soon fell to it in good earnest, but after fighting some time with alternate success, they were surprised by the intrusion of a large and fierce dog, who immediately attacked one of the bulls, who soon turned upon his new adversary, in which he was joined by his late opponent.

These two having beaten the dog out of the pit, would have renewed their contest, but the scene here ended, and the company retired to renew the feast in the hall. Many surmises were made about the intention of this last exhibition and its finale. At last one ventured to ask him publicly, the reason of the uncommon interruption; when he replied, "that as he understood there were certain parties present, who meditated

taking advantage of the present dissensions among his countrymen, he intended this as a lesson to them, that Britons, however divided amongst themselves, would not brook the interference of a common enemy." The project had the desired effect, and the idea of invasion was abandoned !

FOOLISH VANITY OF OUR VIRGIN QUEEN.

This queen, whom Dodsley chronicled as having brave and skilful admirals and generals, whose counsellors were sage, and whose maids of honour had beef-steaks to breakfast, was not a little vain of her personal appearance, and seemed highly pleased by the incense of flattery offered her by those of her own and foreign courts. On one occasion a grand tournament was held in the tilt-yard at the palace of Whitehall, in honour of the commissioners of France, who came from the duke d'Anjou with proposals of marriage to the queen. According to Pennant, a banqueting house was erected at a great expence,—the gallery for the queen was named the castle, or fortress of perfect beauty ! The queen, though now forty-eight years of

age, received these flattering compliments, better suited for a girl in the bloom of youth.

This fort of perfect beauty was assailed by *Desire*, and his four foster children : persons of the first rank were the combatants, attacking and defending, and a regular summons was sent to the possessor of the fortress, along with a fulsome song, one of the stanzas running thus :

“ Yeeld, yeeld, O yeeld, you that this fort do hold,
Which is seated in spotless honour’s feeld ;
Desire’s great force nor forces can withhold ;
Then to *Desire’s* desire, O, yeeld, O, yeeld !”

Next followed a discharge of two cannons, the first loaded with *sweet powder* ! and the other with *scented water* ! Then a mock assault was made with elegant scaling ladders, and flowers flung against the walls. These gallant weapons proving of no effect, *Desire* was repulsed, and compelled to submit.---Was it not matter of surprise, that an entertainment so puerile could amuse the mind of a woman who possessed abilities capable of governing a powerful nation, and of maintaining its respectability among the other nations in Europe?

A FOOLISH APPREHENSION.

A queen of Spain, on her road to Madrid, passing through a small town famous for the manufactory of gloves and stockings, the magistrates thought they could not pay her a greater compliment than by presenting her majesty with a sample of the articles for which the town was famed. The major-domo, who conducted the queen, received the *gloves* very graciously, but when the *stockings* were presented, he flew into a violent rage, and reprimanded the magistrates severely for this piece of indecency: "Know," said he, "that a queen of Spain has no *legs*." The poor young queen, who had but an imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language, and had been often alarmed with accounts of Spanish jealousy, imagined they were preparing to cut off her legs, and began to weep bitterly, and begged they would conduct her back into Germany, as she was sure she should never be able to endure that operation, and it was with considerable difficulty they could appease her.

Philip IV. it is said, never laughed so heartily as at this story.

FOLLY AND SUPERSTITION OF A QUEEN
OF ENGLAND.

In the year 1552 Bishop Ridley went to Hunsden, to pay his duty to the princess Mary (afterwards queen). She thanked him for his civility, and entertained him with very pleasant discourse for half an hour, telling him she remembered him at court, and mentioned particularly a sermon of his preached before her father, and then leaving her chamber of presence, dismissed the bishop to dine with her officer. After dinner she sent for him, when the bishop told her, that he did not come only to pay his duty to her Grace by waiting on her, but farther to offer his service to preach before her the next Sunday, if she would be pleased to permit him. Her countenance changed at this, and she continued some time silent: at last she said, "As for this matter, my lord, make the answer to it yourself." The bishop mentioned that his office and duty obliged him to make this offer. She *again* desired him to make the answer to himself; for that *he* could not but know what it *would* be: yet, if the answer *must* come from her, she told him the parish church doors should be open for him if he came, and that he might preach if he pleased; but that *neither could she hear him, nor should any of her servants.* "Madam," said the

bishop, "I trust you will not refuse to hear God's word." "I cannot tell," answered Mary, "what *you* call God's word; *that* is not God's word *now*, that *was* God's word in my father's days." The bishop observed, that God's word was the same at *all* times, but has been *better understood* and *practised* in some ages than in others: upon which she could refrain her anger no longer, but told him, "You durst not for your ears have avouched *that* for God's word in my father's days, which you do now,"---and then, to show how *able* a judge she was in that controversy, she added, "as for your new books, I thank God, I never read *any* of them, *I never did, and never will!*" She then launched out in many bitter invectives against the present form of religion established, and parted from the bishop with these words:---"My lord, for your civility in coming to *see* me, I thank you, but for your offering to *preach before me*, I thank you *not a whit!*"

This bigotry of the princess, gave the bishop but a sorrowful prospect of what was to be expected when the princess came to the crown!

FOOLISH SPEECH OF A SENATOR.

Sergeant Beale “ marvelled much that the House should demur in granting the subsidy, or in the time of payment, when all we have is her majesty’s, and she may lawfully at pleasure take it from us,—yea, she has as much right to *all* our lands and goods, as to any revenue of the crown [hums and laughs]; well, your humming shall not put me out of countenance—I can prove my position:—in the time of Henry III., king John, and king Stephen, &c. &c.—” laughter still louder, till at last the sergeant was hummed to his seat. He was afterwards more particularly exposed for his slavish principles.

FOOLISH PROFUSION.

Duclos mentions, that at the splendid festival prepared by Fouquet for Louis XIV. at his chateau de Baux, the steward was ordered to put into every courtier’s room a purse full of gold, to supply the wants of those who might be without money, or had but little for the royal gaming table. The gentlemen

in the king's retinue looked on this provident and generous attention of the master of the house as a piece of gallantry and munificence, and made use of the purses without the least scruple; and he says, that such marks of ostentation were not uncommon in those days.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF PROFUSION,

Was exhibited by the Master of the Mint, in 1640, when the first new louis's were coined in France. After dinner he had three large baskets full of the new coin presented as *part* of the desert, to five of his guests, who were favourites of the monarch, and they were invited to make free, and partake of whatever was placed before them. The courtiers, pleased with the sight of the *new* fruit, this golden rarity, fell greedily upon it, and soon filled their pockets, and hastened home without even waiting for their carriages; while the MASTER smiled at the embarrassment of the encumbered and bustling lords, as they walked, or rather *trotted* home with their golden load.

PROFUSION OF A FRENCH MISTRESS.

It is impossible to enumerate the millions which the Marquis de Marigny reaped from the inheritance of the Marchioness de Pompadour, his sister (mistress of Louis XV.) The sale of her *furniture* alone lasted a year.—*Private Life of Louis XV.* vol. iv. p. 29.

TURKISH PROFUSION.

The reformation of the Imperial Court was one of the *first* and most necessary acts of the government of Julian. Soon after his entrance into the palace of Constantinople, he had occasion for the services of a barber. An officer magnificently dressed presented himself:—"It is a barber I want," exclaimed the prince, with affected surprise, "and not a receiver-general of the finances." He then questioned the man concerning the *profits* of his employment, and was informed that, besides a large salary, and some valuable perquisites, he enjoyed a daily allowance for twenty servants, and as many horses!

A thousand barbers, a thousand cup-bearers, a

thousand cooks, were distributed in the several offices of luxury, and the number of eunuchs could be compared only with the insects of a summer day. — *Gibbon*, vol. ii. p. 283.

A FOOLISH BARBER-SURGEON.

A young barber from Dantzic, more expert in *gallantry* than *surgery*, having married the widow of Tirmond, one of the most able surgeons of Peter the Great, czar of Russia, and his favourite, became very rich by the marriage, and made a great figure at Moscow. The czar having one day sent for him, he went to court magnificently dressed, and in his most elegant carriage. Peter examined him minutely, and bluntly told him he was a blockhead, and immediately called in a number of valets and peasants, and ordered him to *shave them all* without delay, which order the *gentleman barber* was under the necessity of complying with, to the great amusement of the court; after which he was allowed to return home, with the same stately parade in which he had come!

FOOLISH APPEARANCE.

Peter the Great was not very punctilious on some occasions. In his way to Holland, in 1776, he came to Dantzic just as divine service had commenced, and desired that he might be conducted to church; when the burgomaster waited upon him, and conducted the czar to the seat of the chief magistrate. Peter being seated, he desired the burgomaster to sit by him, and listened with great attention to the sermon; but finding his head rather cold, he on a sudden, and without speaking a word, took off the magistrate's periwig, and gravely covered his own head with it. Both remained in that ludicrous situation until the end of the sermon, when the czar, with a nod of acknowledgment, replaced the magistrate's head ornament.

A FOOLISH ANSWER.

An aged man, who had not had the benefit of early education, or had not attended to it, in the North, where it is so easily obtained, being, along with others, examined by his pastor, and asked, who made him? replied, "In truth, sir, I don't recollect!" "For

shame!" says the minister; "a man of your years cannot tell me who *made* you!" Then addressing a little boy, "My lad, can *you* tell me?" The boy having answered properly, the minister then rated the old man for allowing a youth to outdo him in such a simple question; to which the man replied, "Why, no thanks to him, sir, for he was *last* made?" Being again asked, who was the first man? nearly the same answer was returned,—“In truth, sir, I canna tell.” The boy having answered this also, another trial of his knowledge was made. “Now, then, can you tell me who was the first woman? The old man smiled, as if he thought this quite an unnecessary question, or put to him in a ‘joke; and on being pressed for an answer, replied, with seeming exultation, “Who but Mrs. Adam, sir?”

FOOLISH ATTEMPT AT DESCRIPTION.

A person who frequently attempts the use of words he does not understand, happening lately to visit the apartment in which the late duke of York was lying in state, on his return home seemed brimful of the object he had been viewing, and among other gloomy

descriptions of the solemn and imposing spectacle, told them, that there was a most *helegant chevalier expended from the ceiling!*

ORIENTAL ARROGANCE, AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

The ambassador from the governor and council of India to Hyder Ally, appointed to adjust the preliminaries of peace, had several audiences and conferences at Hyder's durbar, when Hyder, like Jupiter, was surrounded with his satellites, his petty subbahs and naboblings. During the discussion of the treaty, Mr. S—— had occasion to mention the resources of Great Britain, when one of the sycophants with which Hyder was surrounded, with contemptuous arrogance demanded, “*Who, and what is the king of England? We know nothing of the king of England!*” To which insolent query Mr. S. replied, in the spirit of a true Briton, “Sir, I answer no questions but those of the Nabob; but in order to satisfy *your* curiosity, and to correct your *insolence*, I will tell you in a few words *who* the king of England is. “The king of England is a prince who has *three hundred thousand* of the finest troops in the world at command, *ten thousand*

of whom would at any time make a conquest of *your* country; and you may be thankful for your remoteness from his power for your *safety* in this replication." This coup-de-grace completely silenced the impertinent Asiatic.

A LITTLE MAN IN A BIG WIG.

An eccentric member of the House of Commons, some few years ago, having come into the House after taking *refreshment* at the coffee-house adjoining, and being in good trim for a speech, in making allusion to the chair, or rather to the personage who occupied it, they signalised him with a particular direction of the finger. "I mean that *little* man with a *big wig*, there;" for which piece of eccentricity he was sent to Coventry, that is, committed to the custody of the serjeant at arms, afterwards reprimanded, and released on paying the fees!

FOOLISH DECISION.

In the time of the Popish plot, an Irish physician was charged with writing a treasonable libel, but denied the thing, and appealed to the unlikeness of the characters. It was agreed, they said, that there was no resemblance at all in the hands; but the doctor had two hands, his *physic* hand and his *plot* hand, and they insisted upon it, that *because* it was *not like* his hand, it *was* his hand!

FOLLY AND CREDULITY OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Bougey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteen century, a doctor of divinity, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon. In that ignorant age every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so Bacon and Bougey went under the imputation of studying the *black art*. Bougey also published a treatise of natural magic, which confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether *groundless*, for Bougey was chosen principal of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

A BARRISTER PUZZLED BY A BUMPKIN.

On a trial at Cambridge, about 1810, in a case where there was a dispute about felling some trees, for the purpose of widening a river, at an improper season of the year, when the wood was not in a fit state to be cut down, one witness appeared so very ignorant, that he could not say whether it took place on or before Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, or Christmas." The counsel, as usual, took advantage of his ignorance, to banter him not a little: "What a pretty fellow you are to come into a witness's box, and cannot tell which are the names of the quarter-days, and so on. The bumpkin, scratching his head, said he didn't know much about what the gentleman meant, but he believed the trees were cut about *Hallowmass*? "Hallowmass!" exclaimed the barrister; "when is that?" "Why, doesn't *thee* know that, sir?" said the witness. A general laugh ensued, in which the judge could hardly refrain from joining, and was compelled to call the tipstaves to take any one into custody who continued to *disturb* the court.

A COUNSEL'S OPINION OF THE FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.

Counsellor M——t, being in company one day, after he had retired from practice, the glorious uncertainty of the law became the subject of conversation. He was appealed to for his opinion; when he laconically observed, “ If any man was to claim the *coat* upon my back, and threaten me with a law suit in case of a refusal to give it him, he certainly should have it, lest in *defending* my coat, I should find out, too late, that I was deprived of my waistcoat also !”

AN USURIOUS BANKER OUTWITTED.

An old and rich banker at Lyons, named Corvu, who had amassed a large fortune by extortion and usury, was consequently visited with frequent qualms of conscience. Louis Brabant, valet-de-chambre to Francis the First of France, possessed the gift of ventriloquism in an eminent degree, which he sometimes made use for amusement, and at other times for his advantage. He had fallen in love with a rich

and handsome heiress, but, on account of the smallness of his fortune, could not gain the consent of her parents; but the father dying shortly after, he waited upon the widow, and in the presence of several visitors imitated the voice of her late husband, which he made appear as coming from above, directing her to give her daughter to Louis Brabant in marriage, as he was a man of good fortune and character; for that he was now in purgatory in consequence of having refused her to him; and that, if she gave her consent, he would then be released. The widow, believing in the voice as supernatural, and feeling for the soul of her late lord and master, at last gave her consent to receive him as her son-in-law.

Succeeding thus far, he bethought himself of the rich banker at Lyons, on whom he next intended to exert his talent, in order to recruit his finances, which at this time were very low. Behold him now tête-à-tête with the old usurer in his little back parlour, conversing about demons and spectres, which he artfully introduced, adding the pains of purgatory and the torments of the damned. In a short and silent interval, a voice was heard like that of the banker's deceased father, complaining of being in purgatory, from which he could only be liberated by his giving into the hands of Louis Brabant a large sum of

money for the redemption of the slaves among the Turks; at the same time threatening him with future punishment if he did not obey his request.

Louis now affected a great deal of surprise, and farther aided his deception by admitting that he certainly was devoting himself to the charitable purpose to which the *ghost* alluded! The suspicions of an old usurer are not easily satisfied, and he made another appointment with Louis for the next day, but took care, he thought, that it should be utterly impossible any deception could be practised upon him, by agreeing to meet him in an *open field*, where neither bush, tree, hill, nor pit, could conceal a confederate. On the next day the banker led Louis into the field, but at every step his ears were saluted with the groans and complaints of his father, and his other deceased relations, imploring him, in the name of all the saints in the calendar, to have mercy on his own soul, and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse the pious intentions of the worthy Louis Brabant. Corvu, already sufficiently alarmed, was now convinced, and could no longer resist the supposed voice of heaven, took his guest home with him, and paid into his hands *ten thousand crowns*, with which the *honest* and *pious* Louis returned to Paris, and immediately after married the heiress!

OBSERVATIONS ON
FOOLISH FEARS OF DEATH.

There are many instances of men who have received the news of death with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances—and this, either from the strength of spirits, and the natural cheerfulness of their temper, or, that they knew the world, and cared not for it, or, expected a better ; yet thousands of good men, with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well-spent life, that the charge must lie to their account, upon the approach of death, have still leaned towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever.—
STERNE, *Sermon* 18.

MACÆNAS' FEAR OF DEATH, AND
FONDNESS FOR LIFE.

C. Macænas, the friend and favourite of Augustus, on account of his *effeminacy* was called *Malcinus*,

and, as Seneca says, was so much afraid of death, that he used often to repeat the words, "All things are to be endured so long as life is continued," according to these verses,—

Debilem facito manum,
Debilam pede coxa,
Tuber adstrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes,
Vita dum superses bene est.

TRANSLATION.

Make me lame of either hand,
And on neither foot to stand,
Raise a bunch upon my back,
And make all my teeth to shake,
Nothing comes amiss to me,
So that *life* remaining be!

THEOPHRASTUS.

This *philosopher*, who lived to the age of eighty-five, is said to have accused Nature for indulging *stags* and *crows* with long life, to whom it was of no advantage, while to man was given only a short life, to whom it was of great importance, that it might be the more excellent, being perfected in all the arts and sciences; he complained, therefore, that as soon as he had begun to see and understand those things, he was forced to part with life!

ARTEMON.

According to Heraldicus Ponticus, a very skilful engineer, named Artemon, was of so timorous a disposition, that he was foolishly afraid of his own shadow, and that he very seldom ventured to stir out of his house. He had two of his men always by him, holding a brazen target over his head, in fear that something should fall upon and injure him; and if, upon an urgent occasion, he was compelled to go out of his house, he was borne upon a litter, which hung low, as he was constantly in fear of falling!!

THEMISTOCLES.

Themistocles, the most famous of the Grecian commanders, having entered upon the hundred and eighth year of his age, feeling nature declining, and the end of life approaching, grieved that he was about to depart when, as he said, that it was but then that he began to grow wise !

CAIUS CALIGULA.

The emperor C. Caligula, was so very fearful of death, that when it thundered, and the lightning flashed but a little, he would shut both eyes and cover his head wholly ; but when the storm was severe, he would creep *under his bed*. The eruption of Mount Etna, its noise and smoke, terrified him so, that he fled suddenly by night from Messina. Being with his army, and riding in a German chariot, between the straights beyond the Rhine, the army marching together in close squadrons, one having remarked that there would be no little confusion should an enemy

then appear, he was so alarmed that he left the chariot, mounted his horse, and made all haste to the bridges, and finding these choaked up with slaves and carriages, he brooked no delay, but was handed over men's heads, and so conveyd safely to the other side of the river. Shortly afterwards, hearing of the revolt of the Germans, he prepared for flight, and had ships ready for his conveyance ; consoling himself, that although the conquerors should pass the Alps, or possess themselves of Rome, he should still have possessions beyond sea.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SUDDEN AND SLOW DEATHS.

Antigonus took notice of one of his men, as being of a very valiant and daring nature, and ready to undertake any hazardous or desperate service. Having perceived a change in his appearance, he anxiously inquired the cause, and finding he had a dangerous and secret disorder, he caused every possible care to be taken for his recovery. When restored to health again, the king was surprised to find him less forward

and daring than before-time, and inquired of him the reason of such a change of his manner, to which the soldier ingenuously replied, "*Now* I feel the sweets of life, and therefore am I loth to lose it."

CARBO.

Cn. Carbo, in his third consulship, being sent by the orders of Pompey into Sicily, to be there beheaded, begged with great humility, and tears in his eyes, that the soldiers would allow him to do an act of natural necessity, only that he might thus add a few minutes to his miserable life. He remained so long in this situation, that the soldiers would brook no longer delay, and his head was severed from his body while he sat.

TITUS VESPASIAN.

The emperor Titus Vespasian, in his progress towards the territories of the Sabines, was suddenly

seized with a fever at the first stage where he halted. On his removing thence, in a litter, it is stated that he put back the curtains, and looking up to heaven, complained heavily that his life should be taken from him, who had not deserved to die so soon, for in his life he had not done any action whereof he had cause to repent, save one; but that one he did not then state, nor was it afterwards known to what he alluded. He died in about the forty-second year of his age.

KING OF HUNGARY.

A king of Hungary appearing very melancholy, his brother, a merry courtier, asked the reason: the king said, "O brother, I have been a great sinner, and I fear to die and appear before the tribunal of God." The brother made a jest of his melancholy thoughts, but the king took no notice of his levity at the time. When any one was denounced for death, it was the custom for the executioner to sound a trumpet before the person's door; and the king ordered the headsman to sound his trumpet before his brother's door in the dead of the night. Alarmed by this messenger of

death, he hastens, pale and trembling, into the presence of the king, begging to know wherein he had offended him. "O my brother," said the king, "Thou hast never offended *me*," but since the sight of the executioner strikes such a terror into thee, wonder not that I, who have greatly offended against God, should be afraid of the sight of His executioner, who must carry me before His judgment seat!"

A FOOLISH IMPRESSION HAVING A MORAL EFFECT.

Mycerinus set open the temples of the Gods which his father Cleops, king of Egypt, and his uncle Cephrenes, had caused to be shut up. He was a lover of justice, and beloved by his people, to whom he gave liberty from oppression. But the oracle of the city Buti, had predicted that he should live only six years, and die in the seventh; he sent back reproaches and complaints to the oracle, that whereas his father and his uncle, who had neither respected the Gods, nor governed the people justly, had been favoured with length of days, while he, who had lived in piety and

justice, must end his days so soon. The oracle replied, that therefore he should die, for that Egypt should have been *afflicted* one hundred and fifty years, which his predecessors had understood better than he. When Mycerinus heard this reason of the shortening of his days, he caused lamps to be made, and lighted all the night, and kept himself in action night and day, wandering through the fens and woods, and wherever he could find pleasure, that so he might lengthen his years to twelve, and deceive the oracle who had limited his life to six years !

FOLLY OF AMBITION.

Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon, says, that he was affected when he rode over the fields of battle which his AMBITION had strewed with the dead and the dying, and seemed not only desirous to relieve the victims, but shewed himself subject to the influence of that more acute and imaginative species of sympathy, which is termed sensibility. He mentions a circumstance which indicates a deep sense of feeling.

As he passed over a field of battle in Italy with





some of his generals, he saw a houseless dog lying upon his slain master ; the creature came towards them, then returned to the dead body, moaned over it pitifully, and seemed to ask their assistance. "Whether it were the feelings of the moment," continues Napoleon, "the scene, the hour, or the circumstance itself, I was never so affected by any thing which I had seen upon a field of battle : that man, I thought, has perhaps had a house, friends, comrades, and *here* he lies deserted by every one but his dog. How mysterious are the impressions to which we are subject ! I was in the habit, *without emotion*, of ordering battles which must decide the fate of a campaign, and could look *with a dry eye* on the execution of manœuvres which must be attended with much loss ; and here I was moved,---nay, painfully affected, by the cries and grief of *a dog*. It is certain, that at that moment I should have been more accessible to a suppliant enemy, and could better understand the conduct of ACHILLES in restoring the body of HECTOR to the tears of PRIAM."

FOLLY OF PROFESSED LIBERALS.

The learned and good Prideaux suffered much for his adherence to the royal cause, from those who *professed* to contend for liberty and toleration, so that he was compelled at last to dispose of his library, to procure the means of support. As Dr. Gauden remarked, he literally became a *helluco librorum*. Yet he bore his misfortunes with patience, and even *good humour*, for when a friend visited him, and asked him how he felt and fared, he replied, "Never better in my life, only I have too great a stomach, for I have eaten the little *plate* which the sequestrator left me,—I have eaten a *great library of excellent books*,---I have eaten a great deal of *linen*,-- much of my *brass*, some of my *pewter*, and *now* am come to eat of my *iron*; and what will come next, I know not." This was the treatment received by a learned man and a promoter of learning, by men *professing* generous and liberal sentiments!!! This contented man used often to say, if he had been clerk of Ugborough, he had never been bishop of Worcester: in this he alluded to his being a candidate for the situation of parish clerk to the church of Ugborough, near Harford, having a good voice; but, as Mr. Price

informs us, he had a competitor who had great interest, and the parish being nearly divided, and unwilling to offend either party, it was agreed they should both exhibit on the Lord's-day following, that the people might then judge for themselves. Prideaux lost the election, to his great grief at the time ; for he was not *wise* enough to foresee the greater dignity to which he should arrive ?

FOOLISH ASSASSINS.

Sigebert, king of Essex, was a valiant and pious prince, and the restorer of religion in his kingdom, which had apostatised after the departure of Mellitus ; yet was he murdered by two villains, whose only fault was his goodness. It being demanded of them, why they killed so innocent and harmless a prince, they could only reply, “ because his goodness had done the kingdom hurt ; and such was his inclination to pardon offences, that his *meekness* made many malefactors ! ”

FOOLISH OPPOSITION.

In the reign of Charles II., an assembly of Quakers having had a very long and tedious sitting, could not be prevailed upon, by remonstrances or solicitation, to dissolve the meeting and disperse ; but a merry fellow bethought himself of a stratagem which had the desired effect. He rose and made proclamation in the king's name, that no one should depart without his majesty's leave, upon which they all got up and went out, so that it should not be said they yielded obedience to any one.



One of the *Friends* having refused to pay the parish clergyman his dues, and the parson being unwilling to use harsh measures with any one, sent a kind invitation to the *Friend* to come and dine with him, who accepted the invitation, and enjoyed a hearty dinner. While enjoying a comfortable pipe after it, our Friend presented the parson with a bank-note, saying, "Friend, take that which is thine." When the clergyman offered him the difference, it was refused, with this

answer, "Thy meat offering, thy drink offering, and thy burnt offering, were very good, therefore it is but just thou shouldst be paid for the same." The invitation became annual, and the parson had no reason to complain of his own, or of his friend's generosity.

FOLLY OF PILGRIMS.

Mr. Turner, in his tour to Jerusalem, relates a circumstance which proved to him the inconsistency and folly of those pilgrims who want to bathe in the river Jordan; who were so eager to save themselves by virtue of an early ablution, that the call of humanity, or christian charity, was lost sight of, and unheeded. He says, that he fell in with a crowd of pilgrims all eagerly hastening to the river; and continues, "what most struck and disgusted me, was the inhumanity of the pilgrims, who passed their dying companions on the road, without even asking *en-passant* how they did! I was near, when the horse fell down the precipice, and not a soul waited except myself, to inquire whether the rider had saved himself! The only answer I could get from those, who I supposed might have seen it, was,

“What do I care?” “What do I know?”—This is indeed a foolish faith, without *an appearance* of good works!”

DIONYSIUS'S FOOLISH JESTING WITH ARISTIPPUS.

The tyrant Dionysius, when the philosopher Aristippus humbly solicited a small sum of money, took occasion, like many of the great and rich since his day, to make a jest of the poverty of the philosopher. “I thought that you philosophers contend that a wise man never wants anything.” To which Aristippus replied, “If you will give me the money, I will argue the point with you, and convince you of your mistaken opinion.” Dionysius having given the money, Aristippus archly rejoined, “That which we philosophers contend for *must* be true, for *you now see* a wise man never wants money!”

A FOOLISH PRIEST, OR, PHYSICIAN.

A skilful and benevolent, yet somewhat eccentric physician, in the Northern Capital, in his return from one of his visits, was accosted by a poor old woman, "Isn't your name Sandy W——d?" "Yes, my good woman, what d'ye want wi' me?" "O sir, my husband is a-dying, and I would wish you to come and see him." "Well, shew me the way." "But I fear, sir, ye'll no like to gang sae far up." "Never mind that, go on, and I'll follow you?" The humane doctor followed the woman down a close, and ascended a long flight of six stories to the attic, and on entering the apartment, saw a poor man lying very much reduced, and seemingly in the act of expiring through weakness; on inquiring what nourishment he last had, he was told that he had nothing for above a day, and seeing the poverty of the place, he presumed that it was through want of the means of procuring necessary food; so putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out half-a-guinea, and desired them to get some wine, &c. to recruit nature.

The woman said that he could not *now* take any more, for he had received the *extreme unction*, (i. e. the sacrament of the Catholic Church): the priest being in

the room, and seconding the woman, said "that the person of the dying man could not now be polluted by any thing earthly." The doctor whose temper could not brook such foolish reasoning, exclaimed in haste, "What, sir, do you mean to murder the man? if you dare to oppose me in this case, I shall certainly have you taken up for a murderer!" The priest, on this, became alarmed and took himself off. The wine was sent for and given, and with the assistance then and afterwards afforded by the said Mr. W——d, the poor man was again set upon his legs, although consigned to death by the fiat of the priest!

A FOOLISH PEER.

King, in his anecdotes, mentions, that on a particular bill being introduced into the House of Lords, bishop Atterbury made the observation, that he had prophesied that this said bill would be attempted in the present session, and was sorry to find he had proved a *true* prophet! On which, Lord Coningsby, who had not always the command of his temper, remarked to the House, "that one of the right reverend bench had set

himself up as a prophet, but for his part, he did not know to which prophet he could liken him, unless to the furious Balaam, who was reprov'd by his own *ass*. To this the Bishop coolly replied, "since the noble lord has discovered such a similitude in our *manners*, I am well contented to be compared to Balaam, but, my lords, I am at a loss to make out the other part of the parallel: of this only am I sure, that I have not been *reprov'd* by any one *but* his Lordship."

FOLLY OF TYRANNY.

"Independently of the misery that tyrants inflict on those whom they govern with the iron rod of despotism, they are the cause of their own unhappiness in life; and a fear of sudden death, and little hope of future happiness, are their constant assailants. The best remedy against this tottering state of the soul, is a good conscience; without this, the most powerful ruler will tremble in the midst of those who have sworn to protect him!"

DOMITIAN.

This Emperor had such a suspicion of treason, and a dread of falling by the hands of some one near his person, that he caused the wall of the galleries wherein he was accustomed to walk, to be set and garnished with the stone called *Phesigites*, so that by the reflection thereof, he might see the motions of those behind him.

DIONYSIUS.

Dionysius the Syracusan, after having reigned thirty-eight years, in fear of sudden death removed all his friends from about him, and committed himself to the care of strangers and barbarians.—He taught his daughter to shave him, living in dread of barbers, and when his daughters were become of age he would not trust even them with a razor, but caused them to burn off his beard, &c. with the white of walnut kernels!—His two wives Aristomache and Doris, he dared not to approach either in the night, before the place was

searched ; and although he had drawn a deep moat round the room, and entered by a draw-bridge, he drew it up himself after he went in.—He spoke to the people from the top of a tower, not daring to venture his person in the rostrum.—When playing at ball, a boy whom he loved, held his sword and cloak, and when one of his friends jestingly remarked, “ You now put your life into *his* hands,” the boy having smiled, he caused both to be put to death, the one for shewing *how* he *might* be killed, and the other for seeming to approve of it with a smile. Being overcome in an engagement with the Carthaginians, he at last perished by the treason of his people.

FOLLY OF INHUMANITY.

There is a secret shame which attends every act of inhumanity, not to be conquered in the hardest natures.

“ Many a man will do a cruel act, and at the same time will *blush* to look you in the face, and is forced to turn aside before he can have heart to execute his purpose.

“ Inconsistent creature that man is ! who at that instant that he does what is wrong, is not able to with-

hold his testimony to that which is good and praiseworthy !”—*Sterne*.

A FOOLISH PHILOSOPHER.

Hume, shortly after publishing one of his first essays, in which the doctrine of annihilation appeared to be supported, happened to become enamoured with a young lady at Turin ; but the declaration of his passion being received with a smile of disdain, the philosopher lost his patience and his philosophy, and in the strongest terms assured the lady, that without her approving smile, he should be thrown into despair and annihilation. “ O Sir,” replied the witty fair, “ that, in effect, will be nothing more than a natural consequence of your own system !”

Complaining one day, that the world censured him harshly and unjustly for having written only a *few* reprehensible pages in *so many* volumes, one of the company observed, that he reminded him of a notary public, who, being condemned for *forgery*, lamented the hardship and injustice of his sentence, as he had written many thousand *inoffensive sheets*, and now he was about to be hanged for writing a *single line* !

FOLLY OF THE CUSTOMS.

The Gilead doctor, having puffed it into demand at home and abroad, had several orders for exportation. On one occasion, he entered at the Customs a quantity, of the nominal value of £300. at the low rate of £50. This the commissioners seized as *under-valued*. The doctor, who best knew its intrinsic value, took no trouble about it, but pocketed the sum they had seized for, and sent in a second quantity, in order to tempt them to do the like ; on second thoughts, they allowed this to pass, to the disappointment of the doctor, who could have supplied them at a *profit*, as long as they pleased to seize.

FOLLY OF CRUELTY; AND RETALIATION.

Philip the Second of Spain, who considered himself lord of the western world, sent out a fleet well fitted, to dispossess the French Huguenots, who made the first settlement in Florida in the 16th century. His orders

were executed with unnecessary severity, for after the intrenchments of the French had been forced, many were barbarously put to the sword, and the prisoners were hanged on trees, with an inscription, "*Not as Frenchmen, but as Heretics.*" This cruelty, however, was soon avenged by a skilful and enterprising seaman of Gascony, named Dominic de Gourgues, who hated the Spaniards. He built some ships with the produce of his estate, and with a select band of enterprising adventurers set sail for Florida. On landing he drove the Spaniards before him, and having defeated them in every engagement, by way of retaliation, he hung the prisoners on trees, with the inscription attached, "*Not as Spaniards, but as Assassins.*"

FOLLY OF NAPOLEON.

It is well known that Bonaparte anxiously wished to see all his brothers on thrones, and was displeased with LUCIEN, because he would not accept of a crown. At last Lucien, tired of his importunities to become one of the Napoleon dynasty, so far complied by telling him, that he would consent to be a king, if his brother

would give him his choice of a kingdom—"Choisissez, mon frère!" exclaimed the overjoyed Napoleon, "pourvu que vous soyez un des nôtres, tout est à vous." Lucien then demanded the throne of England! The demand was significant, and the boasting emperor felt deeply the keen irony it conveyed.

HUNTING QUARREL.

Three sons of COSMO, DUKE OF TUSCANY, John cardinal de Medieis, and his brothers Ferdinand and Cartia, having gone a hunting one day in the confines of Tuscany, they started a hare, which afforded them a long chase before the dogs could come up with her. A dispute arose about which of their dogs had the first hold, and much ill language was used, whereupon the cardinal, being of a haughty temper, gave his brother Cartia a box on the ear, which Cartia hastily resented by drawing his sword and running it into the cardinal's thigh, so that he died almost immediately. The cardinal's servant, to revenge his master's death, gave *Cartia* a deadly wound, so that, with the game, they carried home to the duke of Tuscany, one son dead,

and another dying; thus on account of a mere trifle, the *father* had to deplore the loss of *two* of his sons.

RELIGIOUS QUARREL.

A few years before the long parliament, there lived near Clun Castle, in Wales, a respectable widow, who had two sons, and being grown to man's estate, had been together on the first Sunday in the month at the Communion table.—On their way home, they had some dispute about the manner of receiving it. The senior, who was an orthodox Protestant, like his mother, held, that being the *highest* act of devotion, it ought to be taken in the most *humble* posture—on the knees;—which the junior, a Puritan, opposed, yet the dispute seemed to end without exciting much animosity. Next day the brothers returned to dinner from their labour, and the elder, according to his custom, lay down to take a nap, after his dinner, upon a cushion at the end of the table. The younger brother, named Enoch Evans, tempted by this opportunity, went for an axe, which it appeared he had provided at hand, stole softly up to the table, and, with a spiteful stroke, severed his brother's head from his body. The aged mother, hear-

ing a noise, came in from the adjoining room, and seeing the horrid spectacle, exclaimed, "O villain, hast thou murdered thy brother?" "Yes," said he, "and shall you after him:" with this, he struck her down, dragged her to the threshold of the door, and there chopped off her head also, and put them both in a bag! He made an attempt to flee from justice, but was apprehended and brought before Sir Robert Howard, justice of the peace, and committed, tried at the assizes and condemned to death, for having committed both matricide and fratricide; but he merited a double death, had that been possible.

CIVIL QUARREL.

A quarrel between two boys was the occasion of spilling much Christian blood in Italy. The one having struck the other a blow, the father of the youth who had been struck, cut off the *hand* of the other who gave the blow, whose father now made the quarrel his own, and endeavoured to avenge himself for the injury inflicted upon his son; thus began the faction of the *Neri* and *Bianchi*, i. e. black and white, which immediately spread itself throughout Italy.

A HOLY ELEPHANT.

The king of Siam, in the year 1568, had in his possession an elephant purely white, which induced his neighbour, the king of Pegu, to imagine there was great holiness in the animal, and accordingly he did pray unto it. Wishing to have such a precious creature in his own possession, he sent ambassadors to the king of Siam, with offers of *any* price or consideration he would name, so as he would send the elephant to him; but the king of Siam would not part with it on any account. The refusal so enraged the king of Pegu, that he collected all his forces and invaded Siam. Some hundreds of thousands were brought into the field, and a severe and sanguinary battle ensued, in which the king of Siam was vanquished, and made tributary to the king of Pegu, who led home the *white* elephant in triumph.

FEMALE PRECEDENCE.

In the reign of Edward VI., the two sisters-in-law, Katharine Parr, late queen of Henry VIII., but now

married to the Lord Thomas Seymour, admiral of England, and the duchess of Somerset, wife to the Lord Protector of England, the admiral's brother, these ladies having a dispute about precedence, which Katharine claimed as Queen Dowager, and the Duchess challenged as wife to the Protector, who then governed both king and kingdom, drew their husbands into the quarrel, so that the Protector procured the death of his brother, the Admiral; but shortly after his own destruction followed, for being deprived of the powerful support of his brother, he was easily overthrown by the Duke of Northumberland, through whom he was convicted of felony, and suffered on the scaffold.

A FOOLISH CUSTOM REPROVED.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote being one night in company with the minister, Sir Robert Walpole, at his house, and being asked what he would like for supper, made free to mention beef steaks and oyster sauce. After supper an hour or two was spent in conversation over a glass of good wine: at last Sir Gilbert rose to bid his friend good night; but in passing into the hall, he found it lined with the liveried attendants of the

minister, to whom he now turned and asked, "Pray, Sir Robert, be so good as to point out which of these I am to *pay* for my beef steak?" Sir Robert, taking the hint, gave the signal for the servants to withdraw immediately.

Sir Richard Steele, in company with bishop Hoadley, paid a visit to the duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim House: on their leaving, Sir Richard asked the bishop if he intended giving money to all the fellows with ruffles and laced coats, with which the hall appeared lined? "To be sure, it is customary," said the bishop. "For my part," observed Sir Richard, "I have not enough of money about me:" so, as he passed into the hall, he thus addressed the expectant waiters: "Gentlemen, as I have found you to be men of *taste*, I now invite you all to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with liberty to order any play you may think proper to command."

Poussin, the celebrated painter, being honoured with the company of a cardinal to dinner, His Eminence expressed his sympathetic regret, that the artist had no servants to wait upon him; on which Poussin made the significant observation, "I am only sorry that your Eminence has any."

FOLLY OF RASHNESS.

The Athenians were rash even to madness, when they condemned to death ten of their commanders, who had just returned, after having gained a glorious victory; only because they had not interred the bodies of their soldiers who fell in battle; which the rage and tempestuousness of the sea rendered impracticable. Thus they punished necessity, when they should have done honour to virtue.

OTHO.

The emperor Otho, when opposed to Vitellius, who had come against him, was advised by his counsellors to delay the fight, as his army appeared much cumbered by the straitness of the places through which they had to pass, and was also in want of provisions. The emperor disregarded this seasonable advice, and with a very inconsiderate rashness ordered an immediate attack; by which he risked and lost both his army and his empire, and he then destroyed himself. He was buried at Brixellum, without any funeral honours,

nor was there so much as a monument placed over his grave.

LEWIS OF BAVARIA.

The emperor Lewis, of Bavaria, having in 1256, made a league, and joined forces with those of the cities near the Rhine, to contend against those, who in the dissention of the princes wasted Germany; he was with his army, when the empress Mary of Brabant was at Werd. From hence she sent two letters, one for the emperor her lord, and the other for Henry Ruchon, a commander in the army: both letters were sealed with one seal, but with differently coloured wax; that with black wax for the emperor, and that with red for the commander Ruchon. The messenger, by mistake, gave that sealed with *red* to the emperor, who, upon reading it, became suddenly jealous of some intrigue, though without reason. Feigning some urgent necessity, he left the army on the Rhine, and travelled night and day until he came to Werd. When, without allowing the empress to be heard in explanation or defence, he charged her with adultery, and caused her to be beheaded. *Supposing* Helica to be confederate

with his wife, he stabbed her with a penknife ; and he ordered the chief of her ladies to be thrown headlong from a tower. Shortly after having thus rashly committed so much cruelty, he had a frightful night vision, by which his hair became grey before the morning.

A KING OF ENGLAND'S RASH PROMISE.

When the late duchess of Kingston was Miss Chudleigh, she obtained for her mother a suite of chambers at Hampton Court, by order of the king ; who, meeting her shortly afterwards, inquired, how her mother liked her new apartments. " Perfectly well, sire," said she, " in point of situation and air, if the poor woman had but a bed to lie upon, and a few chairs to put in the rooms." " O then," said the king, " let her have them by all means," and he gave immediate orders that her apartments should be furnished. When the upholsterer presented the bill to the officer of the household for payment, he found the sum amounted to four thousand pounds, and refused to settle it until he had shewn it to his majesty, who was equally surprised to find that his order for a *bed and a few chairs* had been thus taken advantage of ; but it was now

done, and could not be recalled; so he ordered the payment to be made.

RASHNESS REPROVED.

An aide-de-camp to a British general, who was laying siege to a fortress in a regular and scientific manner, came to his commander one morning full of ardour, informing him that he had perceived a point from which the enemy might be much annoyed, and being in the possession of only a small number of the enemy, it might be carried with the loss of but a *few* men. The general, who valued lives more than did many of his officers, heard his narration deliberately, and then coolly inquired, if *he* would like to take the chance of being *one* of those few?

FOLLY OF CONVERSING ABOUT THINGS WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

The great sir Isaac Newton, not only a philosopher but a christian, being in company when Dr. Halley, a

celebrated mathematician, made use of some unbecoming expressions concerning revelation and religion, Sir Isaac turning to him addressed him thus,—
“ Dr. Halley, when you talk about philosophy and mathematics, I always hear you with pleasure, because these are subjects with which you are well acquainted ; but I must beg, that you will say nothing about *Christianity*, for it is a subject *you have never studied*, -- I have ; and I *know* that *you* know nothing of the matter.”

FOLLY OF EXPECTATION.

A French officer who had served his country forty years, and grown old and feeble, waited upon the marquis de Castrus, then secretary of state, to solicit a pension, stating that he had a wife and six children, and that himself had not made one good meal for six months past. The smiling courtier replied, “ You may be assured, sir, when I find a little relaxation from the multiplicity of business I have before me, which I trust will be in less than a year, I shall embrace an early opportunity of taking your services into consideration.” The officer assured him, that he could not

exist for such a length of time without assistance, and that if he died, his wife and children would have no claim on the king's bounty. To which the secretary coolly replied, - "I am mortified, my dear sir, that I have it not in my power to be of service to you *at present*, but I beg you may look upon me as your particular friend, and *believe* me to be *wholly* yours!" "*Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.*"

A FOOLISH PREACHER.

An eccentric preacher, holding forth to an eccentric congregation in Perth, North Britain, had for his text, "I will compare thee, my love, like unto a couple of horses in Pharaoh's chariot." He went on, comparing the church to a horse well-fed and watered, scrubbed and harnessed, and ready for the chase, concluding his harangue with, "and when their master thinks fit to call them away from this world to another, he just says '*gee ho to heaven!*'"

SUPERSTITION OF THE IRISH REGARDING
ST. PATRICK.

Among the many miracles said to be performed by St. Patrick, there are recorded, that he freed Ireland from numerous reptiles, &c., restored sight to the blind, health to the sick, and raised nine persons from the dead. He is also said to have crossed the Shannon, by swimming "*with his head under his arm ;*" or, as some of the descendants of those converted by him have gravely stated, "*with his head in his mouth !*" The custom of wearing *shamrock*, (or trefoil) arose, according to some, from his using a sprig of *trefoil* when expounding the doctrine of the *Trinity* ; thus representing the *divisibility* of the Divinity into *three distinct* parts, and the *unity* of it in *one* stem. This saint was born in Scotland, and originally called *Succuthus*, until changed to that of *Patrick*, by pope Celestine, who sent him on a mission into Ireland, where he converted a great number to Christianity, and in A.D. 472, founded the archiepiscopal see of Armagh. He was buried at Down, in the county of Ulster, in a church named after him, where his body was found in 1185. He has been properly styled the apostle of the Irish, and father of their church, and is considered as the

tutelar saint of Ireland; the 17th day of March is the day held sacred to his memory. His works were published in London, A.D. 1656.

FOOLISH WISH FOR DISTINCTION.

Caius Caligula often wished for the slaughter of his own armies, for famine, pestilence, fire, or some other notable event to signalize his time; and often complained that his reign was not at all remarkable on account of any public calamity, like that of Augustus, which was memorable for the slaughter of the legions, under Quintilius Varus; or that of Tiberius, by the fall and ruin of the theatre at Fidenæ, and he feared he should be buried in oblivion, through the prosperous course of his affairs!

FOLLY OF AMBITION.

Anaxarchus the philosopher, in a discourse before Alexander the Great, showed that, according to the sense of his master Democritus, there were other worlds,

and innumerable. Alexander sighed and said, "Alas ! what a miserable man am I, that have not subdued so much as one of these !" —

"Unus Pelleo juveni non sufficit orbis,
Æstuit infælix Augusto limite mundi."

Juvenal.

"For *one* Pellean youth, the world's too small ;
As one pent up, he cannot breathe at all."

FOLLY OF MIRTH AND PLEASURES.

Abner, an oriental king, gave orders that his son and heir, should be confined in his youth to a stately palace, and to have every pleasure placed within his reach ; prohibiting his attendants from allowing any thing to appear before his eyes, calculated to give him any ideas of the calamities of human nature ; nothing but pleasure was to be talked of in his presence. Yet, alas ! in course of years, the young prince became sad in the midst of all this splendour and joyfulness, and begged of his father to be released from the bonds of this unvarying felicity. The father reluctantly yielded to his request,

lest by his endeavours to make him cheerful, he should make him sad ; but he charged those who waited on him, never to let him see an object of sorrow, either aged, infirm, deformed, or diseased ; but in vain the caution ! for the miseries of mankind are not easily concealed. The prince, in his recreations, having met with an old man, leprous and blind, he startles with astonishment, trembles, and faints, as if he had seen an unearthly being ; and when he had in part recovered from his first shock of surprise, he anxiously inquired of his attendants the nature of what he had seen. Feeling inwardly persuaded, that it was one of the miserable conditions of this life, henceforward he disliked pleasure, condemned mirth, and despised life. He rejected his royal dignity, and his kingdom ; and bade adieu to pleasures, and all the blandishments of fortune at once !

FOILY OF DISCONTENT.

“ I pity the man, whose natural pleasures are burdens, and who flies from joy (as these splenetic and morose souls do,) as if it was really an evil in itself.”

—*Sterne.*

DIONYSIUS THE ELDER.

This tyrant, far from being satisfied that he was the most powerful ruler of his time, felt indignant and discontented that he could not write poetry like *Philoxenus*, nor discourse and dispute so learnedly as *Plato*; therefore, he threw the one into a dungeon, along with malefactors, felons, and slaves; confined the other, and afterwards banished him to the Isle of *Ægina*!

PIUS THE FIFTH.

Pius V., did not enjoy the happiness he expected before he was advanced to the papal chair, for he has been heard complaining thus: "Cum essem religiosus sperabam bene de salute animæ meæ. Cardinalis factus estimui, Pontifex creatus pene despero."—"When I was a monk, I had some good hope of my salvation.—When I was made cardinal, I had less; and now that I am raised to the popedom, I am almost in despair!"

ADRIAN THE SIXTH.

Adrian VI., when he perceived the increase of the Lutherans, and the approach of the Turks ; these and other things pressed so heavily on his mind, that he grew weary of the honour to which he had been elevated, fell sick, and died in the second year of his popedom. He left this inscription to be put on his tomb : “ Adrianus Sectus, hic situs est qui nihil sibi infelicius in hâc vitâ, quam quod imperaret, duxit.” —“ *Here lyeth Adrian the Sixth, who thought nothing occurred more unhappily for him in this life, than his being advanced to the papal chair !*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Caius Marius was the first who was created consul for the *seventh time*, and lived to the age of seventy years. He was possessed of riches and treasures enough to satisfy the desires of many kings ; yet did this man, full of years, and worldly goods, lament his *hard fate*, that he should die untimely and poor ; not having many things which he *still* desired after.

BAJAZET THE FIRST.

Bajazet the First having lost the city of *Sebastia*, in which was his eldest son *Orthobules*, was marching with a large army against Tamerlane, when he heard a shepherd cheering himself with his merry pipe, as he sat feeding his flock by the side of the mountain. Bajazet surrounded by his nobles, listened for some time, and heaving a deep sigh, he exclaimed, "O happy shepherd, thou hast neither a *Sebastia*, nor an *Orthobules*, to lose!"



FOLLY OF GAMING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

We might give here many modern instances of the folly of this *vice*, of which we are daily reading or hearing, and of its ruinous consequences, being destructive to health, peace of mind, families, and fortunes.

We learn, one day, of one who has fought bravely, and with great *fortitude* and presence of mind, being easily overcome in a game of chance, which he has not the courage to resist, not because it is *manly*, but

that it is *fashionable* ! One who has marshalled an army, and planned a campaign, and prudently conducted a siege, an attack, and a retreat, and received the thanks and honours of his sovereign and of his country, for the consummate skill and fortitude displayed when opposed to men practised and famous in the art of war, tamely surrendering to become the dupe of the practised gambler, and risking on the chance of a die, or the turn up of a card, the fruits and rewards of a life spent in the service of his country.

Another day we hear of a young man born to a good estate, and just emerged from the controul of a tutor, now no longer a minor, but in the pride of manhood seeking the society of the gay and the fashionable, happy in being admitted to their parties of pleasure ; while they look upon his gay plumage with glistening eyes, eager to pluck the silly pigeon. He is persuaded by their example to risk a little for *amusement*, or to pass an idle hour. A loss of a few hundreds is the consequence : being told it is all *chance*, he is persuaded to risk again, to recover what he lost, but he loses more. Another temptation succeeds, until he finds out at last that he has *no chance at all* ; but it is too late, he has lost thousands, and has no more to risk.

It appears strange that men who can reason upon any subject, and command attention by their eloquence in the senate, at the bar, and even in the pulpit, should find, or *create*, such a vacuity in their minds, as to render it necessary to waste their *time* in an *amusement* neither conducive to health of body, nor the improvement of the mind ; in which the loser cannot feel a pleasure, nor can the winner rise perfectly satisfied, unless the minds of both have become altogether *callous*, and indifferent about events. That nobleman who was invited to meet a select party of reputed taste and learning, gave them a silent, yet severe rebuke, when he came and found them eagerly engaged in a game at cards : he civilly saluted them, but finding they took no farther notice of him than returning his salutation, he turned his back upon them, sat down, took out his pencil and memorandum book, and began writing. When one of the party, happening to glance his eye over his cards, observed his conduct, his curiosity induced him to ask what he was writing ; to which he made answer, that he was led to expect the society of men from whom he might gain some information ; and that, in order not to lose the good things that fell from them, he was noting down their conversation. This had an instant effect, the cards were thrown away, and the party afterwards enjoyed

the feast of reason, in the interchange of ideas, and expression of thought.

To the professed gambler, who endeavours to live by it, it is his *trade*, therefore we cannot look for either example or advice having any effect upon him ; but we would hope, that those who are not so entirely devoted to the gratification of this passion, may profit by example. ALEXANDER THE GREAT imposed a fine upon some of his friends, because they did not *play* when at dice, but seemed engaged, not in sport, but as in the most serious and important affair in the world !

PARYSATIS AND ARTAXERXES.

The eunuch of Artaxerxes, named Mesabatis, having cut off the head and right hand of Cyrus, after his death, Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus, whom she loved much, sought for an opportunity of being revenged for the insult ; but not finding an early one, she set her wits to work ; being expert at dice, and often engaged at play with the king, she took occasion to challenge him to play for a thousand darici, which she designedly allowed the king to win.

Feigning to lament her loss, she requested him to play once more, and for an eunuch, and they agreed each to select *five* of their favourite eunuchs, that, whichever should win, might select any one they chose. Parysatis having secured this game, immediately chose one of the king's five, pointing out Mesabatis, and before the king could perceive her cunning intention, he was delivered to the executioners, to be flayed alive, and his body fixed downwards upon three crosses, and his skin hung upon a stake by itself. The king was much incensed when he learnt what she had caused to be done ; upon which she jestingly said, " You are a pleasant and gallant person, to be so wroth for the loss of an old and wicked eunuch, whereas I can sit down and rest contented with the loss of a thousand darici."

ALPHONSUS OF ARAGON.

Alphonsus, king of Aragon and Naples, being one day in play at dice with Ludovicus Mediarotas, *cardinal* of *Padua*, and *patriarch* of *Aquileia*, lost the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns, which, it is said, the cardinal actually *carried* away with him.

HENRY THE EIGHTH OF ENGLAND.

This licentious monarch played at dice with sir Miles Partridge for the four bells hanging in a tower in St. Paul's church-yard, called Jesus' bells, as Fuller states, and the latter was the winner, and brought the bells to ring in his pocket; but it is observed, that the *ropes* afterwards caught about his neck, and for some offences he was hanged in the days of Edward the VIth.

PROFANATION OF THE SABBATH.

In Clark's Mirrour, mention is made of three men, who were playing at dice on the Lord's Day, near to Belissma, in Helvetia; when one of them, named Ulric Schraeterus, having lost much, in throwing a desperate cast exclaimed, "If fortune deceive me now, I will thrust my dagger into the body of God, as far as I can." Fortune being against him, he drew his dagger, and with all his force threw it against heaven, when, lo! it vanished, and five drops

of blood fell on the table before them. The Devil immediately carried away the blasphemous Ulric, with such a noise that amazed the whole city, and the others, struck with fear, in attempting to rub out the stains, only made them appear brighter. The rumour of this singular affair reaching the city, quickly multitudes came, and found the gamesters engaged in their fruitless attempt. By the decree of the senate, they were bound in chains, and carried off to prison, on the way to which one was suddenly struck dead, with numerous insects, &c. creeping out of him, a loathsome sight! and in order to avert the judgment the citizens thought impending over them, the third was immediately put to death. The table was preserved as a monument to show the accursedness, inconvenience, and mischief arising from play with dice.—*Clark's Mirrour*, c. 17. p. 62.

DESPERATION.

Adam Stockman, a vine-dresser living in Alsatia, in the year 1550, having received his wages, lost it all at dice, and had nothing remaining for the support of his family, which so affected his mind, that, in the

absence of his wife, he cut the throats of his three children, and was about to hang himself, when his wife coming in, and witnessing the horrid catastrophe, gave a violent shriek and fell down dead. On this the neighbours rushed in, and seized the man, who was by the law condemned, and suffered a cruel death.

A SON'S SORROW.

The son of Joanna Gonzaga, standing by the side of his father while engaged in play at dice, showed signs of dislike and grief when he saw his father losing a large sum of money: upon which Gonzaga, turning to those who stood near, said, "Alexander *the Great*, hearing of a victory that his father had gained, is reported to have grieved at the news, as fearing there would be nothing left for him to gain; but *my* son Alexander is afflicted at my loss, as fearing there would be nothing left for him to lose."

DUKE OF EPERNON.

In 1603, a noted Italian gamester named Pimentel, went to France, having heard of the passion of the French for dice playing. He had previously prepared the way for his success, by hiring men to carry and dispose of a great number of dice, made under his direction, of which he only knew the high and the low runners; and they bought up, and brought away with them, all others they could find in Paris. Shortly after his arrival, he managed, through the interest of some Italians, familiar at court, to get introduced to the king, and admitted as a gamester. Having ensured success, he won of many, and among others the *duke of Epernon*, of whom he won all his *ready money*, and many of his *jewels*, besides a piece of *Ambergris*, valued at *twenty-thousand crowns*; the largest that had ever been seen in Europe, and which was afterwards purchased by the republic of Venice, and preserved as a very great rarity in their treasury.

HENRY THE SECOND OF FRANCE.

Henry Cheney, who was created baron of Tuddington, in Bedfordshire, by queen Elizabeth, was in his youthful days venturous and wild. In throwing the dice with the king of France, he won a diamond of great value, at one cast. The king inquiring of him how he would have satisfied him, had he lost instead of winning, he made answer, like some of the bravadoes of the present day: "I have *sheeps' tails* enough in Kent, with their wool, to buy a better diamond than this."

CALIGULA.

C. Caligula, was so excessively prodigal in play, that it is said he ventured four hundred thousand sestercees, equal to ten thousand crowns, upon every *point* of the dice, and not upon the cast alone.

ROGER ASCHAM.

This person, who was schoolmaster to queen Elizabeth, and her latin secretary, lost so much by his addiction to dice and cock-fighting, that he was always poor, and died in the same state.

NERO.

This emperor was prodigal in gaming, as well as in his gifts, for he would adventure, on every cast of the dice, a sum amounting to four hundred thousand sesterces, which was the like sum as Caligula risked, only with this difference, the former laid upon the *cast*, and the latter upon every point of the dice!

THE CHINESE.

The Chinese are much given to gaming, and often play very high, losing all they are possessed of, not excepting their wives and children, which they sometimes

stake also, and if they also lose them, they hand these over to the winner, until they are able to pay the money to redeem them.

DUKE OF VALENTINOIS.

Cæsar Borgia, the duke of Valentinois, when he had lost many thousand crowns at a sitting, consoled himself by saying, that the sins of the Germans had paid for all, being a part of that tribute which his father, Pope Alexander the VIth. had procured from Germany by the sale of pardons and indulgencies. We believe many in our time may console themselves with similar satisfaction—"lightly come, lightly gone."

FOOLISH SEVERITY, AND A SEVERE RETALIATION.

A young Spanish officer, named Aguirra, being sent on military service, to South America, was stationed at Potosi, the governor of which had ordered that no European officer should employ an Indian to carry his baggage. This officer, being sent on an expedition, happening to disregard the order, was im-



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mediately accused, and condemned to be publicly whipped on an ass. Great and unavailing interest was made; but the respite of one fortnight only was obtained from the governor; and even that came so late, that he was mounted and stript for the punishment before it arrived; when he exclaimed, "Nay, the shame is endured, worse cannot be done; therefore, executioner, do your duty, and return the tyrant his reprieve." The infliction followed, and was endured calmly and resolutely. After this, the sufferer could never be brought to associate with his equals, but wandered about alone in a state of melancholy, seeming to shun all society. The governor being removed shortly after, another was appointed in his place, yet still Aguirra hovered about the palace, which caused the friends of the governor to advise him to leave Potosi, in order to avoid the danger he apprehended: he then retired to Los Reyes, 320 leagues from thence, but in a week's time Aguirra was there also; he then removed secretly to Quito, 400 leagues further off; a short time elapsed, and Aguirra arrived there also, although on foot, and without shoe or stocking. The governor, finding himself so closely pursued, flew to Cuzco, 500 leagues from Quito, but Aguirra, shortly after, was there also. Wearied by his long and repeated journies, the governor said he would fly the villain no longer,

but keep a guard about him, and set him at defiance ; but his servants being one day at play, and the gates left open, Aguirra, always on the watch, entered, and finding his enemy alone, he stabbed him to the heart, and with the same dagger dispatched himself! This relation has been given by several Spanish historians, and appeared, with some variations, in the eighth number of *The Guardian*.

FOOLISH REVENGE, PRUDENTLY AVENGED.

A chaguen, or governor of a Chinese province, having lost from his cabinet the seal of the emperor, could not transact any business, therefore he gave out that he was ill, and refused to admit any one to his presence.

A mandarin, who had a regard for the governor, with many intreaties, at last obtained admission to see him, and was surprised to find him in good health. The governor now told his friend of the loss of the seal, and that the lock of the casket being uninjured, he was sure that the seal had been stolen; and unless he found it again, he was afraid of his government, if not of his life. His friend inquired if he had any enemy in the

place, and was told that an officer of rank had long owed him a grudge. "Haste then," said his friend, "let your most valuable articles be secretly removed, set fire to the empty place and call out for help, then will this officer, in the fulfilment of his duty, make his appearance with others. When you see him, put the cabinet, shut up as it is, into his hands, in the presence of the people; if he has stolen the seal, he will replace it before he returns the cabinet; if not the thief, yet blame will lay at his door for having so little care of it, and you will not only be free from the danger, but also revenged on your enemy." The governor acted according to this advice, and the next day, when he received the cabinet again and opened it, he found the seal inside, as the mandarin had suspected.—*Semedo's History of China.*

FOLLY OF FALSE POLITENESS..

The late lord Stair, when ambassador at the court of France, was considered one of the most polite persons about the court; of which the king made a public acknowledgment one day, when going out, accompanied by several of his court. Lord Stair

being one of the party who were to ride in the royal carriage, stood with the others near to his majesty. The king having desired one and then another to ascend the steps, they all declined, until his majesty had taken his seat; lord Stair being next desired to enter the carriage, made his obeisance, and immediately took his seat; when the king turned to the others, and said, "Now I have proved that the ambassador from England is the most polite among you, for he has obeyed my command promptly, and sans ceremonie."

FOLLY OF FALSE POLITENESS, WITH ITS CONTRAST.

Our French neighbours say, that we are the politest people in Europe, and adduce as an evidence the following anecdote. On a cold foggy day in November, two of their countrymen, and an English sailor, were on their way to London on the top of the Dover coach: one of the Frenchmen and the English tar had good warm top coats, while the other seemed half dead from the effects of crossing the channel in a stiff gale, and the chilling cold. The Frenchman politely

offered his suffering countryman the use of his coat, at the same time telling him how comfortable he felt in it. The other could not think of depriving his companion of that which was of so much benefit to himself, and without which he made appear he would be as uncomfortable as he himself now was, and therefore politely declined the acceptance of it. The British sailor, perceiving that the one made an offer of that which he wished to retain, while the other in politeness refused that which he would willingly have accepted, if disengaged, threw aside his great coat, saying, " Hang this here lumbering tackle, I am so confounded hot in it, that I cannot breathe. Here, Monsieur Parlez-vous, do you take it !" It was *then* accepted.

FOOLISH WISHES.

Caius Caligula was desirous of doing anything that was thought impossible by others ; he therefore laid the foundation of palaces on piles, where the sea was deep and boisterous. He hewed rocks of the hardest flint and stone, raised plains level with mountains, and

reduced hills to the level of the plains, with a celerity almost incredible, punishing with death the sloth or negligence of his workmen !

Suetonius, lib. 4. c. 37. p. 187.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

As the unfortunate duke of Buckingham was one day riding in his park, along with his steward, they came near to a large flock of sheep, when the duke asked to whom they belonged. The steward answered, "They belong to your grace." The duke hastily replied, "I wish to God they were all foxes !"

Gents. Mag. vol. 56, pt. 1. p. 17.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

Five years before his death, Albertus Magnus desired of God that he might *forget* all that he had learned in the studies of humanity, and profane authors ; that

he might give himself entirely to devotion, and the practice of piety.---*Chetwind's Hist. Coll. cent 3. p. 88.*

THE LORD CORDES.

This sanguine French commander had such an ardent desire to retake Calais from the English, that he in common expressed a wish, that he might lie *seven years in hell*, so that Calais were again in possession of the French.---*Grafton, vol. 2. p. 882.*

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

This saint, before he was beatified, frequently expressed a wish that he had seen three things, viz. Rome in its glory,—Paul in the pulpit,—and Christ Jesus in the flesh!---*Cilesti Opus Med. p. 121.*

JAMES I. OF ENGLAND.

When this king first saw the public library at Oxford, and perceived the little chains by which the books were fastened, he expressed his wish that if ever it should be his fate to be a prisoner, this library might be his prison, those books his fellow-prisoners, and the chains his fetters.—*Clarke's Mirrour*, c. 77. p. 349.

PHILOXENUS THE EPICURE.

Some say that this personage was a glutton, others that he was a musician, which induced him to express the wish, that he had a neck as long as a crane's, that so he might swallow his food with the greater pleasure, or send forth his notes with greater and more pleasing variety and sound; yet it is a question, whether, if his wish had been gratified, it would have assisted him in either.

Aulus Gellius, Noct. lib. 9. c. 2. p. 503.

QUIN.

This celebrated character, improved upon this wish ; when, upon tasting turtle soup, he said, “ he wished he had a stomach as long as a ship’s cable, and every inch a palate !”

SPARTAN AND CRETAN BENEVOLENCE.

The Spartans are said to have wished, that their enemies might be seized with the humour of building, keep a race of horses, and that their wives might prove false to their beds. While the Cretans wished, as the worst that could befall their worst enemies, that they might be delighted with some evil custom.

Zuingius & Val. Mar.

EUDOXUS.

So anxious was Eudoxus to understand the nature of the sun, that he expressed the wish, even upon the condition that he should be burnt to death in its body.---
Plutarch.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

When this conqueror put to sea with his navy, he came to an island, which he called Scillustis, others Psiltusis, where, having landed, he viewed the coasts, and studied the nature of that sea, and then sacrificed to the gods, *praying* that no mortal man after him might ever pass *farther* in that direction than he had done, and so returned home. *Plut. in Alex.—Zuing. Theat. vol. i., c. 2., p. 154.*

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER.

One of these hardy sons of the mountains being asked what he most desired of the good things in this

world, said, that he wished he had an *ocean* of whisky and a *mountain* of sneeshin, (snuff). Being again asked if these were all, after a little reflection, he coolly replied, he should like a *little* mair *sneeshin*.

“If wishes were horses, beggars would ride.”—*Scottish Proverb*.

DARIUS.

When Darius was informed that the Ionians and Athenians had set fire to Sardis, he expressed his contempt for the Ionians, on whom he thought he could easily avenge himself for their rebellion, but he called for a bow, and shot an arrow upwards, praying, “O Jupiter! may it come to pass, that I may be avenged of the Athenians.”—So rooted was the enmity he had conceived against them, that at every meal, he gave order to one of his attendants often to repeat—“My Lord, remember the Athenians.”

Pezel. Mellific. tom. 1. p. 48.

FOLLY OF INTEMPERANCE.

At a wedding, near Zeghebuic, in the year 1416, there was such an excess of surfeiting and drinking, as had never before been witnessed ; so that there died, of men and women, no fewer than eighty persons !

Although we do not, now a-days, read or hear of such numbers dying at one feast, many suffer by excess and frequent feasting.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT having accepted an invitation to the sumptuous feast prepared by Medius, a Thessalian, at Babylon, went thither, and drank plentifully of wine. Having drank off the great cup of Hercules to the bottom, he uttered a sudden shriek, then fetched a heavy sigh, and was taken thence by his friends ; physicians were called, but his distemper increased, and he endured great pain. He and they both despairing of life, he took the ring from his finger and gave it to Perdiceas. Being then asked who should succeed him, he replied, "*The Best*," which were his last

words, for he soon after died, having reigned eleven years and seven months.

PROFESSOR PORSON.

The brightest geniuses and most learned in arts, sciences and language, have been guilty of indulging in occasional and frequent excesses, which caused them at times to act very like fools. The late professor Porson possessed great powers of conversation, which he at times applied *injudiciously*. Horne Tooke thus spoke of him: "For some time *past* I have had no intercourse with him; the *last* visit he paid me, was a *most extraordinary* one; it was a dinner party, and, surrounded by my friends, I sat at the head of the table. Porson was among the number, and was, as usual, very *chatty, pleasant and good humoured*, until a certain period of the evening, when he committed the *most abominable outrage that hospitality ever felt*. He had shown no soreness or displeasure whatever at the topics in conversation, when, *impelled by some motive I could never explain*, he *on a sudden* rose from his seat, and holding his glass in his hand, addressed me in these words: 'I will give *you*, Sir, in a bumper toast, the

health of *the most detestable character in the whole world*—JOHN HORNE TOOKE!" At this time, he was *flushed with wine*, though his *senses* were by no means overset by it. My friends and myself expostulated with him on the indecency of his behaviour, with all possible good temper and complacency, but in vain; he pursued a strain of the most vulgar abuse and invective against my *principles, conduct, and political life*. I teased him a little by my rapier in reply, but kept myself quite cool in temper and steadily on my guard. He still went on, adding grossness to grossness, and scurrility to scurrility. I then went round to the chair in which he was sitting, and desired him to *feel the muscles of my right arm*—he felt them—I then drew up my leg, and desired him to *feel and discover, if he could*, whether *that* had *any muscular energy*—He did so---‘Now, Sir,’ said I, ‘you find that I can both *strike and kick*, and if you do *not* hold your tongue, I will *first knock you down, and afterwards kick you out of my house*.’ This menace silenced him; but he still kept his seat, drank a great deal more wine, became *very drunk*, and was *finally* packed up, late at night, in a post-chaise, and driven home to his lodgings in town. *From that time to this I have never seen him.*”

FOOLISH MISTAKE.

Thomas Ruthal, for his abilities was made bishop of Durham by Henry VII. and notwithstanding the dislike which cardinal Wolsey bore to him, Henry VIII. made him a privy councillor, and also employed him to draw up a breviary of the state of the land. Having finished and got it fairly transcribed, and *bound*, it remained only now to present it to the king. The *binding* happening to be nearly similar to that of an inventory of his own estate, amounting to the large sum of one hundred thousand pounds, he carried the *latter* with him instead, and presented it to the king, which incident highly pleased Wolsey, who then told Henry where there was a mass of money, in case of his necessity : this broke the bishop's heart, and he died in 1553. He had paid one third of the cost of building the bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, and intended several other benefactions, had he not been thus surprised by death, all arising from a little inattention.

FOOLISH CONFIDENCE.

Louis the XIth. of France, considered a very politic prince, being at war with his brother Charles, duke of Normandy, Francis duke of Brittany, and Charles duke of Burgundy, desired much to be able to detach the latter from the others, so that he might be the more able to revenge himself upon them. He solicited, therefore, an interview and conference, to which the duke assented, provided that it should be, for his own security, in one of his own towns on the frontiers of Flanders. The king having agreed to this, the meeting was appointed to be at Perronne, where the duke had arrived with his army. The duke having signed a letter of safe-conduct, sent it to Lewis, who, in order to gain the goodwill of, and show his confidence in, the duke, went to the meeting entirely unguarded. The duke having just heard of the revolt of the town of Liege, by the solicitations of Lewis's emissaries, and seeing his enemy now in his power, declared him a prisoner; nor would he release him until he had recovered Liege, to which he compelled Lewis to accompany him at no little risk of life. Having also forced from him some considerable concessions in favour of his confederates, he at last set him at liberty.

His first error was in not countermanding the agents whom he had employed to stir up the town of Liege against the duke, seeing he intended putting himself in his power; and the second, that in such a case he put himself into the power of his enemy without any absolute necessity requiring it.

FOOLISH CONDUCT OF THE LEARNED.

Many men, whose early lives have been spent in literary pursuits, have consequently not had the opportunity of mixing much in society, and are, therefore, unacquainted with the manners and etiquette of the parlour or the drawing-room.

The celebrated critic *Bentley* undertook a trip to Paris, to see the countess of Ferrers, then on a tour of pleasure. When he arrived, he found so much company with the countess, that he felt such an embarrassment that he could neither speak nor act at ease; and feeling the unpleasantness of his situation not likely to be relieved, he withdrew, as awkwardly as he had entered.

When he had retired, some asked the countess who and what he was, who, they thought, had behaved so ridiculously? To which she replied, "He is so

learned a man, that he can tell you what a *chair* is, in Greek and Hebrew, but he does not know how to *sit* on one."

Our great lexicographer Johnson was both unseemly in his person and manners, and enjoyed but little of the society of the softer sex, or of the polite world; perhaps the consciousness of his acknowledged superiority had some effect in his retaining that asperity of manner which seemed natural to him; for even in the company of Mrs. Thrale, for whom he professed the greatest respect, he did not seem to study the art of politeness, for when he had helped himself to a piece of sugar, with his fingers, and the lady had ordered the basin to be exchanged, he then threw the cup, &c. he was using under the grate, saying, that he presumed any thing he had touched was of no farther use to her, or any one else. In his journey through Scotland, where he was received with distinction, and respect for his talents, he often made himself appear ridiculous, and seemed to receive the attentions offered him ungracefully, if not ungratefully; and if true as related, that his appearance and conduct were such as to elicit the remark of Boswell's father, when introduced to him by the son as "the great constellation of literature," that he must then be the *Ursa Major*; His manner must have been either *very* awkward, or approaching to rudeness;

but there is such a thing as vanity in the human mind, from which even the *most learned* and *the best* are not entirely free !

A FOOLISH AND INCONSIDERATE QUESTION.

Lorenzo de Medici, being engaged in a war with Francis Maria duke d'Urbino, it became known to him and his officers, that the Spanish captains had treasonably resolved to deliver their duke into the hands of the duke of Florence. One of Lorenzo's captains, named Renzo de Cari, honourable, but in this instance indiscreet, happening to meet and talk with a drummer of the duke's army, he jestingly inquired, "When will these Spaniards deliver your duke prisoner?" The drummer made no reply, but, on his return to the camp, reported to the duke the suspicious question of Renzo de Cari: thus aroused, he narrowly watched the conduct of his captains, and having his suspicions further confirmed by finding writings and letters among their baggage, of a treasonable nature, the conspirators were committed, and convicted. The question of Renzo, so thoughtlessly put, was the cause of the death of the captains, and

failure of the conspiracy, and it caused Lorenzo to consume more time in putting an end to the war, than would otherwise have been necessary.

FOOLISH LITIGANTS.

There have been many long law-suits in former days, and many are now pending, which no one knows when they may end. A plaintiff and defendant of the Gloucestershire breed, viz. the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, viscount Lisle, and those of lord Berkley, began a suit about certain possessions near to Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucester, in the reign of Edward IV. which was not determined until the reign of king James, when it was finally compounded.

FOOLISH QUARREL.

Two brothers, of an ancient family at Padua, named de Limino, taking a walk together after supper on a summer's evening, their attention was drawn to the brightness and number of the stars above them,

the sky being very clear. The one, in a joke, remarked, "I wish I had as many oxen as I see stars;" to which the other promptly added his wish, that he had "a pasture as wide as the firmament;" and turning to his brother, asked, "But where would you feed such a number of oxen?" The other replied, "Why, brother, in thy pasture, to be sure." "But what if I would not suffer thee?" "I would," said the other, "whether thou wouldst or not." "Wouldst thou in spite of my teeth?" "Yea, marry would I, whatever thou wouldst do to the contrary." More words brought on rage, and they at last drew their swords, and set to it in right earnest; when, in the turn of a pass, each received the sword of the other in the body, and they fell. Their friends, hearing the contention, came out to their aid, but too late, for they found the brothers weltering in their blood, who, being carried into the house, very shortly afterwards expired.

FOOLISH IDENTIFICATION.

A noted highwayman, having robbed a gentleman on the road, found himself hotly pursued, by a party

whom the gentleman had met and informed of his loss. In order to escape, as they happened to be better mounted than he was, he dismounted, and took to his heels through the fields, when he came up with a man driving a plough; who happening to wear a wig to keep his head warm, as the robber did for disguise, he instantly exchanged coverings, and made the best of his way to elude his pursuers. The party soon after, following the same track, came up to the ploughman, and seeing the wig on his head, the gentleman declared positively he was the man, and he was hailed off to prison. When the day of trial came on, he was placed at the bar, and positively *sworn* to as the *very* person who had committed the robbery; and the jury believing all that was stated against him, were about to pronounce a verdict of guilty; but the said actual robber being in court, begged to be heard one minute in the prisoner's behalf: which being granted, he said, "My lord and gentlemen, this person seems to swear more positively to the *wig* than to the *person* of the man; perhaps, if I were to put on the said wig, he would swear to me," at the same time exchanging coverings with the prisoner. The witness, now seeing the identical person as he saw him on the highway, exclaimed, "That's the man, that is the man, my lord, who robbed me!" On which the robber, taking off

the wig and offering it to his lordship, requested the favour of his putting it on, when perhaps, the gentleman would swear that his lordship was the robber !” Of course the innocent man was acquitted.

FOOLISH PARENTS.

In the 5th chapter of *Gil Blas*, (by Smollett,) a robber is made to speak contemptuously of his parents, thus:—“Lest study should fatigue me in my tender years, I was allowed to spend them in the most childish amusements ; my father observing, that children ought not to apply *seriously* to *any* thing, until time should have *ripened* the understanding. In *expectation* of this maturity, I never learned to read nor write, but nevertheless made good use of my time ; for, my *father* taught me a thousand different *games* ; I became perfectly acquainted with *cards*, was no stranger to *dice*, &c. &c.” All his foibles and indecencies were excused ; an indulgent tutor, and others dismissed, because they believed the tales of their son against them. Another procured, who gave into all his desires ; and he continues, “if, during my childhood, I had lived pretty freely, it was quite another thing when I became

master of my own actions ; I every moment *ridiculed* my parents, who did nothing but *laugh* at my sallies, which were the more *agreeable*, the more *insolence* they contained. Meanwhile, I committed all kinds of debauchery, in the company of other young men of the same disposition, and as our parents did not supply us with money sufficient to support such a delicious life, every one *pilfered* what he could at his *own home*, but *that* being also insufficient, we began to rob in the dark." We see the *sequel* in almost every paper of the day.

FOOLISH SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS.

Many in this country, in the *present day* of the *march of intellect*, still entertain a foolish fear of spilling a little salt, prognosticating ill luck ; when thirteen in company, one shall die before the year is out ; a running of the candle, a *ninding* sheet ; a spark in it, a letter ; and several other trifling incidents,—as if the Almighty would adopt such silly means of warning us of danger or death, when he could as easily command, as in former times, things more important to serve the purpose of his Providence ; and to *suppose*

the Deity operated upon by such silly events, is, *if possible*, still more ridiculous and absurd.—*See Spectator.*

FOLLY OF THE PUBLIC.

Notwithstanding the numerous exposures of quackery, by men of education and character, it is truly astonishing, that so many still believe in the virtues of certain medicines, cordials, balsams, elixirs, and ointments, when they might be better, and more safely supplied, and at a cheaper rate, by a regular surgeon or apothecary; but the public are so credulous in these cases, that they *swallow* any thing that is puffed off in the newspapers, and the vendors are foolishly encouraged in their imposition on the public by the government, which receives a *considerable* revenue from the duties on stamps used. An advertising doctor, whose balsam was just appearing for the *benefit* of the *public*, had some difficulty in getting it into a sale; but as he knew that "*one fool makes many*," he sent a lot of bottles of his stuff to Kendal, and employed an agent to purchase them, who stated to the *bookseller*, the great benefit he had received by using them; another order

was the consequence. He played off this *trick* upon others, and got the thing a name, which it kept for many years! Many other *recipes* and *patent* stuffs, are equally simple, and of no value; but John Bull is a good-natured fool, and believes any liar that has a *patent*.

FOOLISH TRAVELLERS TAKEN IN.

Two London *commercial* travellers, being in the vicinity of *Gilead House*, took a whim to view its interior, and *taste* the Doctor's cordial, if he would offer any to them gratis, for which purpose they rang the bell at the gate, and were admitted. The doctor received them very graciously. They stated, they had received considerable benefit from the use of his cordial, and had a desire to see the person to whom they and the public were so much indebted. The Jew, having shown them his pretty little seat, he *politely* asked the *gentlemen* if they would *taste* anything; they embraced the opportunity of tasting, for the *first* time, his celebrated cordial, when he placed before them one of his 10s. 6d. bottles; this they soon dispatched, being simple and palatable, and said, they would

thank him for another. No sooner said than done; this quickly followed the other. After some little chat, our heroes were about taking their departure, smiling at having gulled Solomon; but they were rather in a brown study, when the doctor *politely* asked them for 10s. 6d. "Why, doctor, you presented them to us." "Truly, gentlemen, I offered you one, but you ordered the other."—They paid the 10s. 6d. and he had the grin at them.

FOLLY OF TEMERITY.

Euguerrand of Marigny, a man of great ability, was financier to Phillip the Fair, and after his death, found himself persecuted by Charles of Valois, who sharply demanding of him an account of the treasures of the late king, received for answer,—"It is to you, sir, I have given a great part of them, and the rest have been employed in the king's affairs." The prince giving him the *LIE*, he replied hastily, "By G—, sir, it is *you* yourself." This insolent reply caused him to be sent to the gallows, which in his greatest power he had caused to be erected at Montfaucon.

FOLLY OF DESIRE OF POWER.

AGAMEMNON, the general of the Grecian forces against Troy, considered it an intolerable burden to be a king, and the commander of so great a people,—and SELEUCUS was wont to say, “that if men did but sufficiently comprehend how laborious and troublesome it was but to write and read so many epistles as the affairs of a prince required, they would not so much as stoop to pick up a royal diadem, should they find one lying in the highway.”

FOLLY OF PRIDE, AND WISDOM OF HUMILITY.

Sterne says, “Pride may make a man violent, but humility will make him firm; and which of the two do you think likely to come off with honour,—he who acts from the changeable impulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motives of his pride and fury; or, the man who stands cool and collected in himself, who governs his resentments, instead of being governed by

them, and on every occasion acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty? With regard to the provocations and offences which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world, take it as a rule—as a man's pride is, so is always his displeasure; as the opinion of himself rises, so does the injury, so does his resentment; 'tis that which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him, and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable. The proud man acts as if every mortal was void of sense and feeling, yet is possessed of so nice and exquisite an one himself, that the slights, the little neglects and instances of desertion, which would be scarce felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him—there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betrayed, or which requires greater helps of *good sense* and *good principles* to guard against."

FOLLY OF EXPENSIVE DRESS.

When GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, favourite and minion of James I., was ambassador at the court of Louis XIII., and admitted to an audience of the French monarch, he had jewels on his coat, valued at *one hundred thousand pounds*.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter, who was a favourite of queen Elizabeth, when he appeared at court, had his *shoes* set with pearls and precious stones; their value estimated to six thousand six hundred crowns.

SIR JOHN ARUNDEL.

Sir John Arundel, with others, coming home into Britain, were all lost in a tempest, in the third year of Richard II. His furniture, &c., was all consigned to the deep, among which it is said there were two hundred and fifty *new* suits of apparel, made of gold cloth and tissue.

CHARLES, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

This prince had one garment which cost the sum of two hundred thousand ducats,—a luxury which could not then be obtained or maintained but by the oppression of those he governed.

FEMALE VANITY.

A Roman lady, named Lollia Paulina, went to a banquet, having about her, chains, carcanets, and precious stones, to the value of a million of gold! Her father, in order to adorn his *only* daughter, had despoiled the Roman provinces, yet was he compelled to swallow poison, in the desperation of his affairs.

MICHAEL PALEOLOGUS THE GREEK EMPEROR,
AND NUGAS THE SCYTHIAN
MONARCH.

When the emperor sent a present of certain rich robes to Nugas, he inquired of those who brought them, "*Nunquam* calamitates, morbas, mortemque depellere possent?"—*Whether* they could drive away calamities, sickness and death? For, in his opinion, if they could not, they were not of much importance or value.

DEMETRIUS' CLOAK.

The shoes of Demetrius, as well as his garments, were covered over with purple and gold, and his CLOAK so richly woven with representations of the world and the stars, that no king after him ventured to appear in it, to excite the envy of others, being so magnificent and valuable.

A ROMAN PRÆTOR'S CLOAKS.

A prætor, intending to make as magnificent a show as he could, sent to borrow of Lucullus a number of cloaks, who answered, he would see how many he had, and next day sent to know how many were wanted: being told one hundred would suffice, he desired them to take two hundred. Horace (epistle 6) says five thousand!!

We can scarcely imagine the necessity of so many cloaks, only it appears from Martial, that at their public feasts, even *private* Romans often changed their cloaks, ostentatiously to display their variety.

Undecies una surrexti Zoile cœna
Et mutata tibi est Scynthesis undecies.

Eleven times didst thou arise, O Zoilus, at one supper,
And thou didst change thy mantle, also, eleven times.

We wonder if our *modern Romeo* can boast of such
variety, either for *stage* or *private* use.

THE GREEKS, AND THE EMPEROR HENRY THE FIFTH.

The emperor Henry, having conquered Sicily and Naples, about the year 1197, turned his thoughts upon Greece; and sent an embassy to Alexius Angelus, the Greek emperor, demanding a large sum as a tribute; threatening war, in case of refusal. Alexius, hearing of the arrival of the embassy and their mission, thought he would command their reverence by a splendid display of his riches, and ordered his nobles to attend him in their *richest* dresses and *jewels*; himself covered, from head to foot, with dazzling splendour.

This gorgeous display, far from exciting a dread in the minds of the Germans, only inflamed their desire for the combat, that they might enrich themselves with the

spoil of their vain rivals; who pointing to their emperor, said, "See how he appears, like a flowery meadow," &c. to which the Germans made answer, that they were not affected by the feminine display; and the time was now come, when the Grecians must change their gold for iron; for, unless their message was favourably answered, they must fight with men, who did not glory in their embroidered garments, as peacocks in their feathers; but with the sons of Mars, who could carry sparkles in their eyes, and whose sweat drops should resemble orient pearls! These words had an alarming effect upon the effeminate Greeks; but the death of Henry, which took place soon after, prevented them from proceeding to hostilities, as they so anxiously desired!

FOLLY OF THE ENGLISH IN DRESS.

An Italian painter, named Lucas de Keer, who resided in England in the time of Elizabeth, was ordered by that princess to depict the character of the English dresses. Being a man of some humour, he drew the figure of a man, in a state of nakedness, with a number of pieces of various coloured cloths, strewed

around him ; in his hand was a pair of scissors, and a label hung from his mouth, on which was inscribed these words :—

“ I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind, *what* garment I shall wear.”

Elizabeth was much pleased with, and commended his wit, and rewarded him liberally.



A FOOLISH TYPOGRAPHER REPROVED.

George Faulkner the printer, returning from a visit to London, waited upon Dean Swift, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and with a bag-wig. The Dean received him as a stranger, and with great ceremony ; and asked him, “ Pray, sir, what are your commands with me ? ”—To which George replied, “ I thought it my duty, sir, to wait upon you, on my arrival from London.”—“ Pray, sir, who are you ? ”—“ George Faulkner, the printer, sir.”—“ You, George Faulkner, the printer ! --Why, you impudent, barefaced scoundrel ! George Faulkner, is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fop-

peries. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will send you immediately to the House of Correction."---Away went the printer, as fast as his legs could carry him home, where having changed his court dress to that of a business one, he returned to the Dean, who received him now very cordially; saying, "My friend George, I am glad to see you return safe from London;---why, here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you; but I sent him away with a flea in his ear."

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION.

A recent traveller relates, that the town of Kiev, which contained, in the ninth century, 400 churches, 8 market places, and a very numerous population, is now without these signs of magnificence, although still large, regularly built and populous, and chief of the district so named. The catacombs more particularly show the wreck of corroding time: "these," he adds, "many thousands of infatuated people in the Russian empire, go on foot to visit every year. The preparation for descending into this repository of the

dead was more solemn than the scene itself; for the monk accompanying us related such *incredible* and ridiculous stories of the saints whose relics lay there, that we must have had a more than common share of credulity to have believed them. Every person going down into these vaults *purchases* a wax taper, and having lighted it, in solemn silence follows the monk, who, as he conducts the visitors through these vaulted sepulchres of the dead, opens the coffin lid, unfolds the shroud, and tells the name of the saint enshrined in that repository; no part of the body is to be seen, of course the flesh is all wasted, and the bones only remain perfect, from having been constantly kept from the air; the face and hands are commonly covered with gold or silver tissue or brocade; a cap is placed on the head, of the same material. Several cells are shown, where, they say, monks, in a vow of penance, have had themselves *walled up*, and only a little window left, at which they received daily their *bread* and *water*, and there remained until their deaths. In one of the cells are twelve masons who built the church, and then entered as monks into the monastery. In another place you are shown the body, or rather the head and shoulders of a man stuck in the ground: in a vow of penance he dug a hole, in which he placed himself, standing,

with his hands by his sides, and then had the hole filled, so that only his head and a little below the shoulders could be seen; here he lived, they say, *fifteen years*, having food and drink brought to him, and a lamp continually burning by his side: they *still* allow him a lamp, which burns day and night continually, though he has been dead six or seven hundred years; this, however, they can *well afford* to do, as he brings a considerable share of the riches of the convent.

The *cap* he wears is supposed to work miracles, and restore the sick; accordingly, hundreds come to visit ST. ANTONIA, and wear his *cap*, which is frequently the undoubted means of restoring health, though not in the way that enthusiasm and credulity imagine, but by the *simple* process of being the cause of their taking unusual exercise in the open air, and also *a temperance not habitual to them*. I should not omit to mention, that St. Antonia is said to sink a *little* lower in the ground every year, and that the world is to be at end by the time he entirely disappears. Amongst the *wonders* which they relate, *this* can scarcely be classed as the greatest; and if time, in its mighty changes, does not annihilate the monastery of Pestcherskey, St. Antonia will probably

not disappear while he continues so instrumental to the well-doing of his brethren.

Having so particularly mentioned the *merits* of *this* saint, let me do justice to the others also, and state, that all have their votaries, and that money lay scattered in every coffin, as if the “*Golden age*” had returned, and man no longer continued to heap sordid gold, or require its aid to help him to the comforts of life. It is reckoned, that from sixty to a hundred thousand pilgrims, from all parts of the Russian empire, visit the monastery of Kiev, in one year, and the revenue the monks derive from the sale of *wax candles* is *alone* sufficient to furnish food for the establishment.”

A FOOLISH BOASTER,

*About Knowledge of Great Things, puzzled with the
Knowledge of the Least.*

The heretic Eunaminus boasted, that he perfectly understood the nature of God ; while, at the same time, he was puzzled by St. Basil, in twenty-one questions concerning *the body of an ant*.

FOOLISH CHOICE OF A COUNSELLOR.

The emperor Caligula entertained such a high opinion of his horse *Snift*, that he had it to sup with him; eating his provender out of *golden* vessels, and drinking wine also out of goblets of the same metal; he usually swore by his health and fortune, and promised that he should be made *consul*; which would have been done, had the horse lived. He made him *priest* and colleague with himself in the pontificate. He provided a house, family, and servants, &c. for it, and a stable of marble, with an ivory manger;-- his *caparisons* and *harness* were *of purple*, and a jewel of precious stones hung at his poictrel!

Suetonius.



See S. 6

A FOOLISH NARRATOR EXPOSED.

Some persons are *so foolish* as to *suppose* all others are like unto themselves, else would they not dare to insult our understandings by narrations which they *know* are *lies*, and none but fools could believe. One, who had travelled a little, thinking he might take a liberty of this kind, told his hearers, that among other things of magnitude, he saw a cabbage tree, the branches of which covered an extent of several acres, under which an army might have been protected from the heat of the sun.

Having ended his *wonderful* tale, a gentleman begged the attention of the company for a few seconds, while he gave them an account of a wonderful thing he had seen in the *same* quarter of the world; and very gravely stated, that being in that part of the globe about the same time, he was crossing a plain, and heard a great noise, which increased as he advanced, as of hammers at work. On his near approach, he saw several ladders laid against the side of a bright lofty wall, which he had the curiosity to ascend.

On looking over, he perceived a number of men at work, far below, and around; and now found that the

article he was examining, was circular. Curiosity induced him to inquire of one of the workmen, what they were making; who told him, it was a huge copper. The wonder of the first *story-teller*, being excited, he quickly asked, "what could such a *huge* copper be intended for? "Why," says the other, "they told me, it was to *boil the large cabbages you saw growing*, and now told us of!"

A FOOLISH FLIGHT.

A person having some knowledge of machinery, thought of a flight in the upper regions; for which purpose, he set about the construction of a pair of wings. Having finished such a pair as he thought would serve his purpose, he gave out, that on a certain day, he would take a flight from the church steeple. And as anything, now a-days, however strange and unlikely, is certain of obtaining credit with the crowd, a great number had assembled to witness the flight of this flying man. On his progress to the church, one of the lookers-on, a little more considerate than the others, ventured a hint, that he had as well try first to fly *up* to the steeple, *before* he ventured a flight *down*-

wards. This had not before struck the mind of the airy aspirant, and the impracticability of the one alarmed him of the danger of the other, so that he turned round, and slunk home to re-consider of his voyage in the thin element.

FOLLY OF MANY IN THEIR CHARITIES.

It hath been a practice in times past, *is now*, and we believe ever shall be, for men to bestow charity without a due discrimination. Some give because they are pressed to it, and have not the courage to resist importunity; others are flattered by the object soliciting; many give from ostentation, because they are solicited by the great, and will see their names exhibited in the list with the royal, and noble, and rich. But that person is truly charitable, who, having a knowledge of the illness, poverty, and necessities of others, kindly affords them the relief that is best suited to their condition: who “does good by stealth, and blushes to find it fame.”—A story of times past informs us that begging and imposition were not then uncommon. Camerarius relates a story from Jodocus Damhoud: He was sitting before the gate of the senate-

house, with some senators of Bruges, when a beggar presented himself, expressing his miserable poverty with tears and pitiful gestures, adding, that he was afflicted with a *private disease*, which shame prevented him from discovering to the eye. Sympathising with the man, who *appeared* sadly distressed, they all contributed, and gave him some relief, when he took his departure.

One of the party had a desire to learn the nature of the private disorder with which the poor man was afflicted, and humanely sent his servant after him to inquire. When the servant found him, he seemed still loath to reveal the *secret* infirmity, but on examining his face, hands, breasts, arms, &c. and finding all about him in health and whole, he asked him of what he could possibly complain. "Alas," said the mendicant, "the disease with which I am afflicted is such as you cannot see, nor have a right conception of; it hath crept over my whole body, it hath passed through my veins and marrow, so that there is not one member of my body able to perform any labour—by some, *my* disease is called Idleness and Sloth!" The servant felt angry, and returned with the account, which excited their mirth, but on their sending to inquire after him again, he was not to be found.

A FOOLISH CHALLENGER ANSWERED.

The Reverend John Carter, vicar of Bramford in Suffolk, an excellent scholar but a modest man, being at dinner with a party, among whom were some other clergymen, at the house of a magistrate at Ipswich, one of the latter, from whose years and education one would have looked for more discretion, talked much, and boasted of his powers and acquirements, ending with this challenge: "Here are many learned men, if any of you will propose any question in *divinity* or *philosophy*, I will dispute with him, resolve his doubts, and satisfy him fully!" Mr. Carter, seeing that no one else would enter the lists, very coolly accosted him by name. "Mr. —, I will go no further than my trencher to puzzle you. Here is a *sole*; now tell me the reason why this fish, that has always lived in *salt* water, should come out *fresh*?" The froward gentleman could make no reply, and was laughed out of his vain conceit of himself.

FOOLISH BOASTING OF RICHES REPROVED.

Alcibiades, in his youth, boasting of his riches and lands in the hearing of Socrates, that philosopher took him into a room where there hung a map of the world. "Now," said Socrates, "where is the County of Attica?" Alcibiades having pointed it out, "Lay, then, your finger on your *own* lands there." Alcibiades stating that they were not there described,— "What, then," said the philosopher, "do you boast yourself of that which is no part of the earth?"

FOOLISH BOASTER; A HINT THAT HE LIED.

A vocalist of our own nation, who *thought* he could sing as well as Braham or Incedon, happening to be complimented on the power of his voice, when treating a private company with a stave or two, his vanity seemed at its height, when he expressed his acknowledgments, adding, that he could make anything of his voice. One of the party who had observed the meagre appearance of his dress, ventured the hint, that he had better make a *good* pair of breeches of it.

FOOLISH BOASTING OF POMPEY THE GREAT.

Pompey boasted, when the news of Cæsar's having passed the Rubicon reached Rome, that if he should but stamp with one foot on the earth of Italy, forthwith there would start up from thence troops of horse and foot in arms! Yet did he flee shamefully before the enemy he so much contemned.

FOLLY OF TOO CONFIDENT ANTICIPATION
RIDICULED.

On the occasion of the defeat of the famous *invincible* Spanish armada, two medals were struck, one with the device of a fleet flying under sail, with the motto, "*venit, vidit, fugit*;" the other intended more particularly to honour the queen, represented fire-ships, and a fleet in the utmost confusion, having this motto, "*dux fœmina facti*." The wits of Rome would not spare even the head of the church on this occasion, for they affixed to the statue of Pasquin the following sarcastic notice:—"Pontificem mille annorum, indulgentias largiturum esse de plenitudine

potestatis suæ, si quis certo sibi indicaverit quid sit factum de classe Hispanica, quo abierit; in columnæ sublata, an ad tartara detrusa, va in acra alicum pendeat; an in aliquo man fluctuet;”—*id est*, “The Pope, in the inexhaustible plenitude of his power, will grant indulgences for a *thousand years* to any one who shall bring him *certain* intelligence what has become of the Spanish fleet, whither it was gone, whether it was snatched up to heaven, or thrust down to hell; whether hanging in the air, or driving about in any part of the ocean!”

FOLLY OF A KING IN NOT HEARING THE TRUTH.

Rudolphus, king of the Heruli, being at war with Tado, king of the Lombards, committed his army to his captains, while he remained in his tent, jesting at table. When about to join battle, he sent one to the top of a tree, to watch the fortune of the battle, telling him, that if he should be the bearer of unwelcome news, he should lose his head. The scout seeing the Heruli begin to flee, dared not to carry the news to the king, but also fled to save his own head,

now in danger both ways ; by which means the foolish Rudolph, and all his attendants, were surprised in their tent, and put to death !

FOOLISH PROPENSITY.

We lately read of the transportation of a person, in a respectable situation of life in the capital of the sister kingdom, for exercising his ingenuity in abstracting various articles from shops, and houses where he professionally visited : these articles he did not want, and did not seem to have used many of them ; but so powerful was the propensity to self-appropriation, that he had a large camlet cloak prepared, full of pockets, to receive whatever he could conveniently carry away.

Such instances are more numerous than many are aware of, and in most cases they appear to arise from an aberration of intellect, rather than from dishonesty of principle ; while some appear to have no other motive than the mere gratification which a monkey, or the clown in the pantomime, appears to feel, in playing a foolish or mischievous trick. We have heard of one gentleman who generally carried off with

him some of the silver spoons, &c. from the house where he had dined ; but this propensity in him being known, the friend who had lost any thing, had only to go and search his closet and take his own back again, and say nothing more about it : in some cases, when his friends knew where he had dined, they would of their own accord restore them, and he seemed to take no more interest in the goods after he had succeeded in carrying them off. We also knew of a case in which a lady in an interesting situation, while sojourning for a time at the house of a friend, concealed in her own little chest whatever trifles she could lay her hands on, but the chest never being locked, the good people of the house looked into it daily, and took out whatever belonging to them was placed in it, and sometimes the same articles were abstracted twice or thrice in one day without remark from either party. We question if this lady was really a thief, and have no doubt that some are punished with the utmost severity of the law, who are fitter objects for being inmates of a lunatic asylum.

FOOLISH ANTIQUARY.

Pichler, a celebrated gem engraver, laboured hard upon a beautiful stone, hoping to produce a gem in imitation of the antique. He had just finished, when the stone was missing: his apprentice was suspected, but he had no proof of the fact of his being the thief. Alfani, a noted antiquary of Rome, called shortly afterwards upon Pichler, to show him a valuable gem which he had recently bought for fifty sequins, of Christiani who had it from a countryman, as he reported, who found it while ploughing. Pichler was surprised when he discovered it to be his own, and asked Alfani if he was sure of its being an antique? "No doubt, no *modern* could exhibit such perfection." Pichler felt gratified with this commendation of his production, but still retained the secret in his own breast. Alfani called some time after, and told Pichler that he was about setting off for Paris, where he had no doubt some connoisseur would give him a good price for the gem; at the same time he asked Pichler if he could not engrave one so as to pass for an original. This the artist engaged to do, and produced an exact imitation of his own work, for which Alfani paid him forty sequins. These the virtuoso

took to Paris, and sold *both* as originals to two eminent collectors. The two purchasers happening to meet shortly after, the one exclaimed, exultingly, "Here is a valuable antique I have lately bought!" "True!" answered the other; "I perceive you bought a *copy* of the original on my finger, which I purchased of Alfani." "Nonsense!" rejoined the other; "*mine* is the original, and *yours* is the copy." Angry words passed, and a bet to a good amount was laid, to be decided by Pichler, to whom the two gems were sent for his opinion. His answer was, "You may draw your bets, for I was the engraver of both."

Pilcher found out, after this, that his own apprentice had stolen it, and employed a countryman to dispose of the gem to Christiani, as an antique he had found in the earth,—a fraudulent practice not unfrequent in Italy.

FOOLISH VANITY REPROVED.

Rowe, the poet, was not very particular in his dress and appearance, but very vain in being taken notice of by persons of rank and title. Being a frequenter of the Wit's Coffee House, the Cocoa Tree, St. James

Street, where also doctor Garth was a constant visitor; he came in one morning, and finding the doctor engaged in conversation with two persons of rank, he placed himself in a box opposite; in order, if possible, to catch the attention of the doctor and his companions: not finding himself taken notice of, he called the waiter, and sent him to the doctor for his snuff-box, which he knew was of value, being set with diamonds, the gift of a foreign prince; this he returned and sent for so often, that Garth, perceiving the vain intention of the poet, took out his pencil, and wrote on the lid two Greek characters, Φ P (phi rho,) which Rowe perceiving the next time he took the box in his hand, he felt so humbled, that he immediately left the room.

FOOLISH VANITY OF NAPOLEON.

When Buonaparte was at Schoenbrunn, he occasionally amused himself with a game at *vingt et un*. One evening, having been fortunate and won a small sum, he boastingly shook the pieces in his hand, saying, "The Germans love these *little* Napoleon's, don't they?" "Yes," answered general Rapp, "they do, sire, but they are not at all fond of the *great* one."

A FOOLISH FRENCH MARQUIS EXPOSED BY A FAIR RUSSIAN.

The Swiss doctor, Michael Schuppach, who lived at Leugnan, in the Emmenthal, was much resorted to in the last century by persons of all ranks, from France, Germany, and more distant countries. On one occasion, he had in his laboratory several French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his fair and beautiful daughter. A French marquis, to amuse the ladies, as he thought, made several attempts to pass his jokes upon the doctor, but the Swiss physician generally turned the laugh against the marquis ; who finding himself foiled, was pleased when he saw an old gentleman, with a long grey beard, and plainly dressed, enter the laboratory. The doctor left the exalted company without ceremony, to prescribe for the wife of his old acquaintance, who awaited the mixture of the preparation. Our marquis now turned his wit to the old man's white beard, and offered a bet of twelve louis d'ors, that not a lady in company would venture to kiss the old fellow. The beautiful Russian, hearing the challenge, caused her attendant to bring a plate, into which she put twelve louis d'ors, when it was handed to the marquis, who, of course, was compelled to make good his challenge. The Russian beauty then

approached the venerable peasant, and respectfully asked permission to salute him after the fashion of her country, and gave him a hearty kiss ; then presenting him the gold on the plate, she added : “ Take this, venerable father, as a remembrance of me, and as a token that the Russian girls think it a duty to honour old age.”

FOOLISH SPEECH OF HARBOTTLE GRIMSTONE.

A bill for abolishing Episcopacy having been brought into the House of Commons at the breaking out of the civil wars, Mr. Harbottle Grimstone, one of its most zealous advocates, thus gravely argued : “ That archbishops are not *jure divino*, is no question ; *ergo*, whether archbishops, who are not *jure divino*, should suspend ministers who are *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker ! ” To which foolish reasoning, the learned Selden wittily replied : “ That parliaments are not *jure divino*, is out of the question ; that religion is *jure divino*, is beyond dispute. Now, whether parliaments, which unquestionably are NOT *jure divino*, should meddle with religion, which, *without doubt*, is *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker.”

THE FOOLISH COURTIERS OF KING CANUTE.

The foolish courtiers of King Canute, who would persuade him, if they could, of his invincible power, which, they fawningly said, extended both over land and sea, had their folly completely exposed, when he ordered them to attend him on the shore near Southampton. Being seated on a throne on the sands, he commanded the rising tide not to dare to approach him; but the proud waves assailed the *royal seat*, as he wisely knew they would, and the courtiers stood abashed, if not convinced, when he reproved them for their foolish adulation.

FOOLISH CONFIDENCE IN, AND TREACHERY
OF, A JEALOUS BROTHER.

Aga Mohamed Khan, who established his authority over his own tribe, the Cajars, in 1779, and soon after extended his dominions on the banks of the Caspian, is said to have had a heart as hard as his body, which by frugal diet, and exercise, although otherwise slender, he had rendered capable of any fatigue; but his con-





duct towards his brother, Jafer Culi Khan, will best develope his true character. This chief had declined appearing at court, for some time after his brother's elevation.

The most pressing entreaties, the most solemn assurances of safety, were lavished, to induce him to repair to Tahiran, and the government of Ispahan was to be the reward of compliance. When he reached Tahiran, he was welcomed with every appearance of cordiality, and the night passed in peace. Next day Aga Mohamed Khan, after giving him some instructions regarding his conduct at Ispahan, observed,---
“You have not, I believe, yet looked at my new palace, walk there with Baba Khan, (nephew of Aga,) and after you have seen it, *return* to me.” He went to look at it, and at the moment he entered the portico, some assassins, who had been stationed there, fell upon him, and slew him. The body was carried to Aga Mohamed Khan, who mourned over it with the appearance of the most frantic grief. He desired Baba Khan, (then quite a youth,) to approach; when near, he bade him observe the corpse of the bravest of men, and the best of brothers. Then loading the young prince with abuse, he exclaimed, “It is for you I have done this. The gallant spirit, that lately animated that body, would never have permitted my crown

to have rested upon your head ; Persia would have been distracted with internal wars.---To avoid these consequences, I have acted with shameful ingratitude ; and have sinned deeply against God and Man !" "These sentiments," adds General Malcolm, "might have been sincere ; the *public* expression of them had the effect of mitigating the universal horror at this murder."

FOLLY OF TRUSTING TO APPEARANCES.

Aga Mohamed Khan, though long in possession of sovereign power, had not yet been invested with the royal tiara. After the conquest of Georgia, he yielded with well-dissembled reluctance to the entreaties of his courtiers ; but, said he, "Recollect, that if I do, your toils are only commencing ; for I cannot consent to wear the Persian crown, without as much power as has been enjoyed by the greatest sovereigns of that country !"---*Malcolm.*

FOOLISH REASONING.

Ferguson, the self-taught astronomer, having met with a rigid Calvinist in a stage coach, they having no one else to speak to, began to converse ; but his companion constantly resorted to his favourite topic, quoting scripture at random, and exclaiming, "Is not *that* scripture?"--- Ferguson, whose patience got exhausted, then told his fellow-traveller, that according to his method of confirmation, he could prove the lawfulness of *Suicide*." "How so?" queried the logician. "Why," answered the astronomer, "Judas went and hanged himself ; is not that scripture?---Go and do thou likewise ; is not that scripture?"---Silence ensued.

FOOLISH SEVERITY, A CURIOUS
RETALIATION OF.

The monks, in the great convent of Capuchins, at Ascoli, in 1761, having for a trivial affair severely punished their cook, he had recourse to a singular mode of retaliation, which occasioned much merriment all over Italy.

With the sauce for supper, he contrived to mix up a quantity of opium; and they were soon all sound asleep. While in this unconscious state, he proceeded to rid the chins of their reverences of their flowing beards; and took his flight before they awoke in the morning. The superior, and all the monks, were consequently obliged to confine themselves close to their convent, until their chins appeared decently adorned, so as to enable them to shew themselves in public.

A FOOL'S WITTY JEST.

Carim Khan reigned over Persia, until the year 1779, when he died, aged nearly eighty years.

Under his auspicious sway, says his Persian biographer, the inhabitants of his favourite and favoured city (Shiraz) passed their leisure hours in the society of moon-faced damsels; and the goblet circulated, and love and pleasure reigned in every breast. Writing was an accomplishment which this justly celebrated chief never possessed, and he retained through life the dialect of his native tribe (the Persian tribe of Zund), which, for its rudeness, is universally denominated by the other inhabitants, the barbarous dialect. One

day, as this prince was sitting in public, he commanded his jester (a necessary appendage to a Persian court) to go and bring him word, what a dog, which was barking very loud, wanted. The court smiled at this sally of the monarch. The jester went, as desired, and after appearing to listen for some time with profound attention, he returned, and said, with a grave air, "Your majesty must send one of the chief officers of your *own family*, to report what that gentleman says; he speaks no language, except the *barbarous* dialect, with which *they* are familiar, but of which I do not understand one word." The good-humoured monarch laughed heartily at this ridicule of his tribe, and gave the wit a present.—*Malcolm's Persia.*

FOOLISH POLICE.

The same Carim Khan was on the point of rising from the seat of judgment, after a long and fatiguing attendance, when a man rushed forward, in apparent distraction, calling aloud for justice, as he had been robbed. "Who are you," said Carim Khan. "I am a merehant," replied the man. "What were you about" said the prince, "when you were robbed?" "I was

asleep," answered the man. "And why did you sleep?" exclaimed Carim, in a peevish and impatient tone. "Because," said the undaunted Persian, "I made a mistake, I thought *you* were *awake*." The irritation of the royal judge vanished in an instant; turning to his visier, he bade him pay the amount of the man's losses, from the treasury, adding, "WE must try to recover this money from the robbers."—*Malcolm*.

FOOLISH CONDUCT REPENTED OF.

Carim Khan, often related a story of himself, that when a poor soldier, in Nadir Shah's camp, necessity induced him to steal, from a saddler, a gold embossed saddle, which had been sent by an Afghan chief to be repaired. He soon afterwards learnt, that the man from whom he had taken it was in prison, and sentenced to be hung, and he thus added, "my conscience smote me, and I replaced the saddle exactly on the place from whence I took it. I watched until it was discovered by the saddler's wife, who, on seeing it, gave a scream of joy, fell down upon her knees, and prayed aloud, that the person who had brought it back might live to have a hundred gold embossed saddles. I am

quite certain," he added, smiling, "that the honest prayer of the old woman has aided my fortune in the attainment of that splendour which she desired I should enjoy."—*Malcolm.*

FOOLISHNESS OF PROLIX TRANSLATORS, &c.

Le Sieur Galland, having translated the two first volumes of the Arabian Nights, displeased many readers of taste, by the frequent repetition of the questions and answers of Scheherazade and Dinarzade. In order to ridicule this prolixity, a few young men thought of teasing him in the middle of a cold frosty night. They met opposite his window, and making a great noise, he soon appeared at the window, in his shirt, and began to remonstrate with them. When they had annoyed him some time, one of them addressed the shivering translator: "Dear sister, if you be not asleep, I pray you, till break of day, which is near at hand, go on with that agreeable story which you began." Finding his own words thus unmercifully used against him, he again sought his pillow. The remaining volumes were, consequently, published without these frequent repetitions.

FOOLISH THREAT OF XERXES.

Xerxes made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, in order to transport his large army from Asia to Europe ; but a tempest having destroyed it, he became enraged, and sent a cartel of defiance to the sea, and commanded his servants to give it three hundred *stripes*, and to throw *fetters* into it, in order to bind it to future good behaviour, and also *hot irons* to brand it with ignominy. His officers were instructed thus to address the powerful element: " O thou unruly water, *thy lord* hath appointed thee this punishment, for thou hast wronged him who deserved it not of thee ; but whether thou wilt or not, he is resolved to pass over thee, nor shall any man hereafter sacrifice unto thee, as being a deceitful and bitter river."

FOOLISH POSTHUMOUS HONOURS.

Poliarchus, the Athenian, when any of the dogs or cocks, that he particularly loved, happened to die, was so foolish as to honour them with a public funeral, and buried them with great pomp, accompanied by his

friends, whom he invited on the *solemn* occasion. Afterwards he caused monumental pillars to be erected, on which were engraven their *epitaphs*.—*Ælian*.

FOLLY OF USELESS ENTERPRISES TO OBTAIN NOTORIETY.

Sesostris, king of Egypt, like many of his ancestors, sought to give himself eternal fame by wonderful and useless undertakings. The great ditch which had been cut at incredible expence, from Arsinoe to Cairo, (eighty miles) capable of receiving vessels of considerable burden, he purposed to have made both deeper and wider, so as to have let the Red Sea into the Mediterranean, but death prevented him. Afterwards, Ptolemeus was about making the same attempt, but some of his *skilful* advisers persuaded him to abandon the project, lest, as they said, by letting the great Indian Sea run into the Mediterranean, he should thereby deluge the greater part of Greece, &c. and, instead of purchasing glory by the great work, obtain eternal disgrace. The folly of the undertaking was only surpassed by the ridiculous fear of those wise advisers.

Knowles' Turkish History.

CLAUDIUS CÆSAR.

This emperor had a whim to drain the Fucine Lake, which he thought he could do at small cost, and in a short space of time, to his immortal honour. In this he felt the more encouraged, as some private individuals made offers of bearing the expense, provided they had the grant of the drained lands as a recompense. In this labour he employed, without intermission, thirty thousand men, for eleven years, and by levelling and digging in the mountain, he at last, with great difficulty, finished his proposed channel, for the space of *three miles !*

NECO, KING OF EGYPT.

Some of the kings of Egypt having intended to make a navigable passage from the river Nilus to the Red Sea, proceeded so far as to cut to the length of four days' sail, and broad enough to allow two galleys to pass safely; but all their labour and expence was in vain, for the attempt failed. It is stated, that in the

reign of Neco only, about *one hundred and twenty thousand* Egyptians perished in the undertaking.

VANITY OF A ROYAL FEMALE.

The states of Holland having sent an embassy to queen Elizabeth, one of the gentlemen in the suite of the ambassador, at their first audience, remarked to one of the English gentlemen attendants, that they who spoke disrespectfully of the queen's beauty, did her much injustice ; that he considered her majesty a very charming woman, and he should feel happy to have such a female for his wife. Elizabeth, who particularly noticed the splendid retinue of the ambassador, sent for the English gentleman after the audience, and commanded him, as he valued her favour, to relate what the Dutchman had said to him. But he tried to evade the answer, by saying, that the conversation was of a trifling nature. The queen persisted, and the gentleman at last told her all that the Dutchman had said. This seemed so pleasing to Elizabeth, that she presented the ambassadors with a golden chain, valued at 800 crowns, and to each of their attendants one of 100

crowns value ; yet more particularly signalizing the gallant Dutchman who had so complimented her, by giving him a chain of the value of 1000 crowns, which he wore about his neck the remaining part of his life !

FOLLY OF A PAINTER AND A POET.

Sir Godfrey Kneller was exceedingly fond of being flattered ; and unlike many others, freely admitted the truth of it. Mr. Pope, sitting by him at one time, when he was painting a portrait, sir Godfrey said to him,— “ I can't do as well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little : pray flatter me a little, Mr. Pope ; you know I love to be flattered ! ” Mr. Pope, in order to gratify his desire, appeared to examine the performance very minutely, and coolly remarked,—“ The Scriptures tell us, that God made man in his own image ; but if He were to make man now, He would certainly copy from that.” If the poet really meant as he said, it was a most irreverent comparison ; but the knight gulped down the fulsome adulation, and remarked, that Mr. Pope was correct in his observation !

FOLLY OF A FANATIC.

The Marquis of Ormonde, when at Orleans in France, had occasion to have some repairs done to his *wig*, and called at a *peruquier's* for that purpose. The master being lame, both in his feet and hands, gave it to his sister to do the necessary repairs, and the marquis being accommodated with another wig in the mean time, took a stroll through the streets, and accidentally stepping into an adjoining church, he perceived a chapel in it, hung round with the presents of several votaries, who had received cures from Our Lady. Among these, he observed an inscription, as also an offering, made by the man he had just been with. On his return to the peruke maker's, he expressed his wonder that he should have so prematurely made the offering, as he was *still* uncured and lame. To which the man replied, that he thought he was *rather* better than he had been, and hoped, that by doing honour to Our Lady *beforehand*, he might be favoured the *sooner* with her other benefits!—*Carte's Life of the great duke of Ormonde.*

A FOOLISH WIT.

Sir John Harrington, in the reign of Elizabeth, was esteemed a man of great wit, and celebrated as an epigrammatist, yet was he very inconsiderate in conduct, and so exceedingly careless in the management of his affairs, that his extravagance compelled him to part with several of his estates, and among these, a very fine estate named *Nyland*, in Somersetshire; relating to which, Dr. Fuller gives a curious anecdote, in his account of Harrington.

Sir John, one day riding over the said manor, accompanied by his old and trusty servant John, he turned suddenly round, and with his accustomed pleasantry said,—

“ John, John, this *Nyland*,
Alas! *once* was my land.”

To this, John, as *nittily* and *truly* answered,—

“ If you had had *more* wit, sir,
It might have been yours *yet*, sir.”

A CRITIC.

Some would-be-critics assume a great deal of solemnity and pomp in conversation. Ambrose Philips, the poet, once discoursing at a coffee-house, upon pictures, expressed his pity for those painters, who, in their views, always depict the same kind of *sky*; adding, "They should *travel*, and then they would see that there is a different sky in every country, in England, France, Holland, Italy, &c." A grave gentleman sitting near, observed, "Your remark is very just, Sir, I have been a traveller, and can testify that what you observe is true, but the greatest variety of *skies* that ever I found, was in Poland." "In Poland, Sir?" exclaimed Ambrose. "Yes, Sir, in Poland, for *there* is a *Sobiensky*, a *Sarbiensky*, a *Sablonsky*, a *Podebrasky*, and a great many more *skys*, Sir!"

FOOLISH NOTION OF SEAFARING MEN.

These men, who are daily observing the wonders of the mighty deep, and have the opportunity, of tracing

the natural causes of the various phenomena which pass around them; are still strangely beset with many superstitious notions; some object to sailing with a dead body on board, even if soldered in lead; -- others will not set sail on an inauspicious day; ---others believe in the virtue of certain articles worn about the person, which have a talismanic effect in preserving from danger and shipwreck; the most absurd of which, is the silly conceit they have of the power of a *child's caul*; for which the sum of forty guineas has been asked, and given, although of late we have seen them advertized by foolish owners, at ten, and even the reduced rate of five guineas! In this age of the "*March of Intellect*," perhaps they are getting wiser, or the article has become more plentiful. The grand secret is, every child is born with this membrane, or *tippet*, on its face and head; and we have lately read the offer of the editor of a medical work, who will engage in a *wholesale* traffic with the *retailers*, and supply them with the *whole*, at half-a-crown each, which they may cut up to very great profit; or, he will supply as many as are required, at *one shilling* each. Our simple belief is, that the greatest trust is to be placed, first, in Him who rules the tempest, and directs the storm; --Second, in a good and sound bottomed ship, well rigged and manned, with a pilot who knows whereabouts he is; ---

Thirdly, in case of accident, a stout life boat; and lastly, should that not be at hand, Daniel's life preserver; or even a cork jacket, would be of infinitely more service than this; by which, no one was ever yet supported in the water, nor ever will.

FOOLISH CONFIDENCE OF AN INDOLENT EMPEROR.

Theodosius the younger was in the habit of signing petitions that were handed to him, without reading, or understanding the nature of them; relying implicitly on the fidelity of those who presented them. In order to cure him of this careless habit, his sister Pulcheria practised an honest fraud upon him, by presenting a petition in her own name, desiring to have his empress Eudoxia delivered to her as her slave; this he received and as usual signed; and the empress removed for some time with her sister in-law. Theodosius, wondering at her long absence, sent for his wife, but the sister refused to let her go; sending him in answer, that the empress was hers by *right*, and produced to the astonished monarch the said petition with his own signature. However, she did restore the wife to the

husband, and it is presumed that after this lesson, he thought proper to read petitions, &c. before he signed them !

FOOLISH CONFIDENCE OF AN EUROPEAN SOVEREIGN.

Until of late it had been the custom for any one who wished to obtain the honour of knighthood at the hands of the sovereign of the Isles, merely to present themselves in court attire on a levee day, and announce their desire ; and it was presumed none would present themselves who were not respectable, and rich enough to pay the fees on the occasion to the Herald's College, which alone was *benefited* by the honour. But a few years ago, a pair of quack doctors, surprised both king, courtiers, and college, by getting themselves dubbed right worshipful knights by the sword of royalty ; for on being dubbed and handed into another apartment, where certain officers attended to receive the customary fees, the new-made knights refused compliance with the demand, telling the disappointed expectants, that they *never intended* paying ; and as for the honour,

they had now obtained it, and the king could not undo what he had done. Since this trick has been played off, strict injunctions have been given from the highest quarter, that no person be presented whose character and profession are not previously known to some one about the court, by whom he is to be presented for this honour !

FOOLISH FEARS OF AN ANATOMIST.

It is related of a celebrated son of Esculapius, who had made the *nice* and wonderful structure of the human frame his particular study, and having perceived the numerous vessels and ligaments, that were liable to be disarranged, or injured by the least accident, when the body was in action ; by dislocation of joint ; rupture of a blood vessel, or incision of any vulnerable point, became so impressed with the dread of some part of him giving way, that he was actually afraid to move about like other men !

FOLLY OF BIGOTRY EXPOSED.

Bishop Thomas related, that when he was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburgh, one of the gentlemen of the factory being taken ill, was ordered into the country, for the benefit of air: accordingly, he removed to a village about ten miles distant, where he shortly after died. On application being made for leave to bury the deceased in the church-yard, the parson refused, because he was a *Calvinist*; saying, "There are none but *Lutherans* in my church-yard, and there shall be no other." This being told the bishop, he expressed his surprise, that any man of learning or understanding could harbour such ideas, so he took horse and went to argue the point with the parson, but he found him quite inflexible. Finding reasoning of no effect, he had recourse to ridicule, by telling him of a circumstance that occurred to himself while he was curate of a church in Thames-street, London. "I was burying a corpse," said the bishop, and a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve, in the midst of the service. "Sir, Sir! I want to speak to you!" "Pr'ythee, woman," said I, "wait till I have done." "No, sir, I must speak to you *immediately*." "Why then, what is the matter?" "Why,

“ sir, you are burying a man, who died of the small-pox, *next* to my poor dear husband, who *never* had it!” This well-timed relation of an absurd fact so overcame the scruples of the parson, that the body of the Calvinist obtained a quiet resting-place in his church-yard.

A FOOLISH PRINCE, AND AN INDEPENDENT WITTY POET.

Dante, the Italian poet, being exiled from his native city, Florence, he found an asylum at Verona, where he had Andella Scalla, the prince of that country, for his patron. Several gamesters, strolling players, and other persons noted for their buffoonery and ribaldry, were constantly about the court, and one of these, more distinguished for his levity than the others, was the more caressed. The prince one day, in the presence of the poet and the buffoon, highly praised the latter, and observed to Dante, “ I wonder that *this foolish* fellow should have found out the secret of pleasing us all, and making himself admired, while *you*, who are a man of great sense, are held in little esteem.” To this the poet made answer

promptly, " You would cease to wonder at this, if you *knew* how much the *conformity of characters* is the *source* of friendship !" True genius, conscious of its own superiority, is ever independent.



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THE
SIDNEY ANECDOTES:

SELECTED FROM HISTORY,

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY

CHARLES AND AMBROSE SIDNEY,

OF GLASTONBURY.

Illustrated with a frontispiece portrait, engraved on steel, and
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INFIDEL WRITERS; THEIR EVIDENCE IN FAVOUR OF CHRISTIANITY.

Many instances might be selected from the writings of infidels against the Christian religion that tend to prove its truth. *Voltaire and Rousseau*, as is well known, have, at times, gone far towards contradicting all they have written against it. *Bolingbroke*, in his writings, has the following sentence :—" Supposing Christianity to have been a human invention, it has been the *most amiable* invention that ever was imposed on mankind *for their good*. Christianity, as it came out of the hand of God (if I may use the expression) was a most *simple* and *intelligible* rule of *belief*, *rule*, and *manners*, which is the true notion of religion. The Gospel, in all cases, is one continued lesson of the *strictest morality*, of *justice*, of *benevolence*, and of *universal charity*." Even *Paine*, who, among the writers on this subject, admits, as little as any, whatever might prove any way favourable to it, so far professed his respect for the *character* of Jesus Christ as to say, " He was a *virtuous* and an

amiable man. The *morality* that he *preached* and *practised* was of the *most benevolent* kind."

Do not these prove that while they were trying to persuade others of the hypocrisy of priests, they were themselves either hypocrites, or that they occasionally felt and expressed convictions contrary to the tenor of their writings? Vicious men often bear testimony in favour of virtue, especially on the near approach of death; but virtuous men never return the compliment by giving their testimony in favour of vice.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

The most learned, acute, and diligent student cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of this one volume. The more deeply he works the mine, the richer and more abundant he finds the ore; new light continually beams from this source of heavenly knowledge, to direct the conduct, and illustrate the work of God and the ways of men; and he will at last leave the world confessing, that the more he studied the Scriptures, the fuller conviction he had of his *own* ignorance, and of *their* inestimable value.—SCOTT.

THE SCRIPTURES teach us the *best way of living*, the *noblest way of suffering*, and the *most comfortable way of dying*.—FLAVEL.

SUBLIMITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

There is not a book on earth so *favourable* to all the *kind*, and all the *sublime* affections, or so *unfriendly* to *hatred* and *persecution*—to *tyranny*, *injustice*, and *every* sort of *malevolence*, as the GOSPEL. It breathes nothing throughout but *mercy*, *benevolence*, and *peace*. Such of the doctrines of the gospel as are level to human capacity, appear to be agreeable to the purest truth and soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the heathen world, all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of *moral duty*, and so *rational* an account of Providence and of man, as is to be found in the New Testament.—BEATTIE.

CHRISTIANITY.

“ Its truth has acquired fresh lustre in the controversy, and burst through all those ingenious sophistries, which, like so many cob-webs, a sceptical philosophy had endeavoured to spin around it.

“ Instead of being detrimental to religion, its adversaries have done it an *important* though *unintentional* service ;—they have shown that it can never be subverted by the force of reason or argument ; that it is

in no danger from the most rigid scrutiny ; but, like pure gold, will lie for centuries in the furnace without losing a single grain ; whereas, were all the tinsel and embroidery of Deism and Infidelity put into the same crucible and burnt down, there would not be found, at the bottom of the melting-pot, an ounce of metal that was not dug from the mine of Revelation."

CHRISTIANITY AND MAHOMETANISM COMPARED.

Go to your *natural* religion : lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands who fell by his victorious sword ; show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth ;—when she has viewed him in *this* scene, carry her into his *retirements* ; show her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives ; let her see his adultery, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lust and his oppression. When she is *tired* with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and the *perverse* : let her see him in

the most retired privacies ; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God : carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse ; let her see him injured but not provoked ; let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the *patience* with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to the cross, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors, “ Father, *for-give* them, for they know not what they do ! ”

When Natural Religion has viewed both, ask, *Which* is the Prophet of God ?—SHERLOCK.

LORD ROCHESTER.

Men in general are profligates before they turn sceptical. They become apostates and abandon the paths of virtue only when they find them to be no longer ways of pleasantness and peace. Incredulity springs more from the corruption of the heart, and a rooted disinclination of the will, than from any want of conviction, any weakness of comprehension, or error of the understanding. Few become infidels who sit down to investigate the sacred records of Scripture with earnest desires and honest intentions. The *candid* inquirer is uniformly rewarded with conviction. If any doubt or

deny, it is not that they have *found* Christianity to be false, but because they have reasons, or inclinations, for wishing it to be so ; and were it *possible* to remove the apprehensions of future punishment—to level the distinctions between virtue and vice, and reconcile conscience to criminal indulgences, we should soon find neither atheists, infidels, nor sceptics in the world.

It was by steps such as these that Lord Rochester advanced in his career: from profligacy to impiety, from a reckless debauchee to a confirmed disbeliever. Like most other apostates his guilt had this *aggravating* circumstance—that he not only gloried in wickedness himself, and gratified every appetite to the *utmost* extent, but he laboured most industriously to instil the moral poison into the minds of others ; to undo their virtues and strengthen their evil principles, as if he wished to root out from the nature of man every resemblance to his Maker. Those checks and fears which occasionally visited him, especially in times of sickness, he endeavoured by every means to extirpate—to dispossess himself, not only of the *belief*, but, if possible, of the very *thoughts* and *apprehensions* of religion. To this diabolical purpose he bent all the efforts of his wit, all the energies of his genius ; and it was even the object to which he often directed his *literary* amusements, when he found leisure, amidst the paroxysms of intemperance,

to prosecute his solitary studies. He took as much pains, says the writer of his funeral sermon, to draw others in, and pervert the right ways of virtue, as the apostles and primitive saints did to save their own souls and them that heard them. He was diligent to recommend and propagate his sentiments; framing arguments for sin; making proselytes to it; and writing panegyrics on vice. He frequently, in debate, took the side of ATHEISM; and argued with great vigour against virtue and piety; "*being resolved,*" as he said, "*to run them down with all the arguments and spite in the world.*"

One very remarkable instance of this extreme blasphemy happened at an *atheistical* meeting in the house of a person of quality, where he undertook to manage the cause of infidelity, and was the principal disputant against God and religion.

He maintained the contest with such ingenuity and success, that his performance received the applause of the whole company. But this *awful* exhibition of *irreverence* and *impiety* he could not contemplate without some feeling of remorse.

The strange *inconsistency* of his conduct struck his mind so forcibly, that he immediately expressed to himself, "Good God! that a man who walks upright, and sees the wonderful works of God, and has the *use*

of his senses and his reason, should use them to the defying of his Creator !”

We now refer to a more pleasing part of his life, when we see his bright mind emerging from under the cloud which had so long overshadowed it. In the winter of 1679 he was seized with a violent sickness ; a dispensation frequently employed with effect to arrest and reclaim the wanderer, and melt the stubborn temper of the impenitent heart. This occasion led him to an acquaintance with Dr. Burnet, whose History of the Reformation, then newly published, his lordship had perused and found much entertainment in it. “ Dr. Burnet was not long in his company, when he told me,” says the doctor, “ that he should treat me with more freedom than he ever used to men of my profession. He would conceal none of his principles from me, but lay his thoughts open without any disguise. Nor would he do it to maintain debate or show his wit, but plainly tell me what stuck with him ; and he protested to me, that he was not so engaged to his old maxims as to resolve *not* to change, but that if he *could* be convinced, he would *choose rather* to be of another mind.”

For the particulars of their conversations we may refer the candid inquirer to the excellent life, &c., of the reclaimed nobleman, by Dr. Burnet ; a book, to use

Dr. Johnson's beautiful and expressive eulogium, "the CRITIC ought to read for its *elegance*, the PHILOSOPHER for its *arguments*, and the SAINT for its *piety*."

The result of these conversations was such as might have been anticipated, and made a most salutary impression on the noble penitent. Driven by degrees and with reluctance from every strong hold, he saw those sophistries, within which he had entrenched and fortified himself, to be but a refuge of lies. His most rooted prejudices yielded and gave way before the irresistible energy of truth. Conviction won upon him at every stage of the discussion, and reached his *conscience* in spite of all his reasonings, and contrary to his strongest inclinations.

When the scales of error were removed, moral objects assumed a *new* character, and appeared even to *change their nature*. He was convinced, he said, that vice and irreligion were as contrary and injurious to human society as wild beasts, let loose, would be; and that therefore he was *firmly* resolved to alter the whole course of his life, to become strictly just and true, to be chaste and temperate, to forbear swearing and profane discourse; to worship and pray to his Maker: and that though he was not arrived at a *full* persuasion of Christianity, he would never employ his wit more to run it down, or to corrupt others.

In these good resolutions he was encouraged by his benevolent and learned friend, who assured him, that a virtuous life would no longer appear a struggle and a constraint; and that if his mind was once cleared of its erroneous principles, and freed from the dominion of those habits that obscured and distempered it, he would soon see through all the sophistries of wit and atheism, which had only the false glittering of argument, and could mislead none but men of weak understanding, who have not capacity nor discernment to penetrate deeper than the mere surface of things.

The conversations and reasonings of the worthy doctor and other friends, confirmed the noble penitent in his holy resolves; and he felt encouraged to hope, that though his life had been too much devoted to the service of sin—though he had too long resisted all the means of conviction, and abused the *patience* and *long-suffering* of God—yet he now looked back upon his former ways with *abhorrence* and *detestation*. He was *certain*, he said, that his mind was *entirely changed*; and although *terror* had at first awakened him to a sense of his danger, yet his *repentance* was now settled on the *sure basis of faith and conviction*.

The concurrence of many plain and *unimpeachable* testimonies must satisfy the scruples and prejudices of the most sceptical, that Lord Rochester was *sincere*

in his repentance, and gave all possible symptoms of a lasting perseverance in it, had it pleased God to restore him to health. No one can for a moment entertain a serious belief that *such* a change could proceed from weakness of body or perturbation of mind, or from any superstitious terrors arising from a misinformed conscience, or a dread of future punishment. Love to God, and faith in Jesus Christ, are the *only* foundation on which *such* resolutions and persuasions could be built : so *firm*, and at the same time so *humble* a trust in the Divine favour, can be ascribed to nothing else than *the effectual operation of religion*.

He sustained his infirmities without repining, and with perfect resignation to the will of Heaven, until the 26th of July, 1680, when he expired, aged only thirty-three, without struggle or groan, being so worn away by his long illness.

His pious and learned biographer farther adds, that “ Nature had fitted him for great things, and his knowledge and observation qualified him to have been one of the most extraordinary men, not only of *his nation*, but of *the age he lived in*; and I do verily believe, that if God had thought fit to have continued him longer in the world, he had been the wonder and delight of all that knew him. But the infinitely wise God knew better what was fit for him, and what the age deserved ;

for men who have so cast off all sense of God and religion, deserve not so signal a blessing as the *example* and *conviction* which the rest of his life might have given them. Here is a *public* instance of one who had lived of their side, but *could not die in it*. He was willing for nothing to be concealed that might cast reproach on himself and sin, and offer up glory to God and religion ; so that though he lived a heinous sinner, he died a most exemplary penitent!"

MR. GRAY'S OPINION OF VOLTAIRE, AND HIS PRINCIPLES.

Mr. Gray was strongly attached to virtue—the exercise of right reason, as he often called it, using the language of Plato. If he heard any one named as a man of ability, genius, or science, he usually asked, “Is he good for any thing?” No excellence could ever mitigate his aversion to the vicious, the profligate, and the unprincipled. Voltaire was the object of his greatest dislike. He pronounced, with almost prophetic precision, that no one could even imagine the extent of “*the public mischief*” which Voltaire would occasion. He particularly begged a friend of his, who was going to the continent, not to visit Voltaire, and received the reply, “What can a visit from a person

like *me* to him signify?" With emphatic earnestness, he rejoined, "Sir, every *tribute* to *such* a man signifies."

Such was the opinion of this discerning man; and his salutary dread of the power or influence of the French philosopher, under any appearance, either of declared hostility, simulated friendship, or of pacific carriage.

Let every reflecting mind duly consider the spirit, the virtue, and the philanthropy which dictated Mr. Gray's reply, so as to apply it with discretion on every proper occasion; for it is highly important in its consequences to the welfare of society, and to the support of every good government.

VOLTAIRE, LEIGH HUNT'S REMARKS ON.

"It is a pity, that with all these powers of ridicule, so formidable to human folly, the author (Voltaire) should have subjected himself to a licentious fancy, and have delighted in loose descriptions, *unnecessary* to a true wit, and *unworthy* a philosopher. If there be any fault in his writings *more* contemptible than this, it is the *coolness* with which he *defends* the same licentiousness in La Fontaine. It is the last excuse for a writer's voluptuous ideas to tell us, that they are a resource

offered us by nature herself in our moments of inquietude. This might be a tiger's argument for its love of slaughter, or a hog's for its love of filth; but men, infinitely less wise than Voltaire, could have told him, that in moments like those, nature is most worthy to be conquered, because it is most difficult. I must confess, that of the two crimes in writing, wanton description has something more of the *shadow* of an excuse from nature than that *vilest* of all *vile* ribaldry which degrades the genius of SWIFT, and renders the coarseness of RABELAIS so inconceivably disgusting; which is scarcely ever indulged but by the weakest minds, and which it seems the very *instinct* of a *delicate* mind to avoid and detest. But Voltaire should have shunned every *appearance* of immorality in his writings, when he *professed* to draw his *religion* from the *purest morality*. Poor human nature! An individual *who could not alter his easiest errors, pretended to alter the religion of nations!* Whence arises that stupid, that inexplicable vanity, which in all places, and at all times of life, has influenced men to value themselves for a certain knowledge, and to feel a secret importance in displaying it? Voltaire was a bad man from his entrance into life to his exit; he was still more, he was almost *naturally* a bad man; he spoiled others, rather than being corrupted by them."

VOLTAIRE'S INCONSISTENCY.

According to Condorcet (a disciple of Voltaire), he entertained the lofty opinion that he could, unassisted, overturn the Christian faith. "I am wearied," said he, "of hearing it repeated, that *twelve* men were *sufficient* to establish the Christian religion; and I wish to prove there needs but *one* to destroy it." Being threatened with a prosecution on account of his tenets, he, in order to avoid it, received the sacrament, and *publicly* declared his respect for the church, and his contempt of those who had so far vilified his character as to doubt of his being a Christian. In his last illness in Paris, feeling desirous of obtaining a *Christian* burial, he sent for a priest, to whom he declared, that he "died in the Catholic faith, in which he was born." Another priest, curate of the parish, put other questions; among others he asked, "Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?" To which Voltaire replied, "In the name of God, sir, speak to me no more of that man, but let me die in peace!"

VOLTAIRE AT FAULT.

Deistical philosophers sometimes contradict themselves when their common sense is awake and their philosophy asleep; a favourable circumstance towards

social order and good morals. An instance is recorded of a curious speculation respecting England by the above French philosopher, who hearing it asserted that the national debt of Great Britain amounted to one hundred and forty-eight millions sterling, declared that he doubted of the fact. Being, however, convinced of its truth at last, he quickly converted it into French livres, and exclaimed, that so many minutes had not transpired since the creation; for the moment losing sight of his own calculation, founded on the fables of the Chinese philosophers, by which he argued for the extreme antiquity of this our world. On making correct calculation agreeable to the Mosaic history, as proved by the immortal Newton, the number of *livres* was found to be 341,815 *more* than the number of *minutes*!

HUME'S PHILOSOPHY.

It hath been observed of this celebrated English historian, that although he joined with the female illuminées when at Paris, yet in England, either his philosophic pride, or his conviction that infidelity was not suited to the fair sex, rendered him singularly averse to the initiation of females into the mysteries of his doctrines.

Mr. Hardy tells us, that he never saw him so displeased and disconcerted as by the petulance of the conceited *wife* of Mr. Mallett, the editor of Bolingbroke. This lady, not previously acquainted with Mr. Hume, met him one night at an assembly, and thus boldly addressed him: "Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; *we* deists ought to know one another." To which the philosopher replied, "Madam, I am no deist; I do not style myself so; neither do I desire to be known by that appellation."

HUME'S SCEPTICISM.

Mr. Hardy, in his *Life of Charlemont*, makes the acknowledgment, that an unfortunate disposition to *doubt* of every thing seemed interwoven with the very nature of Hume, and he believes there never was a more thorough and sincere *sceptic*. He even admits that the philosopher seemed not to be sure of his own existence, and consequently could not be expected to entertain any fixed opinion regarding his *future* state!

Under this impression he put the question to Hume: "What do you think of the immortality of the soul?" To which the philosopher made answer, in the broad Scottish dialect, "Why, troth, man, it is so *pretty* and *comfortable* a theory, that I *wish* I could be convinced

of its truth ; but I canna help *doubting* !” Thus we perceive that deistical writers are not always the converts of their own philosophy.

Hume entertained this opinion of Rousseau, that he believed (like many other unbelievers) much more than he was willing to acknowledge ; for, on his arrival from France, accompanied by Rousseau, a friend who met him in the park shortly after, happening to congratulate him on the felicity he must have in his new associate, arising from the similarity of their sentiments, Hume replied, “ Why no, man, in that you are mistaken ; Rousseau is not what you think him ; he has a *hankering* after the Bible, and, indeed, is little better than a Christian—in a way of his own.”

MARMONTEL'S INCONSISTENCY.

The *Belisarius* of Marmontel was written for a very base purpose, that of obtaining an entrance into the French Academy, by pretending a disbelief of Christianity. The French academicians were accordingly very clamorous and very loud in its praise ; but a lively French writer has spoken of it with more justice :—“ I have read three pages of MARMONTEL'S *Belisarius*, and I have done with it. It is neither *history* nor *romance*. It is neither *grave* nor *gay*. He thinks of

nothing but the French Academy, and abuses religion as if he had really *never thought* of it, assuredly as if he had *never read* about it. He is worse than Voltaire, because more ignorant. Voltaire deemed it *necessary to read*, in order to *abuse*: Marmontel abuses *at random*. But *this* answers his purpose, and that is enough. It will gain him the Academy." "One can scarcely read his *works*, and remember his *life*, without feeling a regret, that a man, who appeared to possess so many excellent qualities, was taken from his proper sphere, and corrupted by the society of Parisian wits." Marmontel, in his desire of recommending himself to the French Academy, and even in some degree to the public, who had formed their taste after the writings of Voltaire, occasionally endeavoured to imitate him in his style, but has never attempted it without a miserable failure. His *Belisarius* will never be read without disgust, or at least weariness. It is the same with his history of *The Incas of Peru*; he is totally out of his element; it has neither the *boldness* of romance, nor the *accuracy* of history. Had he lived in other times, and in any other nation, his many natural qualities would have rendered him as *good* a man as he was a writer; but he wanted the force of mind to stand against the constant seduction of bad example, and therefore we are sorry to say he died more innocently than he had lived."—(L. HUNT.)

ATHEISM A REFUGE FOR THE VICIOUS MAN.

A man lived in the town of Bedford, of quick wit, bold spirit, and fluent tongue, but of a loose and debauched behaviour, who, in my hearing, (says the author of this relation), *affirmed* that he did not believe there was either God or devil, heaven or hell. Not long after, he was apprehended, and, for a notorious crime, condemned to be hanged. The day before his execution, (says my author), I went to him on purpose to know if the thoughts of approaching death had made any alteration in his former atheistical principles ; and being admitted to him, I found he was now *quite of another mind* ; for, with many tears, he bewailed his former delusions, and told me, that a prison and the *serious* thoughts of death had opened the eyes of his understanding, and that when he formerly told me there was no God, yet he did not then *heartily believe* what he said ; but that he being of a lewd and wicked life, thought it *necessary to blind his conscience*, and out-brave the world with a pretence that it was his principle, and that he was assured of what he said, of which he now *heartily repented*.—ATHENIAN ORACLE.

TO PROFESSED ATHEISTS.

“ Where shall I find the man who has inspired himself with more than the heroism of devils, (‘ for they

believe and tremble'), and has assumed the hardy courage to take his stand on some point of our tiny province of creation, and fearlessly and *undoubtedly* to affirm, 'There is no God.' Shall I meet him in the dark haunts of shameless vice and unlettered brutality? Perhaps I might, for *guilt* would *rejoice* in arriving at a *certainty* so remedial to the remorse of an ever-gnawing conscience. But I should with greater readiness discover the object of my search in the book-walled study of the man, who, under the name of a *philosopher*, conceals the bitterest enmity against true wisdom. Proud of the sceptre he sways over an intellectual empire, into every corner of which he *imagines* his eye can penetrate, he boasts an heroical contempt for the vulgar errors, which for ages have misled the majority of mankind. But, indeed, it is heroism no longer, if he knows that there is no God. The wonder then turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the *immense intelligence* that can *know* that there is no God. What *ages* and what *lights* are requisite for *this* attainment! *This* intelligence involves the very *attributes* of Divinity, while a God is denied! For, unless this man is *omnipresent*; unless he is at *this moment* in *every* place in the *universe*, he *cannot* know but there *may* be in *some* place manifestations of a Deity, by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely *every*

agent in the universe, the one that he does *not* know, *may* be God. If he is not *himself* the *chief agent* in the universe, and does not *know* what *is* so, *that* which *is* so, *may* be God. If he is not in absolute possession of *all* the propositions that constitute *universal* truth, the *one* which he *wants*, *may* be, that there is a God. If he *cannot with certainty* assign the *CAUSE* of all that he perceives to exist, that *CAUSE may* be a God. If he does *not* know *every thing* that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are *past*, *some things may* have been done by a God. Thus, *unless* he *KNOWS ALL THINGS*, that is, *precludes* *ANOTHER DEITY*—*by* *BEING ONE himself*, he *cannot know* that the *Being*, whose *existence* he rejects, *does not exist*.”—FOSTER’S ESSAYS.

DANGER OF EARLY IMPIETY.

An early-formed habit of trifling profanely with the high and awful things of God and the soul, may never be got rid of, therefore every thought, and word, and act should be avoided by youth, which would tend to excite disregard to the revealed will of God. A Mr. R., who had become sceptical, would thus address his friend: “I would give worlds, if I had them, to *believe* as you do, but I *cannot*.” I apprehend that his infidelity may be traced to an *earlier* origin than his philoso-

phical studies ; his youthful days were criminally *neglected* by his parents, so that his mind was left to luxuriate in all the wildness of nature. I remember an anecdote, at the *horribleness* of which I shudder as I give the relation, but which may perhaps throw some light upon the gloomy history of his apostacy from the principles of that religion, in the name of whose Divine Author he had been baptised.

Two of the family, of whom he probably was one, *when boys*, having procured a bone, and tied it to a long string, contrived to throw it into the midst of a small religious assembly in their native village, and cried out as they ran away, “ *Behold the Lamb of God.*” Can we wonder if a heart so *callous*, in life’s *tenderest* period, was never after softened ; or, that a mind so early familiarised to such horrid *impiety*, never after admitted the Scripture testimony concerning *that* Saviour whom, in the *very morning of his existence*, he blasphemously rejected ?”

“ Betrayed and forsaken by the worst enemies of human peace, friendless and hopeless, the disciples of infidelity are left in the *most critical moment of their existence*, either to the infernal horrors of *despair*, with the arch-apostate Voltaire, to the insane and pitiable flippancy of Hume, or to the *duller taciturnity* of him, who no longer sustained by the buoyant influence of

freethinking sinks into the gulph of eternity, too *miserable to smile*, and too *proud to weep!*”

BLASPHEMY PUNISHED.

In the year 1527, a young Florentine, who was considered brave and valiant in arms, was to fight with another young man, who, because he was melancholy and spoke little, was called Forchebene. They went together with a great company to the place appointed, which was without the port of St. Gal, whither, being come, a friend to the former went to him and said, “*God give you the victory.*” The proud youth, adding blasphemy to his temerity, answered, “*How shall he choose but give it me?*” They came to use their weapons, and, after many blows given and taken, both by the one and the other, Forchebene, as if the minister and instrument of God, gave him a thrust in the mouth with such force, that having fastened his tongue to the poll of his neck (where the sword went through above the length of a span), he made him fall down dead, the sword remaining in his mouth, to the end that the tongue which had so grievously offended; might, even in *this* world, endure punishment for such a sin.—*Remy's Civil Considerations.*

INTOXICATION NO LEGAL EXCUSE FOR
BLASPHEMY.

The laws of both England and Scotland agree in considering drunkenness as no palliation of crime, as it might be easily counterfeited, and thus made a cloak for the commission of the most atrocious offences.

In Maclaurin's decisions (p. 732), a case is thus reported:—On the 22d of November, 1697, Patrick Kinninmouth, of that ilk, was brought to trial for *blasphemy* and *adultery*. The last charge was passed from. The indictment alledged, he had affirmed—Christ was a bastard, and that he had said, If any woman had God on one side and Christ on the other, he would *stow* (cut) the *lugs* (ears) out of her head in spite of them.

He pleaded, chiefly, that he was *drunk* or *mad*, when he uttered these expressions, if he did utter them. The court found the libel relevant to infer the pains libelled, i. e. *death*; and found the defence that the pannel was furious or distracted in his wits relevant; but repelled the allegiance of fury or distraction arising from drunkenness.

A WISE FOOL'S LECTURE.

Bishop Hall relates, that a nobleman of his day kept a fool, to whom he gave a staff (a common appendage), with a charge to keep it carefully until he could meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Some years after this the nobleman fell sick, and the fool went to see him. His lordship said to him, "I am going to leave you." "Whither art thou going?" asked the fool. "Into *another* world." "And when will you come back again? Will you within a month?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "Never!" exclaimed the fool, "and what *provision* hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?" "None at all!" "No! none at all!" said the fool in surprise; "There, then, take my *staff*"; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any *such jolly* as this!"

A PERSIAN'S OPINION OF THE RELIGIOUS.

One of the oriental monarchs being afflicted with a grievous disease, which he feared would end in death, vowed to distribute a large sum among the religious if he should recover.

On his recovery he resolved to fulfil his vow, and gave one of his slaves a large purse of gold to be distributed accordingly; but the slave returned with the

full purse, declaring that he could not find any religious. "How so?" said the monarch; "are there not four hundred in the city?" "To be sure," replied the slave, "there are such a number who *wear the dress*, and I offered the gold to every one of them in turn, but *not one refused* it. I thence concluded that not one of them were *really* religious!"

JULIANUS, HIS APOSTACY AND IMPIETY.

Julianus, at first, feigned himself to be a Christian; and, as some say, was entered into orders for a *deacon*. From a worshipper of Christ, he afterwards turned to be a great persecutor and mocker of the Christians and Christianity itself—in *contempt of which* he permitted the Jews to re-edify their temple, which had been ruined under Titus; and the care of that affair was committed to Antiochenus Phillipus: but the Divine power showed forth itself to the terror of all men; for, as soon as they had laid the stones in the foundation of it, the earth began to make a horrid noise and exceedingly trembled; it cast out the foundations of the wall, sent forth a flame that slew the workmen, and consumed all the tools and instruments that were there, as well iron as other.

The next night there were divers crosses found upon

the garments of many men, and those in such manner set on, that they could not be washed, or any way got out thence.

At last this Julianus, waging war with the Persians, by an unknown hand he received a deadly wound betwixt his ribs ; when, filling his hands with his own blood, and throwing it up towards heaven, he exclaimed, “ Satisfy thy malice, O Galilean (so he called Christ), for I acknowledge I am overcome by thee !”

SUICIDE PREVENTED.

A gentleman, of good connexions, having made a voyage to Cayenne, in South America, was there assaulted by several persons, one of whom he was compelled to kill in his own defence ; he was consequently consigned to a dungeon, where the only light admitted was through a grating, by which his food was let down. Attempting to escape, he was severely wounded in several places, and these were rendered more painful by the attack of numerous insects. In this desperate state being a stranger to religion and its consolations, he formed the resolution of ending his miserable life with the knife used in cutting his food.

On the evening in which he had resolved to carry this rashly daring resolve into effect, an unknown hand

passed a Bible through the grating, and a voice directed him to a particular chapter and verse. Being then so dark that he could not refer to it, he was induced, from the singularity of the circumstance, to defer the self-destruction he had intended, until the next day, when he read the portion pointed out, became resigned to the will of his Maker, and was blessed with a hope of eternal salvation. Sir Sidney Smith shortly after arrived on the coast at a seasonable time, and made intercession, so as to restore him to liberty, and he ever after gave evidence of the sincerity of his conversion by a serious and zealous profession of Christianity.

This fact was related by the Rev. Mr. Wylde, at a meeting of the Auxiliary Bible Society, of the Warrington district, as an affecting instance of the good produced by the distribution of the Sacred Writings.

THE SAYINGS OF A DYING MAN.

Mr. Nichols, in his life of the great lexicographer and moralist Dr. Johnson, states, that during the doctor's last illness, it was his regular practice to have the church service read to him, by some attentive and friendly divine; occasionally requesting some of his friends to come and join the small devotional assembly. On the last occasion, no more than the Litany was read by

the doctor's own express desire, in which the responses were given by him in a deep and sonorous tone of voice, and with the most profound devotion that can be imagined.

His hearing not being quite perfect, he more than once interrupted the clergyman, then performing the office, with "Louder, my dear sir, louder I entreat you, or you pray in vain!"

When the service was finished, he turned round to an elderly lady, who was present, and said, "I thank you, madam, very heartily for your kindness in joining me in this solemn exercise. *Live well*, I conjure you; and you will not feel the *compunction* which I now feel!"

Soon after he observed, "I would give one of these legs for a year more of life; but not such as that I now suffer!"

At Mr. Nichols' last interview with the dying doctor, he expressively said, "Take care of your eternal salvation—*Remember to observe the Sabbath—Let it never be a day of business; nor wholly a day of dissipation.—Let my words have their due weight: they are the words of a DYING MAN.*"

DR. FRANKLIN.

This celebrated philosopher, early in life, and before he had maturely weighed evidence, became a sceptic as to the religion in which he had been educated, for his father having perceived his early propensity towards literary pursuits, had intended to qualify him for the sacred office of the ministry. This intention was frustrated by the increase of his family, yet he made it his particular study to inspire his children with a desire after knowledge, and imbue their minds with the best moral principles ; and Benjamin, without other assistance, went through a course of controversial divinity which seemed only to give strength to his argumentative powers. Like some others who are fond of displaying their ratiocinative powers, he propagated his sceptical opinions with much assiduity and zeal. The *fatal consequences* which this produced on the *deportment* of some of his intimate companions, at length happily convinced him that it is extremely dangerous to destroy the *salutary influence of religion*, without being able to substitute any thing in its place, of *equal importance and efficacy*. After renouncing his sceptical principles, as neither *true* nor *beneficial* to society, he became a *firm* believer in the Scriptures, and never undertook any important transaction without having first *petitioned the Almighty* to prosper his endeavours.

The epitaph on himself, which he wrote several years before his death, is curious, and evinces his belief in a future state of existence.

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT,
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING)
LIES HERE, FOOD FOR WORMS ;
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION,
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY THE AUTHOR.

— —

DR. FRANKLIN'S DYING ADVICE.

Mr. Sutcliffe relates, that one evening in conversation with Samuel Bryant, son of the judge, he stated that the Doctor was in intimate friendship with his father, and consequently there was between their families frequent intercourse.

He then mentioned an anecdote of the doctor, relating to his religious opinions, which appeared worthy of being recorded.

When the doctor was on his death bed, he received a visit from a young man who had a high opinion of his judgment on every subject, and entertaining some doubts as to the truth of ~~the~~ sacred writings, he considered that this solemn period afforded a desirable opportunity of his consulting Dr. Franklin on this most important subject. He accordingly ventured to introduce the subject in the most respectful and serious manner, and begged to know the doctor's sentiments as to his belief in the truth of the Holy Scriptures. The doctor was then very low and fast approaching to his dissolution, but on hearing the question put to him in so serious a manner, he calmly replied,—“ Young man, my advice to you is, that you cultivate an acquaintance with, and a *firm belief* in the Holy Scriptures; this is your certain interest.”

THE COTTAGER'S CONSOLATION.

“ Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content, though mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day;

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible *true*,
A *truth* the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
And in that *charter* reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her *title* to a treasure in the skies."—COWPER.

YOUNG AND TINDAL.

Dr. Edward Young, when a student at Oxford, applied himself very closely to reading and study. He had during that time, several arguments with *Tindal*, commonly called *Atheist Tindal*, on the subject of religion ; who thus speaks of him—"The *other* boys I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times, but that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own !"

POSTHUMOUS IMPIETY.

Mr. Gilpin, in his observations on the western parts of England, in noticing the mansion called PENTILLY CASTLE, on the banks of the Tamar, about three miles below Cotele, relates a singular history of a former possessor of that mansion.

"Mr. Tilly, once the owner of Pentilly House, was a celebrated atheist of the last age. He was a man of wit, and had by *rote* all the *ribaldry*, and *common place*



W. Sears, Typ. Budget Row.



jests against religion and Scripture, which are well suited to display *pertness* and *folly*, and to *unsettle* a *giddy* mind ; but are offensive to *men of sense*, whatever their opinions may be ; and are neither *intended* nor *adapted* to investigate truth. The *brilliancy* of Mr. Tilly's wit, however, carried him a degree farther than we often meet with in the annals of profaneness. In general the *witty* atheist is satisfied with entertaining his *contemporaries*, but Mr. Tilly wished to have his sprightliness known to *posterity* ! With this view, in *ridicule* of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body in his usual garb, and in his elbow chair, upon the *top of a hill*, and to arrange on a table before him, *bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco*. In this situation he ordered himself to be immured in a tower of such dimensions as he prescribed, where he proposed, he said, *patiently* to await the event. All this was done, and the tower, still inclosing its tenant, remains a *monument* of his *impiety* and *profaneness* ! The country people shudder as they go near it.

“ Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes

Dira loci :—sylvam saxumque tremebant.”

The fear-struck hind, with superstitious gaze,
Trembling and pale, th' unhallow'd tomb surveys,
And half expects, while horror chills his breast,
To see the spectre of its *impious* guest.

THOMAS PAINE.

It has been generally admitted that the lives of those men whose actions have proved either beneficial to society, or injurious to the world, are worthy of recording, as a lesson for future ages, either to imitate their virtues or avoid their errors ; and the lives of few men present such a varied picture for the instruction of mankind, as that of the celebrated author of the " Age of Reason."

It appears necessary to give some particulars of the early life of this extraordinary man, which shall be done as briefly as possible, in chronological order. His father, Joseph Paine, was a Quaker, and held a small farm, but was a stay-maker by trade ; poor, but honest, and respected. His son, Thomas, was born on the 29th of January, 1736-7,, in the borough of Thetford, county of Norfolk. In 1756 he came to London. In 1758 he went to Dover, and was employed by Mr. Grace, stay-maker, for nearly twelve months. He had a situation in the excise for several years ; but, in 1769, was dismissed. In 1771 he first commenced public writer. An election of a new member for Shoreham, gave him the opportunity. Mr. Rumbold, the candidate, invited the aid of the poets of Lewes for an election song, and Mr. Paine's was the successful composition, which procured him three guineas sterling. In 1774 his misfor-

tunes increased, as he attended more to the affairs of others than to his own, and he disposed of all his effects by a bill of sale, to his principal creditor at Lewes ; who, seeing no hope of being paid, on account of the continued irregularities of his debtor, took possession and sold the premises, in April 1774.

It appears that, in 1774, he went to America, on the eve of the rupture between the two countries, a period well fitted for the display of his peculiar talents, and his revenge against his own country, where his character, public and private, had rendered his name obnoxious. In 1775 he became the editor of the *Pennsylvanian Magazine* ; and here he published the celebrated song on the death of General Wolfe. On the suggestion of Dr. Rush, of Pennsylvania, of preparing our American brethren for a separation from us, he eagerly began and finished a pamphlet on the subject, which was then shown to Dr. Franklin, and Mr. S. Adams, and, after some discussion, entitled “ *Common Sense.*”

At this period his *political* writings, and his taste for philosophical enquiries, rendered him a welcome visitor in the families of Dr. Franklin and others of respectability. He became secretary (or clerk) to the committee of foreign affairs, with a small salary ; although he possessed neither the conduct nor the learning

requisite. He was formed to *pull down*, not to *set up*. His forte was *anarchy*; *order* was the perpetual and invincible enemy of his talents. In tranquillity he sank into the kennel of intemperance; in a commotion of the political elements he rode conspicuously on the surge.

Being dismissed by the committee, he was hired as clerk by Mr. Owen Biddle, of Philadelphia; and in 1780 he became clerk to the assembly of Pennsylvania.

In 1785 three thousand dollars were voted to him by congress, in consideration of his political services; but they rejected with indignation a motion for nominating him the historiographer to the United States, with a corresponding salary.

The state of Pennsylvania voted him £500 currency, and that of New York presented him with the confiscated estate of Frederick Davoc, a proscribed royalist, situate at New Rochelle, of above 300 acres well cultivated.

In 1787 he visited England, and in 1788 was arrested for debt, but bailed by some American merchants.

In 1790 Mr. Burke published his "Reflections," which brought Mr. Paine from France to England, with the desire to excite the Londoners to copy the conduct of the Parisians; and in 1791 he published the first part of the "Rights of Man," in reply to Mr. Burke. Next May he returned to Paris. A proclamation was

issued by the king on 21st May, 1792, suppressing seditious publications, and on the same day a prosecution was commenced against Paine, as author of the "Rights of Man."

About August 1792 he published his "Address to the Addressers."

His trial was appointed for the ensuing December: but a French deputation having announced to him in September that the department of Calais had elected him a member of the national convention, he proceeded hastily to Dover, eager to avoid the imprisonment he dreaded. He had only sailed about twenty minutes from Dover, when an order arrived from government for his detention.

Paine sat in judgment upon the trial of Louis XVI., and voted for his imprisonment during the war, and for his transportation afterwards. After his imprisonment in France for eleven months, he addressed a letter to Washington, to whom he had inscribed the *first* part of his "Rights of Man:"—"As to you, Sir, treacherous in private friendship, and a hypocrite in private life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor!"

He now returned to his abuse of the Christian religion, and in October 1796 appeared the second part of

his "Age of Reason."* In both parts his chief object appears to be the propagation of licentious doctrines among the lower orders, with the view of weakening, if not eradicating, that awful veneration which restrains man from sinning against his Maker and injuring his neighbour.

In this year, also, he published his absurd and servile letter to the French and their army, on the event of the 18th Fructidor; this was his last publication in France. He continued there till 1802, in a constant state of inebriation, and filthy in person. He wished to return to America, as he became tired of the republic. Washington considered him an anarchist and an infidel. He was without either country or friend. He was poor, and must, therefore, return to the states, where he still had the farm at New Rochelle, which had increased in value, and would amply maintain him.

He arrived, under the protection of Jefferson, at Baltimore, on the 13th October, 1802. He had seduced a Madame Bonneville from her husband, and brought her to America with her two sons, whom he treated with the greatest harshness and meanness. He went to his farm in the spring of 1804.

He hired an old black woman, named Betty, who

* See Bishop Watson's Apology for the Bible, a convincing refutation of Paine's plausible arguments.

lived with him only three weeks, as they both got drunk, and he said that she stole his rum, which she retorted by calling him an old drunkard; and nothing prevented a battle between them but their inability to strike a blow, being both prostrate on the floor, sprawling, swearing, and threatening each other.

He then lived about fourteen months at Ryder's, until the 4th May, 1809.

On his return again to New Rochelle he was accompanied by Madame Bonneville and her two sons, and he hired another black woman, named Rachel Gidney, to dress his meat. But as paying for any thing was not one of his most agreeable occupations, Rachel, who lived with him only two months, had to sue him for her wages (five dollars). He was apprehended on a warrant, and a Mr. Shute, one of his disciples, bailed him; but he at last paid the demand, making the silly remark that he considered it hard that *he* should be sued in a country for which he had done *so much*.

Dr. Manley, who attended him in his last illness, gave the following, in answer to queries from Mr. Cheetham:—"During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was *equivocal*, his conduct was singular. He would not be *left alone*, night or day. He not only required to have some person with him, but he must *see* that he or she was there, and would not allow his cur-

tain to be closed at any time ; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, he was left *alone*, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him. When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes being generally closed, and his hands folded upon his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne.

“ There was something remarkable in his conduct about this period, which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death, particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was the *author* of the ‘ Age of Reason.’

“ He would call out, during his paroxysms of distress, *without intermission*, O Lord help me! God help me! Jesus Christ help me! O Lord help me! &c., repeating the same expressions, without variation, in a *tone of voice* that would alarm the house. It was this conduct that induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions ; and I was more inclined to that belief when I understood from his nurse (who is a very serious, and, I believe, pious woman) that he would enquire when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading, and being answered, and at the same time asked whether she should read aloud, he assented, and would appear to give particular attention.

“ I took occasion, during the night of the 5th and 6th

of June, to test the strength of his opinions respecting Revelation ; I purposely made him a very late visit ; it was a time which seemed to suit exactly with my errand ; it was midnight ; he was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above-mentioned ; when, after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present :—

“ ‘ Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference. You have never been in the habit of mixing in your conversation words of course ; you never indulged in the practice of profane swearing. You must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct ? *Why* do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you ? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ ? Come now, answer me honestly : I want an answer as from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe you will not live twenty-four hours.’ I waited some time at the end of every question ; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him :—‘ Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions ; will you answer them ; allow me to ask again, Do you believe—or let me qualify the question—Do you *wish* to believe, that *Jesus Christ* is the Son of God ?’ After a pause of some

minutes, he answered, ' I have no wish to believe on that subject.' I then left him, and know not whether he afterwards spoke to any person on the subject, though he lived, as I before observed, till the morning of the eighth.

" Such conduct, under usual circumstances, I conceive absolutely unaccountable, though, with diffidence I would remark, not so much so in the present instance, for though the first necessary and general result of conviction be a *sincere* sorrow for evil committed, yet it may be a question worthy of *able consideration*, whether excessive pride of opinion, consummate vanity, and inordinate self-love, might not prevent or retard that otherwise natural consequence."

Whether Paine ever seriously disbelieved the Scriptures has been frequently agitated, and whichever side of the question we are inclined to adopt, difficulties present themselves. That he believed in a state of future rewards and punishments is certain, and we have been informed by Mr. Parkes, who was with him three days before his dissolution, that he believed in the resurrection of the body; and Mr. Parkes also stated, that the quarrel Mr. Paine had with Mr. Carver was in consequence of a violent dispute between the parties on that subject, Paine asserting, and Carver denying, the doctrine of the resurrection. The dispute ended in a deter-

mination on the part of Paine to make an alteration in his will, which was formerly in favour of Mr. Carver's daughters, to their total exclusion.

On this account Mr. Carver entered an action against Paine, and recovered the arrears of several years board, and such was the antipathy consequently excited against Carver, that he resolutely refused every offer of reconciliation on the part of Mr. Carver, and he of course must have died with malice in his heart. How very different is the *life* and the *death* of a true believer and disciple of Jesus Christ ! The wickedness of Paine's life, and the inconsistencies of his conduct, give a complete answer to all his cavils against the revealed word of God.

He expressed a wish to be buried in the Quaker's ground, his father being one of that persuasion, and their principles and mode of burial he thought better of than of any other. On this subject he requested and obtained a visit from Mr. Willet Hicks, one of that fraternity, to whom, after the usual salutations, he thus spoke :—" As I am going to leave *one* place it is necessary to provide *another* ; I am now in my *seventy-third* year, and do not expect to live long, I wish to be buried in your burying-ground." This simple request they unexpectedly refused him. On the 9th June, the day after his decease, the body was removed from his house

at Greenwich to New Rochelle, attended by seven persons, and he was buried on his own farm. According to his will a stone was placed at the head of the grave with the following inscription:—

THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF

COMMON SENSE.

Died June 8th, 1809, aged 72 years and 5 months.

In considering the effects of his writings on society, we may remark that “Common Sense,” and the “Crisis,” had considerable influence in forwarding American independence. The “Rights of Man” assuredly caused a spirit of free inquiry to spread more extensively, and its influence would have been felt in Britain more powerfully, had not the “Age of Reason,” like a hideous monster, made its appearance. So much were the religious community alarmed at the daring attack made on the foundation of their faith, that all writings of Paine were execrated, and the readers of them deemed immoral in principle. The odium was divided between the writer and his readers.

Thus an imprudent advocate of freedom, by one act overthrew a fabric which was fast rising into importance, notwithstanding the disadvantages of his moral character, which was drawn into immediate view, when con-

trasted with the Divine precepts of that religion which he vainly attempted to overthrow.

We may with propriety here append one of the able refutations of Bishop Watson, in his "Apology," who thus writes :—"The *moral* precepts of the Gospel are so *well fitted* to promote the happiness of mankind in *this* world, and to prepare human nature for the *future* enjoyment of that blessedness, of which in our *present* state we can form *no* conception, that I had no expectation they would have met your disapprobation. You say, however, 'As to the *scraps* of morality that are irregularly and thinly scattered in those books, they make no part of that pretended thing, revealed religion.' 'Whatsoever ye *would* that men should do to you, *do* ye even so to them.' Is this a *scrap* of morality? Is it not rather the CONCENTRATED ESSENCE of all ethics—the vigorous *root* from which *every branch* of moral duty towards each other may be derived? *Duties*, you know, are distinguished by *moralists* into duties of *perfect* and *imperfect* obligation: does the *Bible* teach you *nothing*, when it instructs you that *this distinction* is done away?—when it bids you 'put on *bowels* of *mercies*, *kindness*, *humbleness* of mind, *meekness*, *long-suffering*, *forbearing* one another, and *forgiving* one another, if any man have a quarrel with any?' *These*, and precepts such as these, you will in vain look for in the codes of *Frederic* or *Jus-*

tinian, you cannot find them in *our* statute books ; they were not taught, nor are they taught in the schools of heathen philosophy ; or, if *one* or *two* of them should chance to be glanced at by a *Plato*, or a *Seneca*, or a *Cicero*, they are not bound upon the consciences of mankind by *any* sanction. It is in the GOSPEL, and in the Gospel alone, that we learn their importance. Acts of benevolence and brotherly love may be, to an unbeliever, *voluntary* acts ; to a *Christian* they are *indispensable duties*. Is a NEW commandment no part of revealed religion ? ‘ A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.’ The law of *Christian benevolence* is enjoined us by CHRIST himself in the most solemn manner, as the distinguishing badge of our being His disciples.*

“ Two precepts you particularize as *inconsistent* with the dignity and nature of man—that of *not resenting injuries*, and that of *loving our enemies*. Who, but yourself, ever interpreted *literally* the proverbial phrase—‘ If a man smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.’ Did Jesus himself turn the other cheek when the officer of the high priest smote him ? It is evident, that a *partial* acquiescence under slight personal

* “ By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.”—JESUS CHRIST.

injuries, is here enjoined ; and that *proneness to revenge*, which instigates men to savage acts of brutality for every *trifling* offence, is forbidden.

“ As to *loving enemies*, it is explained in another place, to mean the doing them *all the good in our power*. ‘ If thine enemy hunger, *feed him* ; if he thirst, *give him drink*.’ And what, think you, is more likely to *preserve peace*, and to promote *kind affections* amongst men, than the *returning good for evil* ? Christianity does not order us to *love in proportion* to the injury. It does not ‘ offer a *premium for a crime*.’ It orders us to let our benevolence extend to *all*, that we may *emulate the benignity* of God himself, who maketh His SUN to rise on the *evil* and on the *good*. ”

FOLLY OF INFIDELITY.

DR. WATSON'S ANSWER TO PAINE.

And is it possible that you should think so highly of your performance, as to believe that you have thereby demolished the authority of a book which NEWTON himself esteemed the most *authentic* of all histories ; which by its celestial light illumines the dark ages of antiquity ; which is the touchstone whereby we are enabled to distinguish between true and fabulous theology ; between the God of Israel, *holy, just, and good*, and the im-

pure rabble of Heathen Baalim, which has been thought by *competent judges* to have afforded matter for the laws of Solon, and a foundation for the philosophy of Plato ; which has been illustrated by the labour of learning in all ages and countries, and been admired and venerated for its piety, its sublimity, and its veracity, by all who were able to read and understand it.

Nor have you gone, indeed, through the wood with the best intention in the world to cut it down, but you have busied yourself merely in exposing to vulgar contempt a few unsightly shrubs, which good men had wisely concealed from public view. You have entangled yourself in thickets of thorn and brier, you have lost your way on the mountains of Lebanon, the goodly cedar-trees whereof, lamenting the madness, and pitying the blindness of your rage against them, have scorned the blunt edge and the base temper of your axe and laughed unhurt at the feebleness of your stroke.

The Bible has withstood the *learning* of Porphyry, and the *power* of Julian, to say nothing of the Manichean Faustus.

It has resisted the genius of Bolingbroke and the *wit* of Voltaire, to say nothing of a numerous herd of inferior assailants ; and it will not fall by *your* force. You have barbed *anew* the blunted arrows of *former* adversaries ; you have feathered them with *blasphemy* and

ridicule ; dipped them in your deadliest poison, aimed them with your utmost skill ; shot them against the shield of truth with your utmost vigour, but, like the feeble javelin of aged Priam, they will scarcely reach the mark—will fall to the ground without a stroke.

EPIGRAM BY A LADY,
ON THE EFFECTS OF PAINE'S WRITINGS.

What means this phrenzy of the nation's brain ?
The answer's *apt*, the evil comes from Paine ;—
If Paine our *head* and *vital parts* assail,
No wonder if the *constitution* fail.

GENTS. MAG. Feb. 1793.

SOME ACCOUNT OF JOHN BUNYAN, PRE-
VIOUS TO HIS CONVERSION.

His parents, though poor, put him to school, where he learnt to read and write, and according to his own account, he soon forgot all he had learnt, and although young, “ had but few equals in cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God.” In his hours of rest he was often troubled with frightful dreams, such as, that the end of the world and day of judgment were arrived, when he thought the earth quaked and

opened her mouth to receive him. At another time he dreamt that he was about dropping into the flames among the damned, and that a person in white raiment suddenly plucked him as a brand out of the fire; the impressions these made he never forgot, and it is probable gave rise to the production of his "Pilgrim's Progress."* Although the thoughts of any thing serious was painful to him, yet the impiety of professors made his "spirit tremble," and on hearing one of *these swearing*, he says it made his heart ache. He had many narrow escapes from death, which for a time had little impression upon him. He married a woman, daughter of a pious father, whose only bequest was a copy of "the Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and the "Practice of

* A short time ago we perceived a note in the Sunday Times, but upon what authority it rests is not given, asserting that he was not the author, but the translator only of the work.

They say—"The work was published in French, Spanish, and Dutch, besides other languages, before John Bunyan saw it. We ourselves have seen a copy in the Dutch language, with numerous plates printed long previously to Bunyan's time." It is wished that they had given its exact date, and stated also where it might now be seen.—Ed.

Piety." In these they often read together ; these only served to awaken a *desire* to reform, so far as to go to church twice a day, but he was more taken up with the ceremony than the spirit of devotion. On hearing a sermon on the sanctification of the Sabbath, which he generally spent in vanity, he, for the first time felt what guilt was, and all his pleasures were embittered ; his habits still continued to prevail, notwithstanding various compunctions of conscience, but one day as he stood at a neighbour's shop window, using many oaths, the woman who was not herself one of the most moral, was so shocked at his language, that she told him he made her tremble, and that he was able to vitiate all the youth in town, did they keep him company.

This had the effect of causing him to discontinue profane swearing. Shortly after, having some conversation with a poor yet pious man, who spoke so pleasantly of the Scriptures, he was induced to peruse them, but only felt a pleasure when reading the historical parts. For about a year he so far reformed in his practice, that he began to be looked upon as a godly man ; and he thought he pleased God as well as any man in England, although his heart was still untouched. Being providentially called to Bedford, in the way of his trade, he heard some females, who were sitting at a door, conversing about things divine ; he listened, and

the subjects were conviction, conversion, &c., and there was so much grace in all they said, that they appeared to him to have found a new world. This led him to doubt his own change of heart, and he often repeated his visits to these poor women, so that his mind became fixed on eternity and the kingdom of heaven. Meeting one day one of his late wicked associates, he reproved him for swearing, &c., adding, "What will become of you, if you die in this condition?" He answered me in great chafe—" *What would the Devil do for company if it were not for such as I am.*" His former religious companion had turned *Ranter*, and also very immoral in conduct—ending with a denial of the existence of God, angel, or spirit—laughing at all reproof. These pretended they could do *what they chose*, without sinning, as they only had attained perfection! This man's company and tenets he was enabled to forsake, and the sacred volume became his chief companion. He still remained uncertain of his faith in Christ, and doubtful if his day of grace had not passed away. He was much perplexed about his own election, and the scripture seemed rather to damp than elevate his hopes. "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy!" But his mind was much relieved by that sentence in Ecclesiasticus, (which, though not in the canonical books) coming to his

thoughts, “ *look at the generations of old, and see, did ever any trust in God, and were confounded?*” In the midst of his anxieties about his own salvation, two things excited his wonder. Old persons hunting eagerly after worldly things, and professors much depressed by outward losses. If these labour after, and grieve so for the loss of the things of this present life, how was he to be pitied whose soul was dying. Could he but ascertain the safety of his soul, worldly anxieties he would not allow to trouble him. The hypocritical repentance of others seemed to cause him to suspect the sincerity of his own, and he expressed he was sorry that God had made him a man, for he *feared* he was a reprobate, and the most unblest of men ; until hearing a sermon on the love of God to sinners, when he was filled with comfort and hope.

Some time after he was again tempted to entertain doubts of the being of God and of Christ, and revelation ; and darkness veiled his mind ; blasphemous thoughts not only intruded, but he was tempted to curse and swear, so that he was almost in despair of ever believing in the truth. In this state of trouble of mind, he remained about a year ; but the comforts of the Gospel pouring into his mind, through the preaching of Mr. Gifford, and reading the word of God, at length dispelled his fears and doubts. Feeling a desire to know

the opinion of some of the old writers on Christian experience, he providentially met with a much used copy of Luther's Commentary on the Galatians, in which he saw his own case so clearly, that the thought occurred—"This man could not know any thing of the state of Christians *now*, but must needs write and speak the experience of *former* days;" and he preferred this book to all others, as suitable (next to the sacred volume) to a wounded conscience.

He was again under temptation to renounce all and follow the things of this life only, which induced him again to doubt, saying, "God hath let me go, and I am fallen." But the consideration of the case of David, and his being forgiven his crimes, afforded him little consolation; as his transgressions were against a purer light, that of the gospel, and he was tempted to reason thus:—"If these things should be true, yet to believe otherwise, would be relief *for the present*, &c." If he must perish, not to torment himself beforehand, but have recourse again to the principles of atheists and the ranters. The terrors that overwhelmed his soul at this period, had a visible effect on his body, so that he could neither stand, walk, nor sleep in quiet; but the consideration of the saying, "He hath received gifts for the *rebellious*," caused him again to hope there was forgiveness for him, although he had fallen off from the faith,

and he had reason to bless God for the effect of that text, "*I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; RETURN unto me, for I have redeemed thee,*" which was farther impressed upon him by that in Heb. xii. and 25 ;—" *See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.*" By these he was freed from alarms, and enabled to flee to Jesus Christ for mercy and pardon in prayer, with confession of his sins ; and his mind was comforted by the words "I have loved thee with an *everlasting* love." "He is able to save them to the *uttermost,*" &c. &c.

After many temptations to unbelief, and even atheism, the constant recourse he had to the Holy Scriptures, and to prayer, at last relieved his soul from a state of the most distressing doubts and fears, and enabled him to place his firm hope on the merits, love, and intercession of a Saviour, who died *for our sins*, and rose again for our justification.

He was admitted a member of the Baptist Church, at Bedford, of which Mr. John Gifford was the pastor, in 1653, being then twenty-five years of age. In 1656 he was solicited by the members and ministers of this church, to employ his talents for the edification of the congregation, and his preaching attracted much attention, and exposed him to persecution. He was shortly afterwards indicted at the assizes for preaching at Eaton,

but it is difficult to imagine on what account, as Cromwell, then the head of the state, would not allow persecution for religious sentiments ;—this, it would appear, was not followed up, for he was not molested for two years, until after the Restoration. He was also innocently accused of being a witch, Jesuit, highwayman, &c. of being immoral in his conduct towards women,—but this was envious slander.

Having preached with considerable success for five years, in which time he also laboured at his trade, he was about to preach at Samswell, near Harlington, Bedfordshire, November 12th, 1660 ; when he was seized by the warrant of a justice (Francis Wingate) and committed to Bedford jail, on the act 35 Eliz. as being an enemy to the king, his crown, and dignity, where he remained a prisoner upwards of *twelve* years!! Here he wrote the first part of “Pilgrim’s Progress,” his “Grace Abounding,” and other books, which, but for this incarceration, might never have met the public eye. Mr. Bunyan appears to have been the first victim of the restored Charles and his dissolute court, who had all the laws enacted during the commonwealth repealed. He underwent several examinations before judge Hale and others ; but it was stated that, being convicted (so it had been erroneously entered in the books), although he had not been properly tried, yet was he kept in

confinement, under a promise of having a hearing at the ensuing assizes ; but this, through the agency of Mr. Cobb, clerk of the peace, was prevented. On his promising to abstain from preaching, they said they would liberate him, but this he neither could nor would refrain from,—therefore was he detained. Being near to his friends, he had much of their consolation ; and the jailor being rather humane for his calling, granted him several liberties, for which he being threatened with punishment he was at last compelled to confine Mr. Bunyan closely.

It being known to some of the persecuting prelates of London, that he was often out of prison, they sent down an officer on the subject ; and, in order to find him out, he was to get there in the *middle* of the night. Mr. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless that he could not sleep ; he, therefore, acquainted his wife, that though the jailor had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet, from his uneasiness, he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailor blamed him for coming in at so unreasonable an hour. *Early* in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the jailor, said, “ Are all the prisoners safe ? ” “ Yes.” “ Is John Bunyan safe ? ” “ Yes.” “ Let me see him.” He was called ; appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailor, addressing Mr. Bunyan, said, “ Well, you may go out again, just

as you think proper, for you know *when* to return better than I can tell you." There were about sixty others (dissenters) confined in the same prison, who chose rather to suffer than to sin, and these administered to the comforts of each other. With the account of his experience and imprisonment before us, we cease to wonder that Bunyan's pure imagination, though he had no books but the *Bible*, and *Fox's Acts*, should produce such an exquisite performance as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It grew out of the circumstances of his life. The steps that led to its composition, are given in simple verse, which is prefixed to all editions of his work. His last act was one of love. A young gentleman, having vexed his father, seemed much grieved, and, also, on account of his threat of disinheriting him. Mr. Bunyan went to Reading, and persuaded the father to be reconciled to his son. On his return to London, on horseback, and getting wet from heavy rains, he fell into a fever. Finding nature decaying, he settled his worldly affairs; and, after ten days illness, he resigned his soul with unshaken confidence into the hands of his Maker, on the 31st of August, 1688, aged sixty years. He died at the house of his friend, Mr. Strudwick, Grocer, Snow Hill, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, in his own vault, and on his tomb is inscribed,

“ The pilgrim’s progress now is finished,
And death has laid him on his earthy bed.”

His master-piece, the Pilgrim’s Progress, which has gone through so many editions, and been translated into all modern languages, has been commended by some of the most learned and best critics of the age.

Mr. Oldys gives, as the observation of an anonymous writer, in a discourse on ridicule and irony, printed in 8vo., in 1729, that Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress had infinitely outdone the TALE OF A TUB, which, perhaps, had not made one *convert* to INFIDELITY ; whereas, the PILGRIM’S PROGRESS HAD CONVERTED MANY SINNERS TO CHRIST !

CONSOLATIONS OF PIETY IN IMPIOUS TIMES.

Sir John Mason, the celebrated courtier, was born in the reign of Henry VII., and was a privy counsellor to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. He was a man of talent, and of the strictest integrity, which he exhibited in very treacherous and trying times.

When about to depart this life he called his family around his bed, and thus spoke :—“ I have lived to see

five princes, and have been privy counsellor to four of them ; I have *seen* the most remarkable things in *foreign* parts ; and have been engaged in most *state* transactions *for thirty years at home*. After *so much experience* I have learned that *seriousness* is the greatest *wisdom* ; *temperance* the best *physician* ; and a *good* conscience the best *estate* ; and, were I to live again, I would change the *court* for a *cloister* ; my privy-counsellor's *bustle* for the *retirement* of a hermit ; and my *whole life* in the *palace* for an *hour's* enjoyment of God in my *closet*.—All things *now* forsake me *except* MY GOD, my *duty*, and my *prayers*."

THE REFORMED CANTABRIGIAN.

John Bunyan, although not a churchman, was often allowed to preach in the churches. One *week day* he was to preach in the church of a country village in Cambridge, and a crowd of people being assembled in the church yard, a gay Cambridge scholar passing by on horseback, asked the reason of such an assemblage. Being told that one Bunyan, a tinker, was to preach there, he alighted and gave a boy twopence to hold his horse, saying he was resolved to hear the tinker *prate*, and so went into the church to hear him. But God met him there by his ministry, the discourse making

such an impression on his mind, that he embraced every future opportunity to attend on his ministry, and at last became an eminent preacher of the Gospel in Cambridgeshire.—*Crosby*.

FOLLY OF ATHEISM.—(DARWIN.)

Dull atheist!—could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurl'd,
Construct so *wonderful*, so *wise*,
So harmonized a world?

Why do not Arab's driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
Or gorgeous temples form?

Presumptuous wretch! *thyself* survey,
That *lesser* fabric scan;
Tell me from whence the immortal dust,
The *God*, the *reptile* man?

Where wast thou when this populous earth
From chaos burst its way?
When stars exulting sang the morn,
And hailed the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speck of life,
The miniature of man,
Nursed in the womb its tender form,
To stretch and swell began ?

Say, didst *thou* warp the *fibre* woof,
Or mould the *sentient* brain ?
Thy fingers stretch the *living* nerve,
Or fill the *purple* vein ?

Didst thou then bid the *bounding* heart
Its endless toil begin ?
Or clothe in flesh the *hardening* bone,
Or weave the *silken* skin ?

Who bids the *babe*, to catch the breeze,
Expand its panting breast ;
And with impatient hands, *untaught*,
The *milky* rill arrest ?

Or, who with unextinguish'd love
The *mother's* bosom warms,
Along the rugged paths of life
To bear it in her arms ?

A GOD ! a GOD ! the wide earth shouts ;
A GOD ! the heavens reply ;

He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky!

Let us make *man*! With beauty clad,
And health in every vein,
And *reason* throned upon his brow,
Stept forth majestic man!

Around he turns his *wondering* eyes,
All Nature's works surveys!
Admires the *earth*, the *skies*, *himself*,
And tries his tongue in praise!

Ye *hills* and *vales*, ye *meads* and *woods*,
Bright *sun* and glittering *stars*,
Fair creatures! tell me, if you can,
From *whence*, and *what* I am?

What *Parent Power*, ALL GREAT and GOOD,
Do these around me own?
Tell me, CREATION, tell me *how*
T' adore the VAST UNKNOWN?

IMPIOUS FLATTERY.

In 1540, Henry VIII. complained to parliament, by the mouth of his chancellor, of the great diversity of religions which still prevailed among his subjects; a grievance, he affirmed, which ought the less to be endured, because the Scriptures were to be the standard of belief to all mankind. But he had appointed some bishops and divines to draw up a list of tenets to which the people were to assent; and he was determined that Christ, the doctrine of Christ, and the truth, should have the victory.

The king seems to have expected that this book would produce more effect in ascertaining truth, than had as yet followed the circulation of the sacred writings. Cromwell, as "VICAR-GENERAL!" made also, in the king's name, a speech to the upper house, and the peers in return bestowed great flattery on him, and in particular said, that he was worthy, by his *desert*, to be "*Vicar-General of the universe!*" Cromwell seemed to be in high favour with Henry, who, shortly after the sitting of parliament, created him Earl of Essex, and he was also installed a Knight of the Garter. Thus was a man of no education, the son of a blacksmith, placed at the head of the church, and ranked in precedence next to the royal family. But the favour of princes is of uncertain duration and deceitful; that of

courtiers equally so ; for that which had been one cause of Cromwell's elevation, his acquiescence in the marriage of the libidinous Henry with Anne of Cleves, was also the cause of his degradation and ruin, the fickle king being determined on the dissolution of a marriage which had become odious to him. The flattering peers who had paid the minister such a fulsome compliment when in power, now did not attempt to conceal their real feelings against a man who had risen from the lowest station, and excited their envy, by his rapid ascent to the highest office in the state !

IMPIOUS EXHIBITION.

In 1304 the Cardinal del Prato being the pope's legate at Florence, in order to *amuse* the discontented people of Florence, gave public notice of a representation, singular enough, but, it appears, suitable to the taste of the people of that age. By sound of trumpet was announced, that those who were desirous of intelligence from the regions below, should attend, on the 1st of May, on the Carraja Bridge, and on the banks of the Arno. On a stage which floated on the river, an attempt was made to represent the state of the damned. Some persons masked as devils were employed throwing others into the fire—these grinding and gnashing their

teeth, and uttering most dismal cries, endeavoured to imitate the feelings of the miserable inhabitants of hell. During this impious foolery, the bridge, overloaded by numerous spectators, gave way, and a very great number were drowned ; and thus, says Villani, went in the straitest direction possible, to satisfy their *curiosity* respecting the affairs of the other world !

THE PHILOSOPHER OF MALMSBURY.

The celebrated Hobbes, who affected to be styled the Philosopher of Malmsbury, possessed a very accommodating morality, which from its flexibility would never place a man in danger, in any external circumstances. His governing principle was, that *the end justified the means*, which, in familiar converse, he would thus illustrate.

“Suppose,” said he, “I were first cast into a deep pit, and the devil should happen to put down his cloven foot, I certainly would lay hold of it to effect my deliverance.” According to this maxim, although at heart a *royalist*, he *flattered Cromwell!* and after Charles was restored to the throne of his ancestors, he added to the corruption of the already vicious court by his writings. Notwithstanding all his logical subtlety, he could not suppress the dread which the view of futurity produced in his

solitary moments. He could not bear being left alone, and even a fit of tooth-ache brought on the most fearful apprehensions. So tenacious was he of life, that he wished to flatter himself with the hope of more days than is usually allotted to man; for at the age of *ninety* he gave orders for a great coat to serve him for three years, when he was to have *another*, made of the same durable texture. When a lady with whom he was intimate, ventured, in conversation, to direct his attention to the consideration of a future state, he interrupted her rudely, with vehement protestations against all discourse about *death*, or, as he generally called it, “taking a leap in the dark!”

VICIOUS EXAMPLE AN APOLOGY.

When king James requested lord chief justice Holt to vote for the repeal of the Test Act, he answered that he could not do so in honour or *conscience*. The king said he knew he was a man of honour, but from his other conduct in life, he did not appear like a man who had any regard for conscience, being quite given up to vice and luxury. Holt boldly replied, “I own I have faults; but they are such that other people, who *talk more of conscience*, are guilty of the like.”

DR. WATSON'S CONTRAST BETWEEN NEWTON AND PAINE.

The Bishop of Landaff in a sermon in the chapel of the London Hospital, on the 8th of April, and published in 1803, thus makes the contrast between Paine as an unbeliever, and Newton as a believer in Christianity.

“ I think myself justified in saying, that a thousand such men are, in understanding, but as dust in the balance when weighed against Newton—a most evident truth worthy the public consideration.”

A ROYAL REPROOF.

There is a certain levity exhibited by many who attend places of devotion, apparently not for the purpose of worshipping the great Author of our being, but attracted by the popularity of a preacher, or because custom or interest commands their attendance. Such levity of behaviour, besides its impiety, is an insult to those who congregate together for a nobler purpose—the adoration of the great Creator.

No one was more circumspect in this respect than his late majesty, who could not let pass unnoticed any indecorum he observed in others. During morning prayers at Windsor he usually rolled up the printed



V. Sears, Typ. Budget Row.

form of prayer, and with it beat time to the music of the choir, and, at times, would point to certain parts of the service in the common prayer when he observed any of his attendants inattentive. Two young marquises of political and military fame, it is said, required often such hints. One morning, the hero of Acre having *shifted his birth several times*, took his station under the organ, before the royal desk. His majesty having his eye upon him, in good humour gave Sir Sidney a monitory pat on the head with his paper scroll, which soon recalled the hero to a sense of the levity of his conduct, and excited no little risibility among the audience.

The conqueror of Acre immediately retired under cover of the two Duchesses of Rutland, who thus protected the retreat of a man who had never before feared the face of man.

IMPIETY CHECKED.

A young officer who had joined the army shortly after the peace with France in the time of Elizabeth, went to the ordinary at the Black Horse Inn, Holborn, where the veteran Major Johnson, a brave and pious Scotchman, usually dined. The young gentleman, during dinner, started some of his novel opinions, and ventured to arraign the dispensations of Providence. The veteran

at first only cautioned him to speak more *respectfully* of a *Being*, whom all the rest of the company held in veneration ; but this did not check his extravagance. The major then addressed him in a more serious manner. “ Young man, do not abuse *your Benefactor* while you are *eating his bread*. Consider whose *air* you breathe, whose *presence* you are in, and who it is that *gave you the power of that very speech* which you make use of to His dishonour.” The pert youth jestingly asked, if he was going to preach ; and added, that “ he had better be cautious of what he said to a *man of honour* !” “ A man of honour !” exclaimed the pious veteran ; “ thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall treat thee as such.” This and other words produced a challenge from the youth, when they proceeded to the garden to measure swords. The old gentleman then desired the youth to consider where one pass might send him ; but this caution being construed as exhibiting fear on the part of the major, his antagonist became the more abusive and scurrilous. The major then addressed him, “ Sirrah ! if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy *profaneness* to thy *Maker*, and for thy *sauciness* to his *servant*.” Then unsheathing his sword which he had used in another cause, he advanced, and with a loud voice exclaimed, “ *The sword of the Lord and of*

Gideon!" at which the young man was so frightened, that he was immediately disarmed and thrown upon his knees, in which position he begged for his life. This the major refused to grant, unless he would ask forgiveness in a short extemporary prayer, dictated by the old gentleman; which the proselyte repeated after him to the no small gratification of the company, who had followed them into the garden.

INSTINCTIVE PIETY.

Mr. Wesley in his journal gives a relation of an odd circumstance that occurred at Rotherham during the morning preaching—it was well that only serious people were present.

“An ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head, and stood stock still in a posture of deep attention. Might not the dumb beast reprove many who have *far less decency*, and not *much* more understanding?”

IMPIETY AND CRIME ASSOCIATES.

Although many like circumstances might be related that occasionally occur in our own country, we select one of recent occurrence, communicated by a correspon-

dent from the French capital, tending to show that *impiety* and *crime* are generally companions.

In April last (1829) three men, named Guerin, Banden, and Chandelet, robbed and murdered an old man, *the uncle of Chandelet*, named Berger, in his lodge at the hotel Vaucason, Rue Charonne. They were tried, convicted, and condemned to die. Guerin behaved with much coolness; Banden declared he was innocent; but Chandelet, a small, horrible-looking ruffian, *laughed, jested*, and insulted the court during the trial. They were removed to the Conciergerie, and made an appeal to the Court of Cassation, which gave another month of life, and they were consequently sent to the Bicetre, another prison a short distance from Paris. There they gave themselves up to amusement, in particular Chandelet, who spent all his waking hours at *cards*, being an adept at the *polite* game of *écarte*, so much in vogue at the *west end* of London at present. His associates had promised to shorten his already numbered days; care was therefore taken to prevent their intercourse. Chandelet, although so fond of gaming, at intervals employed himself in composing verses; and wrote a song, which he said he would sing on his way to the scythe. Their appeal being rejected, after the expiration of the month, the fatal day arrived, and at half-past eight in the morning the prisoners were placed

in two carts, roughly constructed. The first movement of the horses was the signal for the depraved Chandelet to begin his song; which having finished, he addressed one of the soldiers—"Comrade, could you not prevail upon three good fellows of your regiment to be *our substitutes* to day?" and then commenced *ridiculing* his unfortunate companions, who appeared more depressed in spirits than he. When they reached the Conciergerie they called for breakfast, a good one being generally allowed, and also a bottle of wine, when they uniformly choose *champagne*. Until half-past three, Guerin and Banden were engaged with their confessors, but Chandelet amused himself in singing, abusing the — police, the priests, religion, &c., and in calling for more wine. He was offered wine and water, but this he indignantly rejected. At half-past three they were brought into the press-room, their hair cut off, as also the capes of their coats and collars of their waistcoats and shirts. Chandelet, contrary to his inclination, was accompanied to the cart by a priest; Banden fainted, fell, and cut his face, which bled, on which Chandelet exclaimed, "What, Banden, are you dead already?" The priest besought him to pray, but the entreaty was answered by a volley of obscenity, blasphemy, and curses, such as nearly frightened the priest. He then went on with his song, partly addressed to the

mob; telling them, that “ while they, a set of vagabonds, crowded to see three poor fellows die, the friends of the sufferers were robbing their houses, who ought to be at home earning money to buy shoes !” Arrived at the Square where the guillotine stood, the clergy performed their last religious offices, at which this depraved culprit only laughed. The fatal axe soon terminated the lives of the two first, when Chandelet mounted the steps seemingly with great glee, to the amusement of the unconvicted ruffians who were looking on. After uttering a few more obscenities, the axe put an end to his crimes and life at once. In another minute the remains of this (I hope insane) wretch were placed with those of his companions. Thus closed this horrible scene, without producing, in the breast of any of the French spectators, male or female, a single mark of pity or remorse !

INCONSISTENCY IMPIOUS.

Two African youths, sons of a prince, being brought to the court of France during the reign of Louis XIV., the king was so pleased with their noble mien, that he caused them to be instructed in letters and Christian principles. In due time they were presented with commissions in the guards. The elder, docile and candid, soon imbibed knowledge in art and science, and much

admired the Christian doctrine on account of the morality of its precepts and the good-will it enjoined upon all men. A brother officer having on a trifling dispute struck him, he, considering it done in the heat of passion, did not resent it. Another officer remarked to him that his conduct was too *mild* for a *military man*; the young Christian negro observed in reply, "Is there one religion for soldiers, and another for merchants and gownsmen? The good father who instructed me, above all things urged the forgiving of injuries; and assured me, it was the very distinguishing characteristic of a Christian, not to retaliate, but to *love* his enemy." "These lessons," said the other, "may suit a monastic life, but will not qualify you for the court or the army; and all I add is, that if you do not call your brother officer to the field, you will be stigmatised as a coward, avoided by all men of *honour*, and your commission will be forfeited." The astonished youth replied, "I would fain act *consistently* in all things; but since you press me with that regard to my honour which you have always shown, I will endeavour to wipe off so foul a stain, though I confess I gloried in it before." The friend carried the challenge. The next morning they measured swords, when the brave negro disarmed his opponent. Next day he threw up his commission, and requested to be allowed to return to his father, which the king

granted with reluctance. On taking his departure he embraced his brother and his friend, with the tear of affection in his eyes, remarking at the time, that he did not suppose that *Christians* were such unreasonable and inconsistent beings; and that he could not conceive how their faith could be of any use to them if it did not influence their conduct. "In my country," said he, "we think it no *dishonour* to act agreeably to the *principles of our religion*!"

IMPIETY AND PRIDE OF AGRIPPA.

This king had reigned over all Judea three years, when he appointed royal shows in Cæsaria; on the second day of which he, in the morning, entered the theatre, robed in a vest of silver. The silver, irradiated with the beams of the rising sun, shone so resplendently that it excited a sort of horror and awful dread in the spectators. His flatterers consequently exclaimed that he was a god, and besought him to be propitious to them. They had hitherto, they said, revered him only as a man, but hereafter should acknowledge that he was above the nature of mortality. Agrippa heard these speeches, but did neither reprove nor reject the fulsome and impious adulation.

A little time after he raised his eyes, and espied an

owl over his head. (In his calamity at Rome he had seen one, and was told that it was a token of a change of his forlorn estate to great honours; but when he should see the bird in that posture the *second* time, it should be the messenger of his death.) Surprised with the disagreeable sight, he fell into pains of the heart and stomach, and turning to his friends, thus addressed them:—"Behold, I your god am ceasing to live; and *he* whom you *now* call *immortal* is dragged unto *death*!" Suffering great pain, he was immediately carried home to his palace, where he died five days after, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and the seventh year of his reign.

IMPIOUS VANITY OF A PHYSICIAN RIDICULED.

Menecrates, the physician, having succeeded in curing several persons of deplorable diseases, was named Jupiter, and so far was he not ashamed to adopt the title that he began a letter to king Agesilaus thus:—"MENE-CRATES JUPITER sends to king Agesilaus health;" who, on the other hand, to check his intolerable vanity, returned answer, "King Agesilaus wisheth to Menecrates *soundness*." The Greek writers affirm that he took an oath of such as he cured of the falling sickness that they should follow and attend upon him as servants; and

they did follow him, *some* in the habit of *Hercules*, and others in that of *Mercury* ! Philip of Macedon, perceiving his vanity, invited him and his own gods to supper. Here he was placed at a higher table more sumptuously set out, on which was an altar fairer than on the others ; on this altar, while the dishes were carrying up to the other tables, divers libations and suffumigations, with incense, were made, until this new deity, perceiving the manner in which he was held up to derision and ridicule, took his departure, amid the laughs and jeers of all present.—PLUTARCH.

AN IMPIOUS CHARACTER RECLAIMED BY READING AND GOOD COMPANY.

The Rev. John Gifford, a native of Kent, was a major in the king's army, and, with eleven others, was imprisoned and sentenced to die, for being engaged in the *rising* in that county. His sister paid him a visit the night before the day fixed for his execution. Finding the outer guard asleep, and those within intoxicated, she advised her brother to make his escape. Accordingly he got into a field, where he lay in a deep ditch, concealed for three days, and then, in a disguise, got to London, and, shortly after, to near Bedford, where some royalists afforded him an asylum. Being a

stranger in Bedford, he ventured on the practice of physic ; but he continued his vicious habits, such as drinking, swearing, gaming, &c. ; but in the last he was generally the loser. Having lost a considerable sum one night, he fell into a violent passion, and indulged desperate thoughts concerning the providence of God. Being led to look into a work written by the Rev. Mr. Bolton, his conscience took the alarm, and for some weeks he was in great distress of mind ; but, at last, he had so clear a view of mercy, through the blood of Christ, that his soul was filled with joy and peace. After this he sought the company of those who feared God ; but they doubting the sincerity of one who had lately, by word and deed, opposed the doctrine of godliness, would not admit him without much caution. Being of a bold spirit, he would not be repulsed, but persisted on every opportunity to join them, until, after many attempts, they at last became convinced of his sincerity, and admitted him to their friendship. Shortly after this, he began in private to expound the word of God, and then in a more public manner, which was attended with benefits to many who became believers. In 1650, Mr. Gifford and eleven other grave Christians appointed a day for solemnly forming themselves into a Christian society, to lay the foundation of a gospel church : they met, and after fervent prayer, they gave

themselves up to the Lord and to one another, according to the will of God. They with one consent chose Mr. Gifford for their pastor and elder, to minister to them in the things of the kingdom of Christ, which he accepted, and gave himself up to the Lord and the service of the church on earth. The principles of this fellowship were, a profession of faith in Christ, attended with holiness of life. Mr. Gifford continued with them until his death, which took place on the 21st September, 1656.

IMPIOUS ASSUMPTION OF DIVINITY.

FLAVIUS DOMITIANUS having ascended the imperial throne, remarried his wife, whom he had divorced, and on bringing her home, was not ashamed to say in public that she was "*called to his pulviner,*" (a bed on which the statues of the gods were laid during the solemn games exhibited to them.) Upon the day when he made a great feast to the people, he was well pleased to hear their acclamations throughout the amphitheatre, "All happiness to our *Lord and Lady.*" When, in the name of his procurators, he indited any formal letters, he thus commenced them: "Our LORD and GOD thus commandeth." And it was afterwards ordered, that

neither in the writing or speech of any man he should be otherwise designated!—SÜETONIUS.

CALIGULA, the emperor, caused the statues of the gods, amongst which was that of Jupiter Olympius, to be brought out of Greece. Having commanded their heads to be taken off, he ordered his own to be set on instead; and, standing betwixt Castor and Pollox, he exhibited himself to be worshipped by such as resorted thither. He also erected a temple, and instituted priests and sacrifices to his service. In his temple there was his image in gold, taken to the life, which was clad every day in the same attire as he used himself. His sacrifices were phœnicopters, peacocks, bustards, turkies, pheasants, which were offered daily!

SÜETONIUS.

IMPIOUS SUICIDE.

The philosopher EMPEDOCLES having cured Panthias, of Agrigentum, of a desperate disease, perceiving that in consequence of it he began to be revered as a god, he became vain of immortality and glory. In order to be supposed *translated* into the number of the gods, he threw himself into the burning crater of Mount Etna!

IMPIOUS INSCRIPTION.

POPE ADRIAN the sixth having erected a college at Lovian, caused an inscription to be graven on the gates thereof, in letters of gold, "Trajectum plantavit, Lovanium rigavit, Cæsar dedit incrementum;" an impious parody on the expression of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians. "*Utrecht planted me,* Lovian watered me,† and Cæsar gave increase.*"‡ One who had noticed the ingratitude and impiety of the language, thus endeavoured to expose his folly, by writing underneath, "HIC DEUS NIHIL FECIT." Here God did nothing.

THE BIBLE THE ORIGIN AND PRESERVER
OF THE LEARNING AT PRESENT IN THE
WORLD.

Many of those who have made the greatest pretensions to learning have professed themselves enemies to Revelation. It is not, indeed, difficult to account for their rejection of a religion which is *all humility*, and

* Here Adrian was born.

† There he received his education.

‡ The emperor preferred him.

by no means calculated to please such as consider the applause of men as the *most valuable* object, and who pride themselves on the infallibility of their own intellects. To the *bold*, the *conceited*, and the *half-learned pretender* to philosophy, who is weak enough to think *his reason* commensurate to every object which falls under its notice, *that* system which requires the exercise of *faith*, more than that of *reason*, appears, as the Scriptures themselves observe, foolishness. *Pride*, and a very *silly* pride, such, indeed, as arises from narrow views of things, and an ignorance of human nature, is *the foundation of infidelity*.

It is, however, no less *ungrateful* than *foolish* and *wicked* in the sons of learning to devote their abilities to the extermination of the Christian religion; for *it is really true* that all the ancient learning which now remains, was preserved by some peculiar circumstances attending the propagation of Christianity; and I believe it will be thought very probable, that if the ancient languages, and the books written in them, had been entirely lost, the civilised nations of Europe would still have continued in a state of darkness and barbarism. Real superstition would then, indeed, have reigned triumphant; and the philosopher, as he calls himself, who is now writing down Christianity, would have been trembling at witches and goblins, spells and

enchantments. He makes use of *that very light* which has directed his steps in the paths of learning, to discover the most probable means of extinguishing the source of all illumination !

I was led into this train of reflections by the perusal of a charge of a late very learned archdeacon of London, in which he evinces that our Saviour spoke most truly, in more senses than one, when he said of himself, “ I am the *light* of the world.”

When any species of literary industry is considered as a duty founded on religion, care will be taken to preserve those parts of literature which, from the indolence and infirmity of the human mind, might have been lost amidst revolutions, persecutions, distress, and the fury of conquest. In every difficulty the Christians fled for comfort to their Scriptures, and watched over them with peculiar vigilance. The *Septuagint* preserved in the worst times a knowledge of the *Greek* ; and the *Latin* translations, which were multiplied with avidity, rescued the *Latin language* from a total oblivion. *Josephus* was studied, and therefore preserved by the *Christians* more carefully than by the *Jews* ; and the necessity of *Greek* for the understanding of the New Testament, caused that language not only to be saved from the ravages of time, but also to be studied with devout attention. The fathers of the church *wrote* in *Greek* during three centu-

ries ; and at a time when the *Latin* language was gradually decaying, the Latin fathers contributed something to its restoration, and wrote, as well as their coeval writers among the Pagans, not indeed with Augustan eloquence, but still well enough to preserve a skill in the construction and vocabulary of that language. A considerable knowledge of *history*, and something of *chronology* and *philosophy*, was *necessary* in *studying* and *defending the Scriptures* even in the *earliest* ages, and many Christians appeared well skilled in these parts of learning, at a time when they were generally neglected.

Religion and conscience operated as a stimulus, when *all other motives* were insufficient to retard the mind in its swift progress down the declivity. With a view, and solely with a view, to enable ecclesiastics to read and understand the Scriptures, even in the most dismal night of ignorance, there were some places of instruction in cathedrals and monasteries, in which the *embers* of literature, if we may venture to use that expression, were preserved from total extinction ; in which a *spark* lay latent, which was one day to become *a light to lighten the universe*.

The little learning of these unfortunate ages, though it did not enable the persons who possessed it to taste and understand the beauties of the ancient poets and philosophers, yet gave them some idea of the value of

books in general, and enabled them to transcribe, with tolerable accuracy, even what they did not accurately understand.

Thus were those inestimable treasures of all elegance and pleasing knowledge, the old Greek and Latin authors, handed down to ages more blessed ; to those who were able to unlock them, and pour out their riches for the general utility. Nor are we indebted to the CHRISTIANS for the *Classics* only, but also for the *Roman law*, and the *codes* of *Justinian* and *Theodosius*. Books, which were destroyed by ignorant and angry kings and conquerors, found a safe asylum in religious houses ; and even *monkery*, which has been justly reprobated as one of the *follies* of human nature, became, under the direction of Providence, the instrument of many of those blessings which *now* contribute greatly to the *happiness* and *dignity* of an enlightened empire.

The revival of learning, as it is termed, or its *emancipation* from churches and monasteries, and general diffusion over the world, is greatly owing to the efforts of ecclesiastics. There arose in that auspicious morning a constellation of polite and profound Christian scholars, whose effulgence has scarcely been outshone by any succeeding luminaries in the literary horizon.

The best scholars of modern times, not only in theology, but in every part of human learning, have been

Christian divines. They were led by their pursuit of religious knowledge into the collateral paths of philosophy, philology, and all elegant and useful literature.

It is to the piety of Christians that we owe the venerable foundations of schools and colleges ; those institutions which, though they have often been perverted, have still kept the light burning like the vestal fire, and handed the torch from one generation to another, like the runners in the torch-race. It was the love of Christ which taught those towers to rise on the banks of the *Cam* and the *Isis*, and planted seminaries of learning in every considerable town throughout the kingdom. To the gospel, then, says the learned divine who suggested this subject, and to those who embraced it, are due our grateful acknowledgments for the *learning* that is at *present* in the world.

The *infidels* educated in Christian countries owe that learning they have to Christianity, and act the part of those brutes, which, when they have sucked the dam, turn about and strike her.—Knox.

CONVERSION BY RIDICULE.

An eminent clergyman, (Mr. Perkins), who zealously preached the gospel, in after life, was in his youth a scholar at Cambridge, and much accustomed to habits of

intoxication. Walking one day in the skirts of the town, he heard a woman thus address her froward and peevish child: "Hold your tongue, or I will give you to drunken Perkins yonder." Finding himself become a by-word among the people, his conscience was deeply impressed, and this was the first step towards his conversion.

AN IMPENITENT ATHEIST!!!

Mahomet Effendi, a man well skilled in the oriental learning, most impudently, in all places where he came, inveighed bitterly against the *existence* of God; and one of his principal arguments to uphold this blasphemous principle was, that *if* there was a God, and he so wise and omnipotent as his priests declared him to be, he would never suffer him to live that was the greatest enemy and reproacher of a deity in the world, but would strike him dead with thunder, or, by some other dreadful punishment, would make him an example to others. He was at last condemned to die, but might have saved his life by acknowledging his error and promising a reformation; but he rather chose to die a martyr for his wicked principles, and so was executed.

RICAUT. TURK. HIST.

OPPRESSION AND SACRILEGE.

Agathocles came suddenly upon the Liparenses, and, without any cause, made an exaction of fifty talents of silver. In requesting a delay for the payment of *part* of the money, they stated that they could not at present furnish so great a sum, unless they made free with such gifts as had been devoted to the gods, and which they had not been in the habit of so using.

The invader, nevertheless, compelled them to pay all immediately, though part of the money was inscribed with the names of *Æolus* and *Vulcan*; so, having received it, he set sail from them; but a mighty wind and storm arose, whereby the ten ships that carried the money were all dashed in pieces; whereupon it was said, that *Æolus* (the god of the winds) had taken immediate vengeance upon him, and that *Vulcan* remitted his until his death; for Agathocles was afterwards *burnt alive* in his own country!—DIODORUS SICULUS.

DIONYSIUS' SACRILEGE.

Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, having rifled the temple of Proserpina, in Locris, and sailing thence with a prosperous wind, addressed his friends with a smile: "See what a good voyage the gods grant to them that are *sacrilegious*." From Jupiter Olympus he pulled off

a garment of gold of great weight, which Hiero, king of Syracuse, had dedicated out of the spoils of the Carthaginians, and instead thereof caused a *woollen one* to be put upon him, saying, that “a garment of gold was too *heavy in summer*, and too *cold in winter*; but a woollen one was convenient for *both* seasons.” He caused the golden beard of Esculapius, at Epidaurus, to be taken off, saying, “It was not fit that he should have a beard, when his father, Apollo, was beardless.” He took out of the temples, also, the tables of gold and silver; and thereon being wrote (according to the custom of Greece) “that these were the goods of the gods,” he said, “he would make use of their goodness.” Also the golden goblets and crowns which the statues held out in their hands he took from thence, saying, “he did but *receive* what was *given*,” and that it was great folly to refuse what was proffered from *their* hands, to whom we *pray* that we *may* receive.—VALERIUS MAXIMUS.

IMPIETY OF CAMBYSES.

Cambyses, king of Persia, having conquered Egypt, and observing the ox that was consecrated to Apis, he smote him on the hip, so that he died; the more wicked in this, that what he did to that idol beast he did as *he supposed* to the true God, in *contempt* of all religion.

But not long after, the counterfeit Snerdis rebelling against him, and having seized the greatest part of Persia, as Cambyses was mounting his horse, with a purpose of marching against him, his sword fell out of the scabbard, the same sword with which he had before slain the ox ; by this he received a wound in his *hip*, in the *same place* wherein he had given one to the ox, and of this wound in a short time he died.—HERODOTUS.

RELIGIOUS SPORTS FATAL.

Antoninus Commodus had not only abused himself divers other ways, but even in the midst of the solemnities of religion he could not abstain from impiety. When he sacrificed to Isis, the image of which he carried, he with it beat the heads of the priests, and forced them to pelt one another with pine-apple nuts, (which, according to the rites of their religion, they carried in their hands), that some of them died by it !

By this and other wicked acts of his, he was grown into that hatred, that he lost his life as he lay in bed, slain by such as were about him, to the great joy of the people of Rome. His body, after it had lain some time unburied, was cast into the Tiber.

AN IMPIOUS BOASTER.

It is said of Frederick, the emperor, that he stated there were *three* principal impostors—Moses, Christ, and Mahomet—who, in order that they might *rule the world*, had *seduced* all those that lived in their times. And Henry, the landgrave, heard him speak it, that if the princes of the empire would adhere to his institutions, he would ordain and set forth another and *better* way, both for *faith* and *manners*.—BURTON'S ANATOMY.

NERO'S IMPIETY AND SUICIDE.

The emperor Nero spoiled temples and altars, without discrimination, and thereby showed that religion was not only *despised*, but also *hated* by him. Nor did he spare that Syrian goddess which *he* worshipped, but sprinkled the face of her with urine. By these and the like means he became hated both of God and men, so that the people of Rome revolted from him, whereby he was compelled to a fearful and miserable flight; and, fearing they would inflict on him torments worse than death, he laid violent hands on himself.

A CARDINAL SAYING.

A cardinal, making a pompous entry into Paris, when the people were more pressingly earnest than usual for his fatherly benediction, said, “Quando quidem hic populus vult decipi, decipiatur in nomine diaboli.” Since these people *will* be fooled, let them be fooled in the devil’s name!—CLARK’S MIRROR.

HELIOGABULUS’ IMPIETY.

This emperor must needs be married to one of the vestal virgins. He caused the perpetual fire, which was ever preserved burning in honour of Vesta, to be put out; and, as one that intended to wage war with the gods, he violated indifferently all the rights and ceremonies of religion in Rome; by which impiety he so provoked gods and men against him, that he was assaulted and slain by his own soldiers.

LEO THE TENTH; HIS EXTORTION,
HYPOCRISY, AND IMPIETY.

Pope Leo the tenth, while admiring the huge mass of money which, by his *indulgencies*, he had raked together, thus atheistically addressed Cardinal Bembo:—
“*Vide quantum haec Fabula de Christo nobis profuit.*”—

See what a deal of wealth we have gotten by this *fable of Christ* ! And when he lay upon his death bed, the same cardinal rehearsing a text of Scripture to comfort him, his reply was, "*Apaga has nugus de Christo.*"—Away with these baubles concerning Christ !"—CLARK'S MIRROR.

THE SACRILEGE OF URACHA.

Uracha, queen of Aragon, made war with her son Alphonsus ; and when she wanted money, she determined to rifle the shrine of St. Isidore, at Leon, in Spain. Such as went with her feared to touch those treasures ; she, therefore, with her own hands, seized upon many things, but as she was going out of the temple she fell down dead ! So *dangerous* is it to adventure upon that which we ourselves are *persuaded* is sacrilege, though it should not be so in itself.

ALPHONSUS' IMPIOUS SPEECH.

Alphonsus, the tenth king of Spain, would usually blame PROVIDENCE, and say, that "had he been present with Almighty God in the creation of the world, many things should have been better ordered and disposed than they were." But let it be observed that he was

thrust out of his kingdom, made a private man, died in infamy, and hated by all men.

ROBBING A STATUE.

Leo IV., emperor of Constantinople, in shew of jest, (like another Dionysius) took off the crown from the head of St. Sophia, which had been made by former princes in honour of her, not without vast expenses, and afterwards wore it upon his own head. But his impiety passed not without its punishment, for instead of gems, carbuncles and envenomed pustules broke out on every part of his head, so that he was constrained thereby to lay aside his crown, and also to depart the world.

TURKISH IMPIETY.

Mahomet II. being repulsed by the inhabitants of Scodra on a furious assault made on that city, wished that he had never heard of the name Scodra, and in his choler and frantic rage most horribly blasphemed against God, and impiously said, that it was enough for God to take care of heavenly things, and not to cross him in his worldly actions. He kept no promise farther than for his ad-

vantage, and took all occasions to satisfy his lust.—

KNOWLES'S TURKISH HISTORY.

A COVETOUS AND IMPIOUS GENERAL.

M. Crassus, the Roman general, being on a military expedition into Parthia, in passing through Judea his covetousness excited him to commit sacrilege, so that he rifled the temple of Jerusalem of the treasures that were laid up in it ; but divine vengeance had him in chace for it ; for, not long after, he was overcome in battle by the Parthians, when he lost both his fame and life, together with his ill-gotten goods ; and, being found by his enemies when dead, had *molten gold* poured into his mouth to *upbraid his covetousness*.

HEATHEN TEMPLE SACRILEGIOUSLY PLUNDERED.

The temple of Delphos having been spoiled by Philomelus, Onomarchus, and Phaillus, they were visited with divine punishment.

The *ordained* punishment of the sacrilegious was, that they should die by being thrown headlong from some high place, or by being choked in the water, or burnt to ashes

in the fire. Not long after having committed this plunder one of them was burnt alive, another drowned, and the third thrown headlong from an high and steep place ; so that by these kinds of death they suffered according to that law which, amongst the Grecians, was made against sacrilege.

HEATHEN SACRILEGE PREVENTED.

Cambyses sent *fifty thousand* soldiers to pull down the temple of Jupiter Ammon ; but the whole number having halted to take their repast before they came to the place, betwixt Oasis and the Ammonians, they perished there under the vast heaps of sand that the wind blew upon them, so that not so much as one of them escaped, and the news of the calamity was only known to the neighbouring nations.

THE STABLE PREFERRED TO THE ALTAR.

Theophylast, son of the emperor, by the absolute power of his father, was seized of the patriarchate of Constantinople. He then became a merchant of horses, which he so violently affected, that besides the prodigious race of two thousand, which he ordinarily bred, he sometimes left the altar, where he sacrificed to the

living God, to hasten to see some mare of his that had foaled in the stable!

IMPIETY AND REBELLION CRUELLY PUNISHED.

Paulus Græcus had revolted from Bamba, king of the Goths, usurped the title of the king of Spain, and, besides other evil actions of his life, had taken out of a temple, in the city of Gerunda, a *crown*, which the devout king Bamba had consecrated to St. Felix.

Not long after he was duly rewarded for it, for he was taken by Bamba, against whom he had rebelled; he was brought from Nemausis, a city in France, to Toledo, in Spain, crowned with a *diadem of pitch*, his eyes put out, riding upon a camel with his face turned towards the tail, and followed all along with the reproaches and derision of all that beheld him.

ATHEISM AND IMMORALITY.

Bulco Opiliensis, some time Duke of Silesia, appears to have been a confirmed atheist. “He lived,” saith Æneas Sylvius, “at Uralislavia, and was so *mad* that he believed neither heaven nor hell, or that the soul was immortal, but married wives, and sent them away as he

thought proper, did murder and mischief, and whatsoever he himself took pleasure to do.”—BURTON’S ANATOMY.

DR. JOHNSON’S SUMMARY OF RELIGION.

The great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion is to make the *future* predominate over the *present*, to *impress* upon his mind as *strong a sense* of the *importance* of *obedience* to the *Divine will*, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope and fear may bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at another, against the threats of calamity.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

FROM WILBERFORCE.

One argument in favour of Christianity impresses my mind with particular force, and perhaps is not very commonly noticed, namely, the *great variety* of the kinds of evidence adduced in proof of Christianity, and the confirmation hereby afforded of its truth, such as the proof from *prophecy*, from *miracle*, from the *character* of CHRIST and his *apostles*, from the *nature* and *excellency* of its

practical precepts, from the *accordance* between the *doctrinal* and *practical* systems of Christianity, whether considered each in itself or in their mutual relation to each other; from other species of internal evidence; from the accounts of contemporary, or nearly contemporary writers; from the impossibility of accounting (on any other supposition than that of the truth of Christianity) for its promulgation and early prevalence; —these and other arguments have all been brought forward and ably argued by different writers, in proportion as they have struck the minds of different observers more or less forcibly. Now, supposing that some obscure and illiterate man, residing in a distant province of the Roman empire, had plotted to impose a forgery on the world; though some foundation for the imposture might have been attempted to be laid, yet it is *morally impossible* that *so many different* species of proofs, and all so strong, should have lent their concurrent aid, and have united their joint force to establish a falsehood. It may assist the reader in estimating the value of this argument to consider upon how different and inferior a footing has rested *every other* religious system, without exception, which was ever proposed to the world, and indeed every other *historical fact* of which the truth has been at all contested.”

FROM PALEY.

“ What is *clear* in Christianity we shall find to be sufficient, and to be infinitely valuable. What is *dubious*, unnecessary to be decided, or of very subordinate importance, and what is most obscure, should teach us to bear with the different opinions which others may have formed upon the same subject.”

M. HENRY'S OPINION OF RELIGION.

Religion is the best thing in the world ; it *forbids* nothing but what would injure our minds, and *enjoins* nothing what tends to give them force and vigour. True religion is the *only remedy* against *sin*, the *best philosophy* of the *wise*, the *comfort* of the *afflicted*, the *strength* of the *weak*, the *riches* of the *poor*, and the *support* of the *dying*. Religion gives part of its reward in hand here below, and gives the *best security* for the rest above. *It is best understood when most practised.*

Religion would have no enemies if it were not an enemy to *vice*.—MASSILLON.

DR. WATSON'S CONTRAST BETWEEN NEWTON AND PAINE.

The Bishop of Landaff, in a sermon in the chapel of the London Hospital, on the 8th April, and published in 1803, thus makes the contrast between Paine as an unbeliever, and Newton as a believer in Christianity.

“ I think myself justified in saying that a thousand such men are, in understanding, but as dust in the balance when weighed against Newton ;” a most evident truth and worthy the public consideration.

OPPOSITION TO CONVICTION.

We have many evidences of the *candour* of the inspired writers in their relating their own errors, and those of others who were the highly favoured objects of divine grace. Some were guilty of very heinous offences against the law of God, with which they were well acquainted, and the *obligation* of which they fully admitted.

We have a very remarkable instance in the history of Saul, king of Israel, also a prophet, who *knew* that he was appointed by *divine authority* to govern the kingdom. He also well knew, and often *expressed* his *conviction* that the Almighty had decreed that *David* should succeed him, to the exclusion of his own family. Under

the full impression of this conviction, he yet madly made attempts to counteract the declared will and determination of God, by endeavouring to cause the death of David, and also attempting his life with his own hand! Vain, impious man, thus cognoscent, to wage unequal strife with one who ne'er was foiled by force or craft, of strong or subtile foe! Did not Pilate also act against conviction when he *yielded* to the demand of the Jews, by delivering Christ up to suffer death? Of this he gave evidence by the inscription on the cross,—“This is Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews;” which he refused to alter, saying, “what I have written I have written!”

JUVENILE IMPIETY.

The *aged* prophet *Elisha*, on his way from Jericho to Bethel, was assailed with the insolent mockings of a number of *little children*, who it appears had not been taught to reverence the aged.

“There came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, saying, Go up thou *bald-head*, go up thou *bald-head*.”—2 Kings ii. 23.

They appear to have been *numerous*, for on the venerable prophet's turning to reprove them, *forty-two* of their number were punished by the two she bears that

issued from the wood. The fact, as narrated by the sacred historian, appears to have been given to shew that this kind of impiety was as much the abhorrence of the Divine Being as the insult offered to the venerable prophet, as the servant of the Most High!

THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE.

This celebrated philosopher, whom Dr. Boerhaave styled “the ornament of his age and country,” shewed his regard for religion by founding a lecture at St. Paul’s in defence of the gospel against unbelievers, without any regard to differences among Christians, and also spent large sums for spreading the Christian religion among the heathen. The design of the lectures, as expressed by a codicil annexed to his will in 1691, is “to prove the truth of the Christian religion against infidels, without descending to any controversies among Christians, and to answer new difficulties, scruples, &c. To this appointment we are indebted for many learned and able defences both of natural and revealed religion, —“ Which,” says Boerhaave, “of Mr. Boyle’s writings shall I recommend? *All of them.*—To him we owe the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils; so that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge.





W. Sear, Typ. Hodge Row.

He was one of the original founders of the Royal Society, in 1645. At the restoration he was strongly solicited to enter into holy orders, with the offer of considerable advancement, but though he was a *Christian* upon *principle*, yet he chose rather to pursue his studies as a layman ; thinking also, that what he should say or write in behalf of religion, would have more weight as coming from one in that condition than from a clergyman. He died December 30, 1691, and was buried in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields. The funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who gives a very copious and elegant account of the character, talents, and virtues of this amiable man.

KING JOHN ; THE VALUE OF HIS RELIGION.

John, king of England, having been a short time before reconciled to the pope, and then receiving an overthrow in France, exclaimed in great anger, " Nothing has prospered with me since I was reconciled to God and the pope."

Being also, on a time of hunting, at the opening of a fat buck—" See," said he, " how the deer hath prospered, and how fat he is ; and yet, I dare say, he hath never heard mass."

He is said, in some distress, to have sent Thomas Hardington and Ralph Fitz Nichols, knights, on an embassy to Miramumalim, king of Africa and Morocco, with offer of his kingdom, upon condition that he would come and aid him ; and, that if he prevailed, he would become a *Mahometan* and renounce the *Christian faith*.

The end of him was, that he was poisoned by a monk at Swinstead Abbey, in Lincolnshire.—*Baker's Chronicle, and Stowe.*

HOBBS, DR. JOHN WALLIS'S REMARKS ON HIS WRITINGS.

Dr. Wallis, the mathematician, in a letter dated Oxford, Nov. 30, 1680, and addressed to Mr. (afterwards archbishop) Tenison, thus writes :—"Sir, I received yours of the 25th of November, and approve the design. The life you speak of I have not seen, nor do I know that I ever saw the man (Mr. Hobbes.) Of his writings I have read very little, save what relates to mathematics. By that I find him to have been of a bold and daring fancy to venture at any thing, but he wanted judgment to understand the consequence of an argument, and to speak *consistently* with himself. Whereby, his argumentations, which he pretends to be demonstrative, are very often but weak and incoherent

discourses, and destructive in one part, of what is said in another, sometimes within the compass of the same page or leaf. This is more convincingly evident (and unpardonable) in mathematics than in other discourses, which are things capable of cogent demonstration ; and so evident, that though a good mathematician may be subject to commit an error, yet one who understands but little of it, cannot but see a fault when it is shown him. ‘For,’ (they are his own words : Leviathan, part 1, cap. 5, p. 21.) ‘who is so stupid as both to mistake in geometry, and also to *persist* in it when another detects his error to him ?’ Now, when so many hundred paralogisms and false propositions have been shewed him in his mathematics, by those who have written against, and that so *evidently*, that no one mathematician at home or abroad (no, not those of his intimate friends) have been found to justify him in any one of them, which makes him somewhere say of himself, ‘Aut ego solus insanio, aut solus non insanio ;’ he hath yet been so *stupid* (to use his own word) to persist in them, and to repeat and defend them : particularly, he hath first and last given us near twenty quadratures of the circle, of which some few, though false, have been coincident (which, therefore, I repute for the same, only differently disguised), but more than a dozen of them are such as no two of them are consistent : and yet he would have

them thought to be all true. Now either he *thought* so himself (and then you must take him to be a person of a very shallow capacity, and not such a man of reason as he would be thought to be) or else, *knowing* them to be *false*, was obstinately resolved, notwithstanding, to maintain them as true (and he must then be a person of *no faith* or *honesty*); and if he argues at this rate in *mathematics*, what are we to expect in his other discourses? Nor am I the first who have taken notice of his *incoherent* way of discourse and *illogical* inferences. Mr. Boyle, in his Examen of Mr. Hobbes's Dialogus Physicus de Naturâ Aëris, p. 15 (and I think elsewhere, though I do not remember the place), refers to Dr. Ward's Dissertatio in Philosophiam Hobbianam, p. 188, who voucheth Des Cartes to the same purpose; 'Nempe hoc est quod alicubi admiratus est magnus Cartesius nusquam eum, sive verum, sive falsum posuerit, recte aliquid ex suppositionibus Academicarum,' against one Webster, with some animadversions on Mr. Hobbes. He had, in his younger days, some insight in mathematics, and which, at that time, (when few had any) passed for a great deal, on the credit of which he did much bear himself up as a great man, and having somewhat singular; and therefore despised divines, as not being philosophers, or not mathematicians, without which he would have thought it impossible to do any

good in philosophy ; De Corpore, cap. 6, sect. 6.— And so long as he did but talk, and forbear to write, he did, by his own report, pass for a mathematician ; but, when once he began to *write* mathematics, he presently fell into those gross absurdities, and discovered, in himself, such an incapacity for it as could not have been imagined, if he had foreborne to write ; and truly, I look upon it as a great providence that God should leave him to so great a degree of infatuation, in that wherein he did so much pride himself. For, whereas in discourses of other subjects, mistakes may be *shuffled* over with a multitude of great words, in mathematics it cannot be so ; and, hereby, he discovered himself (without possibility of palliation) not to be that man of reason he would be thought to be. For, though a man may be *rational*, who is not a mathematician (and had he not *pretended* to it his ignorance had been excusable), but for so *great a pretender*, and who had *gloried* in it for so long a time, and was acquainted with the *principles* of it, from *such* principles to *infer* such *absurd* conclusions, must needs argue a want of logic and an incapacity, not only to reason well, but even to *understand* reason. And, I guess, it was his *affectation of singularity* (as much as any thing) which made him engage in *atheistical tenets*, that he might *seem* to be a man of greater reach than all the world besides. I know not what to

add more ; but if this may contribute any thing to your satisfaction, it is at your service.

Yours, to serve you, JOHN WALLIS."

EDWARD GIBBON.

This elegant writer was born in 1737, at Putney, and when very young, was sent to the grammar school at Kingston, then to Westminster school, and afterwards to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he contracted the principles of popery, which greatly alarmed his father, who, to recover him, sent him to a Protestant minister at Lausanne, in Switzerland, where he did indeed renounce his new creed, but at the same time he abandoned Christianity altogether ! Few writers were possessed of such popular talents as our historian. His periods are full and harmonious ; his language is always well chosen, and is frequently distinguished by a new and peculiarly happy adaptation. His style, on the whole, is much too artificial ; and this gives a degree of monotony to his periods, which extends, we had almost said, to the turn of his thoughts. A more serious objection is his attack upon Christianity ; the *loose* and *disrespectful manner* in which he mentions many points of morality regarded as important on the principles of natural religion ; and the *indecent* allusions and expression which too often occur in the work. An attack upon

Christianity is not always to be complained of as such ; it *may* proceed from honest motives ; but in that case the attack will never be carried on in an *insidious* manner, and with improper weapons, and Christianity itself, so far from dreading, will *invite* every mode of *fair* and candid discussion. Our historian, it must be confessed, often *makes*, when he cannot readily find, an opportunity to insult the Christian religion. Such, indeed, is his eagerness in the cause, that he stoops to the most despicable pun, or to the most awkward *perversion of language*, for the *pleasure* of turning the Scripture into ribaldry, or calling Jesus an impostor. Yet, of the Christian religion he has observed, “ that it contains a *pure, benevolent, and universal* system of ethics, adapted to every duty and every condition of life.” *Such* an acknowledgement, and from such a writer, too, ought to have due weight with a certain class of *readers*, and of *authors* likewise, and lead them *seriously* to consider how far it is *consistent* with the character of good citizens to endeavour by *sly insinuations, oblique hints, indecent sneer, and profane ridicule*, to weaken the *influence* of so *pure and benevolent* a system as that of Christianity, *acknowledged* to be admirably calculated for promoting the happiness of individuals, and the welfare of society.

Mr. Hayley thus laments the irreligious spirit by which his friend was actuated :—

“ Think not my verse means blindly to engage
In rash defence of thy profaner page !
Though keen her spirit, her attachment fond,
Base service cannot suit with friendship's bond ;
Too firm from duty's sacred path to turn,
She breathes an honest sigh of deep concern,
And pities genius, when his wild career
Gives Faith a wound, or Innocence a tear ;
Humility herself, divinely mild,
Sublime religion's meek and modest child,
Like the dumb son of Croesus, in the strife
Where force assail'd his father's sacred life,
Breaks silence, and with filial duty warm,
Bids thee revere her parent's hallowed form.”

ESSAY ON HISTORY.

The part of the history which gave offence to his friend, Mr. Hayley, and to the other friends of the Christian religion, was the account given of the progress and establishment of Christianity, in the two last chapters of the first volume of his history, in which he endeavours to prove that the wonderful triumph of that religion over all the established religions of the earth, was not owing to any *miraculous* attestations to its truth, but to five secondary causes, which he enumerates ; and that Christianity of course could not be of divine origin. Several learned men opposed him ; but the only one he replied to was Mr. Davies, who had undertaken to

point out various instances of misrepresentation, inaccuracy, and even plagiarism, in his account. The reply was in a tone of proud contempt, and confident superiority. To this Mr. Davies replied, and it is but justice to observe, that his reply bears evident marks of learning, judgment, and critical acumen, and that he has *convicted* our author of sometimes *quoting inaccurately* to serve a purpose.

His posthumous memoirs shew how much he felt the attacks made on him by Lord Hailes, Dr. White of Oxford, and Mr. Taylor. Besides these he was answered by Dr. Chelsum, Dr. Randolph, Dr. Watson (bishop of Llandaff,) Dr. Priestley, and Mr. Apthorpe; at these he merely glanced, treating Dr. Watson, however, with particular respect.

Mr. Gibbon died in 1794, since which his posthumous works have been published by his friend Lord Sheffield.

GEORGE, LORD LYTTLETON.

This eminent writer, poet, and historian, was born in 1709, at Hagley, in Oxfordshire, and was educated at Eton and at Oxford. In 1728 he set out on his travels, and on his return obtained a seat in parliament, and became one of the keenest opponents of Sir Robert Walpole. He spoke often in the house on the side of

opposition, although his father, Sir Thomas Lyttleton, was one of the lords of the admiralty, and voted accordingly with the ministry.

When Mr. Pitt, the late Earl of Chatham, lost his commission in the guards, in consequence of his spirited behaviour in parliament, Mr. Lyttleton was in waiting at Leicester house, and, on hearing the circumstance, immediately wrote these lines :—

“ Long had thy virtue mark’d thee out for fame
Far, far superior to a cornet’s name :
This generous Walpole saw ; and, grieved to find
So *mean* a post disgrace that noble mind,
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.”

In 1741 he married Lucy, the sister of Lord Fortescue, by whom he had a son and two daughters. His amiable wife died in 1747, on which occasion he bewailed her loss in a beautiful monody. In 1749 he married the daughter of Sir Robert Rich, but this union did not repair the former breach. On the retirement of Sir Robert Walpole he was made one of the lords of the treasury.

It was in the year 1747 that he published the work which has been stated to be “superior to all praise,”

entitled, “*Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul.*”

He acknowledged that in his juvenile days he had been led into scepticism ; but *mature research and conviction* made him a Christian. In 1757 he was raised to the peerage. His last literary work was the *History of Henry II.*, which, after a great application of twenty years, he published in 1764. This work reached a *third* edition in 1768, and does honour to the judgment and candour of the author. He also wrote “*Poems,*” the “*Persian Letters,*” and “*Dialogues of the Dead.*”

This eminent ornament of the Christian religion departed this life in 1770, dying as he had long lived, a Christian.

CELSUS ; HIS EVIDENCE TO CHRISTIANITY.

Celsus was an Epicurean philosopher of the second century, and wrote a book against Christianity, which was answered by Origen. Celsus, although a most violent opposer of Christianity, mentions so many circumstances in the *History of Christ*, that an abstract of it might almost be taken from the fragments of his book *Λογος αληδης*, or *The True Word*, preserved by Origen. He never pretends to doubt the real existence of Christ, or the truth of the miraculous facts. Now it cannot be

supposed that Celsus would have admitted the miracles of Christ as real facts, had he not been compelled to it by the universal consent of all men in the age in which he lived ; so that the question with a *candid* arguer can never be whether the miracles be true in fact, but whether the truth of the miracles in the circumstances in which they were performed infer the *divine authority* of the *performer*. See Lardner, vol. viii. p. 62, &c.

JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU.

This eccentric genius was the son of a watchmaker at Geneva, where he was born in 1712. His education though but scanty, he made up for by application. His various works exhibit the vile talent of rendering every thing problematical, and is particularly conspicuous in his *Heloisa*, in his arguments in favour of, and against duelling, which afford an apology for suicide, and a just condemnation of it ; in his facility in palliating the crime of adultery, and his very strong reasons to make it abhorred ; on the one hand, in declamations against social happiness, on the other in transports in favour of humanity ; here in violent rhapsodies against philosophers, there by a rage for adopting their opinions ; the existence of God attacked by sophistry, and atheists confuted by the most irrefragable arguments ; the

Christian religion combated by the most specious objections, and celebrated with the most sublime eulogies. But this has always been a favorite method of procedure with unbelievers. By *affecting* to give the *strongest* reasonings on *both* sides of a question, and thus enable a reader to weigh carefully before he decides, *such* a writer *naturally* takes care to give *greater force* to the *sceptical* side of an argument, and thus compels an *unsuspecting* reader, who is not aware of the design, to determine in favour of principles he should abhor. In his *Emilia*, which appeared in 1762, he exhibits much that is valuable, and also that which is absurd, impracticable, or dangerous. Here, again, conformably with his leading, though *disguised* object, in *affecting* to educate a young man as a Christian, he has filled his third volume with objections against Christianity. He has, it must be confessed, given a very sublime eulogium on the Gospel, and an affecting portrait of its Divine Author; but the *miracles* and the *prophecies* which serve to establish his mission he attacks without the least reserve. Admitting only *natural* religion, he weighs every thing in the balance of reason; and this reason, being false, leads him into dilemmas very unfavourable to his own repose and happiness. From the literary history of Rousseau and Voltaire, our readers may learn that if a man of genius *wishes* to degrade, embase, and

brutalize this glorious faculty, he has nothing to do but to adopt infidel notions ; whereas if he wish, enjoying such a requisite, still farther to exalt and ennoble his character, he has only to imitate such men as Pascal, Newton, and Euler. In 1766 he visited England, on the invitation of Mr. Hume, but remained only a short time, owing to his capricious humour, which led him to think his best friends were his greatest enemies. He obtained leave to return to Paris upon condition of never writing upon religion or government. M. Sennebier remarks, “ It is somewhat singular to see a man so *haughty* as he returning to the very place from whence he had been banished so often. Nor is it one of the smallest inconsistencies of this extraordinary character that he preferred a retreat in that place of which he had spoken so much ill.”

He died of apoplexy, on the 2d July, 1778, aged 66 years.

PASCAL AND VOLTAIRE.

THE DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF THE LATTER, IN CORRUPTING “ PASCAL’S THOUGHTS.”

The celebrated Blaise Pascal was one of the greatest geniuses and best writers, both as a mathematician and a philosopher, that France ever produced—he was born

in 1623, at Clermont, in Auvergne, and his father, who was a learned man, was his only teacher. In his younger years he applied himself to the study of mathematics, and understood Euclid's Elements as soon as he cast his eyes upon them. Ill health compelled him to relinquish his labours for some years, until at last, when about twenty-four years of age, he forsook the study of human learning to devote himself to acts of devotion and penance. Though he had thus retired from the world, he was not indifferent about what was going on in it, for in his thirtieth year he published his *Lettres Provinciales*, under the name of Louis de Montalte, taking the part of the Jansenists against the Jesuits, making the latter the subject of his ridicule. "These letters," says Voltaire, "may be considered as a model of eloquence and humour. Examples of all the various specimens of eloquence may be found in the work." Towards the close of his life he employed himself wholly in devout and moral reflections, writing down those he deemed worthy of being preserved. The scraps of paper upon which he had written these thoughts, were found after his death, in 1662, filed upon different pieces of string without any order or connection, and being copied exactly as they were written, they were afterwards arranged and published under the title of *Pensees*, &c. ; or, *Thoughts upon Religion and other subjects*, being parts of a work he had intended

against Atheists and Infidels, which has been much admired. The Abbé Bossu, who edited his works in 1799, says—"This extraordinary man inherited from nature all the powers of genius. In his Thoughts there are passages, the depth and beauty of which are incomparable." The celebrated Bayle says—"An hundred volumes of sermons are not of so much avail as a simple life of Pascal." His humility and his devotion mortified the libertines more than if they had been attacked by a dozen Missionaries. When we consider his character we are almost inclined to doubt that he was born of a woman, like the man mentioned by Lucretius :—*ut vir humana videatur stirpe creatus*.

VOLTAIRE, who thought it impossible he could do too much towards limiting the influence of Christianity in the world, could not suffer so extraordinary and popular a book as "Pascal's Thoughts," to be circulated always in their *original* state. He therefore undertook to *corrupt* them in a way that exhibits one of the most singular specimens of *literary artifice*, that has ever been imposed upon the world. The artifice consisted in publishing an edition of the Thoughts, with *notes by Voltaire himself*. In this edition he differently arranged, or rather *disarranged*, the Thoughts themselves, so as to destroy much of their beauty and force. Some *new passages* were inserted, taken from manuscripts of Pascal, to which he had access; and in the introduction of

which he has taken care to *blend* some abominable things of his own invention, for the purpose of making Pascal appear as unprincipled a hypocrite as himself! Added to this, he also introduced into the body of the work, and under the running title of Pascal's Thoughts, a discourse, intended to bring the *immortality of the soul* into question. The *phraseology*, too, of Pascal, he has often *changed*, and various *notes* are *added* here and there, in order to make some passages appear laughable, others weak, and others absurd. If infidelity can make a man of genius stoop to such dirty work as this, what *honest* man must not *shudder* at the *idea* of becoming an infidel? Voltaire, as the leader of a new sect, has caused a revolution in wit and morals, and whilst he has often exerted his powerful talents to promote the cause of reason and humanity, to inspire princes with toleration, and with horror for war, he has too often exerted himself in extending principles of irreligion, anarchy, and libertinism. Ever inconstant, he was the *Freethinker* at London, the *Cartesian* at Versailles, the *pretended Christian* at Nancy, and the *undisguised infidel* at Berlin. From the high character of the *moralist*, he frequently descended into the *buffoon*, from the *philosopher* he became an *enthusiast*, from *mildness* he passed to *passion*, from *flattery* to *satire*, from the *love of money* to the *love of luxury*, from the *modesty* of a *wise* man to the

vanity of an impious wit. It has been said that his physiognomy (see frontispiece) partook of that of the *eagle* and of the *ape*, and his character exhibited him occasionally with sensibility, but void of affection; voluptuous, but without passions; open, without sincerity; and liberal, without generosity. As a man of letters he must stand on very high ground for versatility of talent, for brilliancy of imagination, for astonishing ease, for exquisite taste, and for vast extent of knowledge. He died on the 30th May, 1788, and was buried at Sellieres, but his remains were, during the revolution, removed by a decree of the Convention, to the Church of St. Genevieve, at Paris.

DEISM DELINEATED.

Deism signifies the doctrine or belief of the Deists.

Deism, from $\Theta\epsilon\omicron\varsigma$, God, may properly be used to denote natural religion, as comprehending those truths which have a real foundation in *reason* and *nature*; and in this sense it is so far from being opposite to Christianity, that it is one grand design of the Gospel to illustrate and enforce it. Thus some of the deistical writers have affected to use it. But deism more precisely signifies that system of religion, relating both to doctrine and practice, which every man is to discover for himself by the *mere force* of natural reason, inde-

pendent of all revelation, and exclusive of it; and this religion Dr. Tindal and others pretend is so perfect, as to be incapable of receiving any addition or improvement even from divine revelation. Deists hold that, considering the multiplicity of religions, the numerous pretensions to revelation, and the precarious arguments generally advanced in proof thereof, the best and surest way is to return to the simplicity of nature, and the belief of one God, which is the only truth *agreed to* by all nations. They complain that the freedom of *thinking* and *reasoning* is oppressed under the yoke of religion; and that the minds of men are ridden and tyrannised over by the necessity imposed on them of believing inconceivable mysteries, and contend that nothing should be required to be assented to, or believed, but what their reason clearly conceives. Dr. Clarke distinguishes four sorts of deists—

1. Those who profess to believe the existence of an eternal, infinite, intelligent Being, who made the world, without concerning himself in the government of it.

2. Those who believe the Being, and natural providence of God, but deny the difference of actions as morally good or evil, resolving it into the arbitrary constitution of human laws, and therefore they *suppose* that God takes *no notice of them*. With respect to both

these classes, he observes that their opinions can consistently terminate in nothing but downright Atheism.

3. Those who, having right apprehensions of the nature, attributes, and all governing providence of God, seem also to have some notion of his moral perfections ; though they consider them as transcendent, and such in nature and degree, that we can form no true judgment nor argue with any certainty concerning them ; but they deny the immortality of human souls ; alleging that men perish at death, and that the *present* life is the whole of human existence.

4. Those who believe the existence, perfections, and providence of God, the obligations of natural religion, and a state of future retribution, on the evidence of the light of nature, without a divine revelation. Such as these, he says, are the only true deists ; but their principles, he apprehends, should lead them to embrace Christianity, and therefore he concludes that there is now no *consistent scheme* of deism in the world.

The first deistical writer of any note that appeared in this country was Herbert, baron of Cherbury, who lived in the last century. His work, "*De Veritate*," was first published at Paris, in 1624. His celebrated work, "*De Religione Gentilium*," was published at Amsterdam, in 1663, and an English translation appeared in London,

in 1705. As he was one of the first that formed deism into a system, and asserted the sufficiency, universality, and absolute perfection of *natural religion*, with a view to discard all extraordinary revelation as useless and needless, we shall subjoin the five fundamental articles of this universal religion. The 1st is, That there is one supreme God. 2. That He is chiefly to be worshipped. 3. That *piety* and *virtue* are the principal part of his worship. 4. That we must *repent* of our sins ; and if we do so, God will pardon them. 5. That there are *rewards* for *good* men, and *punishments* for *bad* men, both *here* and *hereafter*. The positions of this and many other deists have been examined with much ability by Dr. Leland, in his "View of the Deistical writers." But we are not sure that we need refer even our hesitating readers to this work, satisfactory as most of his arguments are. Many of the deistical writers would have been *forgotten* long before this, had they not been kept in recollection by Dr. Leland's work. We have always thought the preserving vipers in spirits a disgusting practice, and we are besides convinced that every *correct reasoner*, whose turn of mind is not *biassed* by *previous indulgence in vice*, on comparing the difficulties and supports of the *purest* deism (that of Herbert) with those of Christianity, will find abundant reason to prefer *the latter*, and to say in the language of Scripture. " Their rock

is not as *our* rock, our enemies themselves being judges!"—GREGORY.

INFIDELITY, ITS EFFECTS, &c.

Infidelity considered as a disbelief of Christianity, or rather as a kind of semi-atheism, has always found *some* advocates; and for this it is no way difficult to assign a reason. "Men love *darkness* rather than light, *because* their deeds are evil, neither will they *come* to the light lest their deeds should be reprov'd." A new sect of infidels has arisen in the present age, who, with a boldness unknown to their predecessors, not only reject religion as *false*, but condemn it as *pernicious*. The great majority of former unbelievers were so far from denying its *usefulness*, that they represented it as an *invention of statesmen* for the very purpose of giving *aid to morality*, and efficacy to the laws; but some of our modern infidels declare open war against every principle and form of religion, *natural* as well as *revealed*, as *hostile* to morality, and therefore destructive to the happiness of the human race! By uniting more closely with each other, by giving a sprinkling of irreligion to all their literary productions, they aim to engross the formation of the public mind, and amidst the *warmest profession* of attachment to virtue, to effect

an entire disruption of morality from religion. The sceptical or irreligious system subverts the whole foundation of morals. It may be affirmed as a *maxim* that no person can be required to act contrary to his greatest good, by his highest interests, comprehensively viewed in relation to the whole duration of his being.

The system of infidelity is not only *incapable* of arming virtue for *great* and *trying* occasions, but leaves it unsupported in the most ordinary occurrences. Rewards and punishments awarded by an *omnipotent Being*, afford a palpable and pressing motive, which can never be neglected without renouncing the character of a rational creature ; but tastes and relishes are not to be prescribed. A motive in which the reason of man shall acquiesce, enforcing the practice of virtue at all times and seasons, enters into the very essence of *moral* obligation ; modern infidelity supplies no such motives ; it is, therefore, essentially and infallibly a system of enervation, turpitude, and vice.

This system is as barren of great and sublime virtues as it is prolific in crimes. It requires but little reflection to perceive that whatever *veils* a future world, and *contracts the limits* of existence within the present life, must tend, in a proportionable degree to diminish the grandeur, and narrow the sphere of human agency. As well might you expect *exalted* sentiments of *justice*

from a professed *gamester*, as look for noble principles in the man whose hopes and fears are all suspended on the *present moment*, and who stakes the whole happiness of his being on the events of this vain and fleeting life. If ever he is impelled to the performance of great achievements in a good cause, it must be *solely* by the hope of fame; a motive, which besides that it makes virtue the servant of opinion, usually grows *weaker* at the approach of *death*, and which, however it may surmount the love of existence, in the heat of battle, or in the moment of public observation, can seldom be expected to operate with much force on the retired duties of a private station.

In affirming that infidelity is unfavourable to the higher class of virtues, we are supported as well by *facts* as by reasoning. We should be sorry to load our adversaries with unmerited reproach; but to what *history*, to what *record* will they appeal for the traits of *moral greatness* exhibited by their disciples. Where shall we look for the *trophies* of infidel *magnanimity*, or atheistical *virtue*? Not that we mean to accuse them of *inactivity*, they have recently filled the world with the fame of their exploits; exploits of a *different* kind indeed, but of imperishable memory, and *disastrous* lustre.

Though it is confessed that great and splendid actions

are not the ordinary employment of life, but must, from their nature, be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their cultivation. They often save, and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life:—monuments of the *greatness* of the human soul, they present to the world the *august* image of virtue in her *sublimest* form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their *commemoration*, by the pen of historians and poets, awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence.

Combine the frequent and familiar penetration of atrocious deeds, with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society, which *completes the degradation of the species*. Hitherto we have considered the influence of scepticism on the principles of virtue, and have endeavoured to shew that it *despoils it of its dignity, and lays its authority in the dust*.

Would our limits permit, we should proceed to trace its *influence* on the *formation of character*, and to *shew* that it tends to *corrupt the moral taste*, and *promote the growth* of those vices which are most *hostile* to social

happiness, namely, *vanity*, *ferocity*, and *unbridled sensuality*, but as this has been well executed by Mr. Hall of Leicester, in a sermon on modern infidelity, published some years ago, and which furnished us with the above powerful reasonings, we beg to refer the inquiring mind to it, promising both instruction and delight from its profound and masterly reasoning, and its brilliant and fascinating eloquence.

SCEPTICISM.

The term *sceptic* properly signifies considerative and inquisitive, or one who is always weighing reasons on the one side and the other, without ever *deciding* between them. A system of philosophy thus founded on doubt and clouded with uncertainty, could neither teach tenets of any importance, nor prescribe a certain rule of conduct; and accordingly we find that the followers of scepticism were guided entirely by chance. As they could form no *certain* judgment respecting good and evil, they *accidentally* learned the folly of eagerly pursuing any apparent good, or of avoiding any apparent evil, and their minds of course settled into a state of undisturbed tranquillity, the *grand postulatium* of their system.

Plato refutes the great principle of the sceptics thus :

—“ When you say that *all* things are *incomprehensible*, do you *comprehend* or *conceive* that they are thus *incomprehensible*, or do you not? If you do, then *something* is *comprehensible*; if you do not, there is no *reason* we should *believe* you, since you do *not comprehend* your own assertion.”

Scepticism has not been confined entirely to the ancients and to the followers of Pyrrho,* numerous sceptics have arisen also in modern times, varying in their principles, manners, and character, as chance, prejudice, vanity, weakness, or indolence prompted them. The great object, however, which they seem to have in view, is to overturn, or at least to *weaken* the evidence of *analogy*, *experience*, and *testimony*; though *some* of them have even attempted to show that the *axioms* of geometry are uncertain, and its *demonstrations* inconclusive. This last attempt has not indeed been often made, but the chief aim of Mr. Hume's philoso-

* An ancient sect of philosophers founded by Pyrrho, who from the distinguishing tenets, or characteristics of their philosophy, were called *Aporetici*, to doubt; from their *suspension* and *hesitation* they were called *Ephectici*, to stay or keep back; and lastly, they were called *Zetetici*, or seekers, from their never getting beyond the search of truth.

phical writings is to introduce *doubts* into every branch of physics, metaphysics, history, ethics, and theology. We may confidently refer our readers to very able refutations of Mr. Hume's reasonings in behalf of modern scepticism, by Drs. Beattie, Campbell, Gregory, and Reid, who have also exposed the weakness of the sceptical reasonings of Des Cartes, Malebranche, and others of the same school.

CREDIBILITY OF MIRACLES.

Time need not be thrown away in proving that the miracles, as represented in the writings of the New Testament, were of such a nature, and performed before so many witnesses, that no imposition could possibly be practised on the senses of those who affirm that they were present. From every page of the Gospel this is so evident, that the philosophical adversaries of the Christian faith never suppose the apostles to have been themselves *deceived*, but boldly accuse them of bearing false witness. But if this accusation be well founded, their testimony itself is as great a miracle as any which they record of themselves or of their master. The very system of religion which they are thus said to have *invented* and resolved to impose upon mankind, was so contrived, that the worldly prosperity of its first

preachers, and even their exemption from persecution was *incompatible* with its success. Had these *clear predictions* of the author of that religion under whom the apostles acted only as ministers, not been *verified*, all mankind must have instantly perceived that their pretence to inspiration was false, and that Christianity was a scandalous and impudent imposture. All this the apostles could not but foresee when they formed their plan for deluding the world, whence it follows, that when they *resolved* to support their *pretended* revelation by an appeal to *forged* miracles, they *wilfully* and with their eyes open, exposed themselves to inevitable misery, whether they should *succeed* or *fail* in their enterprise, and that they concerted their measures so as *not* to admit of a *possibility* of recompense to themselves, either in *this* life, or in that *which is to come*. But if there be a law of nature, for the *reality* of which we have better evidence than we have for others, it is “that no man can choose misery for its own sake,” or make the acquisition of it the *ultimate end* of his pursuit. The existence of other laws of nature we know by testimony and our own observation of the *regularity* of their *effects*. The existence of this law is made known to us, not only by these means, but also by the still *clearer* and more *conclusive* evidence of our own consciousness. Thus, then, do miracles force themselves upon our assent in

every possible view which we can take of this interesting subject. If the testimony of the first preachers of Christianity was *true*, the miracles recorded in the Gospel were certainly performed, and the doctrines of our religion are derived from heaven. On the other hand, if that testimony was *false*, either God must have *miraculously* effaced from the minds of those by whom it was given, all the associations formed between their sensible ideas and the words of language, or he must have endowed those men with the gift of *prescience*, and have impelled them to fabricate a pretended revelation for the purpose of deceiving the world, and involving themselves in *certain* and *foreseen* destruction.

The miracles recorded in the Gospel, if *real*, were wrought in support of a revelation, which, in the opinion of all by whom it is received, has brought to light many important truths, which could not otherwise have been made known to men, and which, by the *confession of its adversaries*, contains the *purest moral precepts* by which the conduct of mankind was ever directed. The opposite series of miracles, if real, was performed to enable, and even to *compel* a company of Jews of the lowest rank and of the narrowest education, to fabricate, with the view of *inevitable destruction to themselves*, a *consistent* scheme of falsehood, and by an appeal to *forged* miracles to impose it upon the world as a revelation from heaven.

The *object* of the *former* miracles is worthy of a God of infinite wisdom, goodness, and power. The object of the *latter* is absolutely *inconsistent* with wisdom and goodness, which are demonstrably attributes of that Being by whom *alone* miracles can be performed. Whence it follows that the supposition of the apostles bearing *false* testimony to the miracles of their master, implies a series of deviations from the laws of nature *infinitely less probable* in themselves than those miracles ; and therefore, by Mr. Hume's maxim, we must necessarily *reject* the supposition of *falsehood* in the testimony, and *admit* the *reality* of the miracles. So true is it, that for the *reality* of the Gospel miracles, we have *evidence as convincing* to the reflecting mind as those had who were contemporary with Christ and his apostles, and were actual witnesses to their mighty works. As much of the discussion relative to miracles, according to the channel into which it has been thrown by Hr. Hume and his disciples, is made to turn upon the phrase, "*Laws of Nature ;*" we must not forget to remark that in this enquiry, nothing can consistently be meant by the laws of nature but those laws by which the *moral* and *physical* worlds are governed, and that since this question respects altogether the *moral* government of God, the *moral* laws of nature ought here to fall principally under consideration. This consideration, how-

ever, is totally lost sight of, and the *physical* laws alone regarded by Mr. Hume in estimating the credibility of miracles, which is just as absurd as it would be to refer *solely* to the laws of contracts, oaths, and promises, the criteria of virtue and vice, and other moral principles, in order to investigate a correct and unobjectionable theory of *physical astronomy*. Considered, then, in this point of view, it is evident that the *extraordinary nature* of the fact is no ground for disbelief, provided such a fact, *morally* contemplated, was from the condition of man, become necessary ;—for in that case the Deity by dispensing his assistance in proportion to our wants, acted upon the same principle as in his more *ordinary* occupations. For whatever the *physical* effects may be, if their *moral* tendency be the *same*, they form a part of the same moral law. Now in the events called *miraculous*, the Deity is influenced by the same moral principle as in his usual dispensations, and being induced by the same motive to accomplish the same end, the laws of God's moral government are not violated, such laws being established by the *motives* and the *ends produced*, and not by the *means employed*. In estimating, therefore, the credibility of a miracle, we look at the *moral*, not the *physical* effect ; and it is on this account that every *unbiassed* mind is compelled, almost antecedent to any enquiry, to reject most of the pretended miracles of

the Romish church. But estimating the miracles of the apostolic age by this criterion, there cannot be found the shadow of a reason for doubting them. In this enquiry, too, it ought not to be forgotten that many of the first adversaries of our religion, and those the most formidable, never disputed the *truth* and *reality* of miracles; on the contrary, they mention them as having been performed. The Jews themselves acknowledge their reality. Julian and Celsus, two avowed enemies of Christianity, amongst *all* the arts which they used to destroy its credibility, ventured not to deny that our Saviour and his apostles wrought miracles; but ascribed them to *magic*! Facts confessed by those who had the *greatest interest* in *denying* them, ought to be admitted. But such is the *hardihood* of unbelief, and the impenetrability of the mind, when conviction must lead us to an abandonment of *practical* as well as *mental error*, that our *modern* infidels deny what the first unbelievers, with all *their superior* means of information found themselves obliged to admit. Magna est veritas et prevalebit.

A CHRISTIAN PRECEPT, UNKNOWN TO PHILOSOPHERS.

A remarkable precept of the Christian religion, *new* and *excellent*, is, "Forgive your enemy." The wisest moralists of the wisest ages and nations represented the *desire* of revenge as the mark of a noble mind, and the *accomplishment* of it as one of the *chief felicities* attendant on a fortunate man. But how much more *magnanimous*, how much more *beneficial* to mankind, is *forgiveness* ! It is more magnanimous, because every *generous* and *exalted* disposition of the human mind is *requisite* to the practice of it ; for these alone can enable us to bear the wrongs and insults of wickedness and folly with patience, and to look down on the perpetrators of them with pity rather than with indignation ; these alone can teach us that such are but a part of those sufferings allotted to us in this state of probation, and to know that to "*overcome evil with good*" is the *most glorious of all victories*. It is the most *beneficial*, because this amiable conduct alone can put an end to an *eternal succession* of injuries and retaliations ; for every retaliation becomes a *new injury*, and requires *another* act of revenge for satisfaction. But would we observe this *salutary* precept, to love our enemies, and to do good to those who despitefully use us, this *obstinate benevolence* would

at last conquer the *most inveterate* hearts, and we should have *no enemies* to forgive.

This *noble* and *useful* virtue is an *obvious remedy* for most of the miseries of this life, and a *necessary qualification* for the happiness of another.

JULIAN, SURNAMED THE APOSTATE, HIS EVIDENCE

This Roman emperor was the younger son of Constantius, brother of Constantine the Great, and was born at Constantinople, A.D. 331. His education was liberal, and he made an open and rather *zealous* profession of Christianity, till his accession to the imperial throne, on the death of Constantius his cousin, in 361. He was no sooner become his own master than he *threw off the mask*, and made a public avowal of *paganism*; and though he did not directly *persecute* the Christians, yet he endeavoured all in his power to root out their religion. He stigmatized the followers of Jesus by the nickname of Galileans, wrote several books against Christianity, and *connived* at the cruelties which some of his governors committed on their persons. He also caressed the Jews, and *promised* to rebuild Jerusalem, and to make it the imperial residence, by way of confuting the prophecies of our Saviour. He accordingly set about building the temple, but the *design* was defeated by the destruction of the workmen, who were assaulted by balls of fire

issuing from the foundations. When this happened Julian was at Antioch on an expedition against the Persians, in which he was at first successful, but after several partial engagements a general battle took place, June 26th, 363, wherein Julian was mortally wounded, and died on the ensuing night. Julian was a man of great talents, but strangely *bigoted* to the religion of *paganism*. His works were published in 2 vols. folio, by Spanheim, in 1626. The works of Julian furnish us with another instance in which the cause of divine truth may be served by the *attempts* of an adversary to *injure* it. Julian, who seemed desirous to say something that might render the divinity of our Lord *suspected*, argues that neither Matthew, Mark, Luke, nor Paul himself, ever presumed to call him God, but that it was St. John who talked after this manner. He says, that "John perceiving how the persuasion of Christ's being God prevailed mightily among the Christians dispersed through many cities of Greece and Italy, did then take upon him to assert the *same doctrine* in his Gospel, with a view to humour them, and to get himself reputation." (Julian apud Cyril, L. 10, p. 327, Edit. Lips.) Here, then, we have a *plain confession* from a *vehement enemy*, a confession which (ridicule and banter apart) amounts to this, that the generality of Christians, as early as the apostolic age, were exceedingly zealous for the doctrine of *Christ's divinity*, and that St. John himself *commended*





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them for it, *encouraged* them in it, and wrote his gospel to confirm it. Since he could not disown the *fact*, he endeavoured in his ludicrous way, to turn the whole into *ridicule*. Now, how wrong soever he was in his observations, yet his *concession* deserves particular notice. He not only acknowledges the *divinity* of our Lord as a *prevalent* doctrine in the apostolic times, but he lets us know that he took those writings, which in his time bore the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, to be the *genuine* productions of those authors: hence he was certainly very sensible that the *evidences* for the *genuineness* of these books were at *that* period so very *clear* and *convincing* that it would have been perfectly scandalous for any one to have called them in question; otherwise he would have attacked the Christians after another manner, and instead of citing these books in so *tame* and *innocent* a way as he has done in the passage above referred to, he would have exposed them as so many pieces of shameful imposture, and the Christians as the *worst of fools* for thinking otherwise.—GOOD AND GREGORY. (*See also p. 29.*)

IMPIOUS ATTEMPT AT DIVINE HONOURS.

A man in Lybia, named Psaphon, to whom nature had been sufficiently indulgent in bestowing upon him ex-

traordinary accomplishments, the inward magnificence of his mind expanding itself, and prompting him to it, he used this subtle artifice to possess the inhabitants about him with an opinion of his *divinity*! Having therefore taken a number of such birds as are capable of the imitation of human speech, he taught them to pronounce these words distinctly, "*Psaphon is a great god.*" This done, he set them all at liberty, who filled the woods and places about with this ditty, which the inhabitants hearing, and supposing this to fall out by divine power, they fell to the adoration of him!

PURCHAS'S PILGRIM.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was very desirous to be accounted a god, and boasted amongst the barbarians that he was the son of Jupiter Ammon; so that his mother Olympius used to say, that her son Alexander never ceased to *calumniate* her to Juno. Being once wounded, "This," said he, "is *blood*, not that *ichor* which Homer says is wont to flow from the gods." It is said, that finding himself near unto death, he would privily have cast himself into the river Euphrates, that being suddenly out of sight he might breed an opinion in men that he was not departed as one overpressed with the weight of a disease, but that he was ascended to the gods from whence he first came; and when Roxana,

having understood his mind, went about to hinder him, he *sighing* said, “Woman, dost thou *envy* me the glory of immortality and divinity?”—PLUTARCH.

SIR WILLIAM JONES AN EXAMPLE.

This eminent man was the son of William Jones, a skilful mathematician, and an intimate friend of the immortal Newton, and others eminent in that science; he was born in September 1746. His capacity for the acquisition of languages has never been excelled; yet his judgment was too discerning to consider language in any other light than as the key of science. *Knowledge* and *truth* were the objects of all his studies, and his *ambition* was to be *useful* to mankind. With these views he extended his researches to all languages, nations, and times. There were in truth few sciences in which he had not acquired considerable proficiency; in most his knowledge was profound. To a proficiency in the languages of Greece, Rome, and Asia, he added the knowledge of the philosophy of those countries, and of every thing curious that had been taught in them. The doctrines of the Academy, the Lyceum, or the Portico, were not more familiar to him than the tenets of the Vedas, the mysticism of the Sasis, or the religion of the ancient Persians; and whilst with a kindred genius he

perused with rapture the heroic, lyric, or moral compositions of the most renowned poets of Greece, Rome, and Asia, he could turn with equal delight and knowledge to the sublime speculations, or the mathematical calculations of Barrow and Newton. With them also he professed his *conviction of the truth of the Christian religion*; and he justly deemed it no inconsiderable advantage that his *researches* had corroborated the *multiplied evidence* of Revelation, by *confirming* the Mosaic account of the primitive world.

As president of the Asiatic Society, his death was much lamented by that body, as well as by all others. Lord Teignmouth on that event, which took place in 1794, thus addressed the Society:—"Of the private and social virtues of our lamented president our hearts are the best records. To you who knew him it cannot be necessary for me to expatiate on the independence of his integrity, his humanity, probity, or benevolence, which *every living creature* participated; on the affability of his conversation and manners, or his modest, unassuming deportment; nor need I remark that he was totally free from pedantry, as well as from arrogance and self-sufficiency, which sometimes accompany and disgrace the greatest abilities. His *presence* was the *delight* of *every* society, which his conversation exhilarated and improved; and the public have not only to lament the

loss of his talents and abilities, but that of his EXAMPLE. He was not an illiterate believer in divine revelation, but felt and exhibited its influence."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY REJECTS ATHEISM.

Cicero represents it as a probable opinion that they who apply themselves to the study of philosophy believe there are no gods ; this must doubtless be meant of the Academic philosophy, to which Cicero himself was attached, and which *doubted* of every thing. On the contrary, the Newtonian philosophers are continually recurring to a Deity, whom they always find at the end of their chain of natural causes. Some foreigners have charged them with making too much use of the notion of a God in philosophy, contrary to the rule of Horace, *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*. Among us the philosophers have been the principal advocates for the existence of a Deity. Witness the writings of Sir Isaac Newton, Boyle, Ray, Cheyne, Nieuwent, Euler, Hartley, Robison, and others. To which we may add others who, though of the clergy (as was also Ray), yet have distinguished themselves by their *philosophical* pieces in behalf of the existence of a God, viz. Derham, Bentley, Whiston, Clark (Samuel and John), Fenelon, Paley, &c. So *true* is that saying of Lord

Bacon, that "though a *smattering* of philosophy may lead a man into atheism, a *deep draught* will certainly bring him back again into the belief of a God and Providence."

LABADIE, AN IMMORAL ENTHUSIAST.

John Labadie was born in 1610, and educated in the Jesuit's College at Bordeaux. He afterwards entered of the order, but quitted it in 1639, and became a zealous preacher. His *affected piety* procured him many admirers, and he became canon of the cathedral at Amiens, which place he was compelled to leave on account of some amours. In 1666 he began to publish his peculiar doctrines with great boldness, in which he *set aside the Scriptures*, and all *outward* worship, resolving the *whole of religion* into *spiritual feeling*, and *mental prayer*! One of his principal followers was Anna Schurman, who attended him in all his perigrinations until his death. He caused great disturbances in the United Provinces by his notions, which spread like wildfire, and those who held them were called Labadists. After having been expelled from various places, he went to settle at Altena, in Holstein, where he died in 1674. He published several works, but they are not worth enumerating.

LALANDE, AN IMPIOUS ASTRONOMER!!

Joseph Lalande, the eminent French astronomer, was born at Bourg, July 11, A. D. 1732. He was destined to the bar, but the sight of the observatory at Paris developed the propensity which became the ruling passion of his life. He progressively was made a member of the Institute and Professor of Astronomy in the College of France, and a member of the Legion of Honour. The high consideration which he obtained, would, probably, with *prudence* and circumspection, have secured him an enviable lot to the end of his days; but the habit of speaking his mind, which he did not lay aside in the most stormy times, and upon topics where he *might*, nay, *ought*, to have been silent, together with the bluntness with which he sometimes refuted the established systems of others, animated against him a host of detractors, who proceeded so far as to call in question his undoubted merits. His long and durable services, in matters of science, were thus in a measure forgotten, or lost sight of, in the contemplation of his dangerous speculations, and of the imprudent zeal with which he promulgated his opinions. Those who knew him well, affirm, that if any of the French infidels, of late, was decidedly an atheist, Lalande was doubtless such; and that atheistical opinions, when embraced by a man of *excessive garrulity* and *overweening vanity*, would be injurious

in their effects, both upon himself and upon others, needs *no* proof. He was, in fact, as much noted for his *profaneness* as for his *talents*—a species of distinction which, we hope, few other astronomers will emulate.

He was an excellent *astronomer* and an active promoter of that science; but he possessed little taste, and a very confined knowledge of mathematics in general. He considered himself, however, as the *father* of the mathematical sciences generally; and, at his death, in 1807 he founded the prize of a medal, which the Institute annually awards to the author of the best astronomical memoir, or the maker of the most curious observation.

He published, and also edited, various works; and, in 1802, published a little collection for the pocket, of Tables of Logarithms, Signs, and Tangents, on the *plan* of *Lacaille*, but much inferior to them.

We query, however, whether Laplace thought half so highly of his “*Mecanique Celeste*,” as poor Lalande did of his meagre book of Tables.

In 1802 M. Lalande published a new edition of Montucla’s History of Mathematics, in 4 vols. 4to., the two latter volumes being prepared from Montucla’s papers, with the assistance of Laplace, Lacroix, and others. The fourth volume has the portrait of Lalande, as a frontispiece, with the following motto:—

——“ Du Ciel devenu son empire,
Son génie a percé les vastes profondeurs ;
Mais il règne encore sur nos cœurs,
Et nous l'aimons autant que l'univers l'admire.”

“ An undevout astronomer is mad.”

MR. GIBBON'S TESTIMONY TO THE CON-
SISTENT PIETY OF THE REV. MR. WIL-
LIAM LAW.

Mr. Gibbon, with whose aunts the Rev. W. Law, author of the “ Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life,” lived, gives the following character of him and his writings :—

“ Mr. Law died at an advanced age, of a suppression of urine, in 1761, at the house of Mrs. Hesther Gibbon, known by the name of the Cliffe, in Northamptonshire, where she still resides. In that family, he has left the reputation of a *worthy* and *eminently pious* man, who *believed* all that he *professed*, and *practised* all that he *enjoined*. The character of a nonjuror, which he held to the last, is a sufficient evidence of the tenaciousness of his principles in church and state, and the sacrifice of his interests to his conscience will always be respectable. His theological writings, which our domestic concerns

induced me to read, preserve an *amiable*, though imperfect, sort of life, *in my opinion*; but here, perhaps, I pronounce with more *confidence* than *knowledge*. His last compositions seemed tingured too much with the mystic enthusiasm of Jacob Behmen, and his discourse on the absolute unlawfulness of the stage, may be called a ridiculous intemperance of sentiment and language. But these sallies of phrenzy must not extinguish the praise that is due to Mr. Law as a wit and a scholar. His argument on topics of less absurdity" (our readers will bear in mind that Mr. Gibbon thought *all* religion *absurd*) "are specious and acute, his manner is lively, his style forcible and clear, and had not the *vigour* of his mind been clouded by enthusiasm, he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of the times.

"While the Bangorian controversy was a fashionable theme, he entered the lists. He resumed the contest again with Bishop Hoadly, in which his non-juring principles appear, though he approves himself equal to both prelates. On the appearance of the "Fable of the Bees" he drew his pen against the licentiousness of the doctrine of that writer, and *morality and religion must rejoice in his applause and victory!* Mr. Law's masterpiece, the 'Serious Call,' is still read as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are *rigid*, but

they are formed and derived *from the gospel* ; his *satire* is sharp, but his *wisdom* is from the knowlege of *human life*, and many of his *portraits* are not unworthy the pen of La Bruyere. If there yet exists a spark of piety in the reader's mind, he will soon kindle it to a flame, and a *philosopher* must allow that he is more *consistent* in his *principles* than any of the tribe of mystic writers.

“ He handles, with equal severity and *truth*, the strange contradiction between faith and practice in the Christian world. Under the names of Flavia and Miranda, he has admirably described Mr. Gibbon's two aunts, the worldly and the pious sisters.”

To this we might add the testimony of Dr. Johnson, of Mrs. Hannah More, and others ; but, after the opinion of such a learned sceptic, who, in this instance, speaks from *conviction*, these may be deemed unnecessary.

ANTHONY COLLINS, A FREETHINKER.

Anthony Collins, an English writer of some note, was born near Hounslow, in 1676. He was educated at Eton, and at King's College, Cambridge ; whence he removed to the Temple as a student, but did not follow the profession.

He applied himself to letters, and published a dis-

course on "Freethinking," and another on the "Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion," both of which occasioned much controversy. In 1726 he published his "Scheme of Literal Prophecy Considered," which was attacked by several able writers, and defended by the author, who died of the stone, in 1729; he published also, "Priestcraft in Perfection;" "An Historical Essay upon the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion;" "A Philosophical Enquiry, concerning Human Liberty," which was answered by Dr. Samuel Clarke, and most of his other pieces were ably refuted by Dr. Leland. He cultivated the acquaintance of ingenious men, among whom was the celebrated Mr. Locke, who left a letter to be delivered, after his decease, to Collins, which was full of affection and good advice.

COLLINS, THE POET'S SMALL LIBRARY.

Dr. Johnson relates, that when he visited the author of the Ode on the Passions, during one of his illnesses at Islington, he found him with a book in his hand. On taking it up out of curiosity, to see what companion a "man of letters" had chosen. "I have but ONE book," said Collins, "but *that* is the BEST." It was, in fact, a New Testament, such as children carry to school.

CONDORCET, AN UNPHILOSOPHICAL PHILOSOPHER.

This French philosopher was born at Ribemont, in Picardy, in 1743, of a noble family, from whom he derived the title of Marquis ; he was educated at the College of Navarre, and having a strong predilection for mathematics, he soon distinguished himself among the geometers. In 1769 he was chosen member of the Academy, and continued to publish several works on mathematical and philosophical subjects, the latter of which were of a dangerous tendency, as striking at the root of *all* religion, *natural* and *revealed*. In 1773 he became secretary to the Academy : he wrote the admired lives of Voltaire and Turgot ; and, in 1791, on his becoming a member of the National Assembly, he applied himself almost wholly to political affairs. To his honour it is recorded, that he opposed the sanguinary proceedings towards his king. Robespierre having obtained the ascendancy, Condorcet being marked out as one of the victims, concealed himself for some days in Paris, and then went to the house of a friend at Fontenai, whom not finding at home, he, in a state of great suspense, spent one night in a quarry, and a second under a tree in an open field. On the third day he was seized and committed to prison as a *suspicious* person, in order to be sent to Paris ; but he was found dead in his bed

the next morning, March 28, 1794. Thus miserably perished one of the finest writers of the last century.

Lalande describes his private character as easy, quiet, kind, and obliging ; but his behaviour to Diderot, when dying, displayed, instead of the *milk of human kindness*, the malignity of a fiend.* Neither his conversation nor his external deportment bespoke the fire of his genius. D'Alembert used to compare him to a *volcano, covered*

* The conduct here alluded to occurred in 1784, when Diderot, in a state of decline, and feeling the near approach of death, on the suggestion of his faithful servant, sent for M. de Farsac, curé de St. Sulpice, to whom he was preparing to make a recantation of his errors. At this critical time Condorcet and other adepts now crowded about the dying penitent, and falsely persuaded him that he only wanted the country air to reinstate him in health. For some time he resisted their attempts to bring him back to atheism ; but at last he was prevailed upon to leave such dangerous company, and they had him secretly conveyed to the country, where he died on the 2d day of July. The body was as secretly conveyed back to Paris, and they promulgated the report that he died suddenly on rising from the table, without remorse, and his atheistical principles unshaken !—(See “ *Diderot.* ”)

with snow. He had a latent weakness, however, of constitution, which often made him the dupe of men altogether unworthy of his regard. It was during the period of his concealment at Paris, uncertain of a day's existence, that he wrote his "Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind;" a production which undoubtedly displays great genius, though it contains some of the most extravagant paradoxes that ever fell from the pen of a philosopher. Among other wonderful things, the author inculcates the possibility, if not the probability, that the nature of man may be improved to *absolute perfection in body and mind*, and his *existence in this world protracted to immortality!* So firmly does he seem to have been persuaded of the truth of this unphilosophical opinion, that he set himself seriously to consider how men should conduct themselves when the population should become too great for the quantity of food which the earth can produce, and the *only* way which he could find for counteracting this evil was, to check population by promiscuous concubinage, and *other* practices, with an account of which we will not sully our pages.

DIONYSIUS DIDEROT, HIS INCONSISTENCY
AND REPENTANCE.

This industrious French writer was born at Langres in 1713, and settled at Paris early in life, where his wit and talents procured him many friends. Besides various other works, he supplied all the articles on trade and the arts for the great work entitled “Dictionnaire Encyclopædique.” In the major part of his other works he kept one grand object in view, the propagation of deistical principles and sophisms.

During most of his life he was a decided atheist, and was pretty active in disseminating his notions. He was assisted by D'Alembert and others, who, when the *intention* of Diderot was too *plain* and *open*, threw a *mist* over it, that the *design* might not be so *palpable* as to defeat itself. Although he published and wrote much, he never acquired riches, and his means being straitened, an expedient was devised for their improvement.

He had long been in correspondence with Catherine of Russia, whom he persuaded that he was one of the first of economists. To her he had represented that his *library* was one of the most valuable in Europe; and when the empress wanted to purchase it, and make him librarian, he replied, that his constitution could not bear the coldness of a northern climate. She then offered to allow him to keep it during his life-time in

Paris, and she bought it on these conditions at an *immense price* !

When her ambassador required to inspect it, after a year or two's payments, and the visitation could no longer be put off, Diderot was compelled to have recourse to all the booksellers' shops in Germany to fill his *empty* shelves with *old volumes*. He was so far fortunate as to save appearances ; but the *finesse* was exposed through his niggardliness to the ambassador's secretary. This did not deter him from visiting Catherine, to whom he told a poor story, in hopes of getting his daughter married with parade, and patronised by the empress ; but the scheme was seen through, and he was disappointed.

In 1784 his health began to decline, and one of his domestics perceiving his death near, mentioned to him his apprehensions, and urged affectionately the importance of preparing for another world. He listened to this attentively, thanked his monitor, and promised to consider of what he advised. Some time afterwards he desired that a priest should be sent for, when the servant introduced M. de Farsac, curé de St. Sulpice. Diderot saw this ecclesiastic several times, and was preparing to make a recantation of his errors, when Condorcet and others, fearing the effect of the change of his belief gaining publicity, now crowded about him, and inhumanly hurried him away *secretly* into the country, where

he shortly after died, beyond the reach or knowledge of the pious curé, who might have afforded him consolation in his last hour.—(See note to Condorcet.)

Diderot seemed to have had considerable knowledge of mathematics, metaphysics, and the belles lettres, and has been highly praised for his frankness ; but, except his frank avowal of atheism, we do not see what claim he has to the character. M. Bauze coming one day into his house, found him explaining to his daughter a chapter of the gospel history. On expressing his surprise at this conduct, Diderot said, “ *J’entend ce que vous voulez dire ; mais a fond, quelles meillures leçons pourrois je lui donner ou trouverai je mieux ?*” It was a common saying of Diderot’s, that between him and his dog, “ *il n’y avoit de difference que habit.*” In uttering this sentiment, he did not resemble Pope’s Indian with untutored mind,

“ Who thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

The Indian hopes to carry his dog *with him* to heaven ; but Diderot hoped to *die like a dog*, and to be as if he had *not* been.

SOAME JENYNS, HIS CONVICTION.

This ingenious English writer was born in London in 1704, was educated at Cambridge, and was elected M. P. for that university in 1741, and continued a member of that house until the year 1780, when the Board of Trade, of which he had been appointed one of the lords, was abolished. In early life, Mr. Jenyns was of a religious turn of mind, but afterwards he wandered into deism. More close and minute inquiry led him to see the dangerous nature of scepticism, which he renounced, and continued a firm believer and a pious Christian until his death, which took place in 1787. He published, 1st, Poems, 2 vols. 12mo.; 2nd, A Free Inquiry into the Origin of Evil, 12mo.; 3rd, Political Tracts; and, lastly, A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, 12mo., which evinces considerable knowledge and research, as well as his own conviction of the truth of that religion which he was, at one period of his life, inclined to doubt.

PORPHYRIUS.

Porphyrius, the Platonic philosopher, was born at Tyre, in A. D. 233, in the reign of Alexander Severus. He was the disciple of Longinus, and became the ornament of his school at Athens; from thence he went to

Rome, and attended Plotinus, with whom he lived six years. After the death of Plotinus, he taught philosophy at Rome with great applause, and became well skilled in polite literature, geography, astronomy, and music. He lived till the end of the third century, and died in the reign of Dioclesian.

He composed a large treatise against the Christian religion, which is lost. This was answered by Methodias, bishop of Tyre, and by Eusebius, Appolinarius, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Cyril, and Theodoret. The emperor Theodosius the Great caused Porphyrius's book to be burned in 338. There are still extant his book on the Categories of Aristotle; a treatise on abstinence from flesh; and several other pieces in Greek. Those were printed at Cambridge, in 8vo., in 1655, with a Latin version.

Dr. Enfield says, " Porphyrius was, it must be owned, a writer of deep erudition, and, had his judgment been *equal* to his learning, he would have deserved a distinguished place among the ancients. But neither the splendour of his diction, nor the variety of his reading, can atone for the credulity, or the dishonesty, which filled the *narrative* parts of his works with so many extravagant tales, or interest the judicious reader in the abstruse subtleties and mystical flights of his philosophical writings."

CHRISTIANITY THE MOST PERFECT SYSTEM OF ETHICS.

We undertake to show, that from the New Testament may be collected not only the doctrines of religion, but also a system of ethics, in which every moral precept founded on reason is carried to a higher degree of purity and perfection than ever before ; that every moral precept founded on *false* principles is totally omitted, and many *new* precepts added, peculiarly corresponding with the *new object* of this religion ; that such a system of religion and morality could not possibly have been the work of any man, or set of men, and that therefore it *must* undoubtedly have been effected by the interposition of Divine power.—JENYNS'S EVIDENCES.

“ Whence, but from heaven, should men, unskilled in
arts,

In different nations born, in different parts

Weave such agreeing truths ?—or how ? or why ?

Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?

Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,

Starving their gains, and martyrdom their price.”

DRYDEN.

DAVID HUME'S BIOGRAPHER.

HIS ATTEMPT TO PROVE HIS CONSISTENCY.

In 1776 was published a letter of Dr. Adam Smith's, giving some account of the death of the Scottish philosopher. The object of it was to show that Mr. Hume, notwithstanding his sceptical principles, had died with the utmost composure, and that in his life as well as at his death he had conducted himself as became one of the wisest and best of men. The letter is very much laboured, and yet does no honour either to the author or his friend. It could not represent Mr. Hume as supporting himself under the gradual decay of nature with *the hopes of a happy immortality*; but it might have represented him as taking refuge *with other infidels*, in the eternal sleep of death. This, though but a *gloomy* prospect, would not have been *childish*; but the hero of the tale is exhibited as talking like a school-boy of his conferences with *Charon*, and his reluctance to go into the Stygian ferry-boat, and is consoling himself with the thought of leaving all his friends, and his brother's family in particular, in great prosperity.

The absurdities of this letter did not escape the watchful and penetrating eye of Dr. HORNE, and as he could not mistake *its object*, he held it up to the contempt and derision of the religious world, in "A Letter to Adam

Smith, LL. D., on the life, death, and philosophy of his friend DAVID HUME, Esq., by one of the people called Christians." The reasoning of this little tract is clear and conclusive; while its keen though good-humoured wit is inimitable. This, in a few years afterwards, was followed by a series of "Letters on Infidelity," composed on the same plan, and with much of the same spirit. This little volume, to the second edition of which the letter to Dr. Smith was prefixed, is better calculated than almost any other with which we are acquainted, to *guard the minds of youth against the insidious strokes of infidel ridicule*—the only dangerous weapon which infidelity has to wield.

Mr. T. E. Ritchie, also, in his life of Mr. Hume, has carefully recorded Dr. Smith's account of Mr. Hume's "*sportive* disposition, notwithstanding the prospect of speedy dissolution," with the various *sublime* particulars of Charon and his ferry-boat!

Mr. Hume was born at Edinburgh in 1711, and died in 1776; and a monument is conspicuous on Calton Hill, where it is said he desired to be buried, on an elevated spot, in order that, like Mr. Tilly, of Pentilly House, he might be nearer to heaven than others when the last trumpet should sound!

JEAN FRANCOIS DE LA HARPE, A PENITENT INFIDEL.

This accomplished and elegant scholar and writer was born at Paris, on the 20th of November, 1739. His father, who was a captain of Artillery, died while he was young, leaving him in a state of extreme poverty ; but he found a friend in M. Asselin, principal of the College of Harcourt, who received him among his pupils. He soon gave promise of eminence by his literary productions, which attracted much notice, and almost at the same moment he succeeded to the honours of the theatre and the academy, by a successful drama and a prize essay. He wrote tragedies, odes, epistles, &c., but let him be stripped of all these and let us view him as a critic. "How," says M. Galliard, "has he graced and ennobled that function of journalist which so many before and after him have degraded."

That which put the stamp on the literary reputation of de la Harpe, was his "*Cours de Litterature, Ancienne et Moderne*," which justly entitles him to the honourable appellation of the French QUINTILIAN ! M. Petitot says, that here "he always assumes the tone of the work he criticises, a merit we find in none of the ancients, except Cicero, Quintilian, and Longinus,"—and concludes an elegant panegyric, thus:—"M. de Harpe arrived at the age of Francis I. and Louis,

XIV.; he sports with Marot, rises with Malherbe, sheds the sweet perfume of Racine's poetry, reasons with Pascal, imitates the insinuating graces of Fenelon, and, if he cannot assume all the grandeur of Bossuet, approaches, at least, by a more elevated style the energy and vigour of the greatest of Christian orators." The qualities that distinguish M. de la Harpe, as a writer, are, "an immense erudition, the art of identifying himself with his subject, a colouring that may be always felt; luminous views; a clearness of expression arising from the distinct and natural order of his ideas, &c. &c. On his first success in literature, he was patronised by Voltaire and D'Alembert, the former of whom gave him the amiable title of his favourite pupil, after whose death he inherited part of his fame. On the subsequent demise of others, his contemporaries, he was left almost without a rival in the republic of letters. The administrators of the Lyceum appointed him to deliver the lectures of that institution, which school of taste became the most distinguished theatre of his glory. Here his infirm state of health induced him to confine his labours for some years before the Revolution. When that awful hour arrived he endeavoured, *but in vain*, to attract to the Lyceum the partizans of literature. With other well-disposed persons he joined in sentiments for the good of his country, but would accept of no public

office, preferring the discharge of his literary functions. He has been asked, why he did not see the approach of the horrors of that day ?

What *innocent* man could have foreseen them ? He has been reproached with changing his opinion. Who is there that has not modified his during these unhappy convulsions ? No one can say that he ever applauded these horrors, for having succeeded in unmasking the ferocious character of the sanguinary Robespierre, he was consigned to a dungeon where he long remained in a state of uncertainty, whether he should live or die.

Here he had leisure to lament the follies of the human race, and here he found, in his happy experience the soothing consolations of religion, and now adopted the resolution of devoting the remainder of his days to her service, and show to the world, that he who had been a despiser of Christianity, a ridiculer of its mysteries, and a bosom companion of those who sat “ in the chair of the scorner,” had been chosen as a monument of mercy, and turned from the error of his ways.

La Harpe had the happiness to find that he was forgotten in his confinement, and he was liberated from his prison house shortly after the 9th Thermidor.

He now appeared again at the Lyceum, and it was remarked that misfortune and piety had given a new energy to his eloquence ; and in the midst of a numer-

ous audience he boldly and ingenuously renounced his former erroneous opinions.

He was scarcely restored to the society of his fellow citizens, when he placed himself courageously as a sentinel to guard against the return of so many calamities. In this spirit he dictated various works respecting projects of laws, which had created alarms. One of the greatest scourges that had been produced by the general disorder of this demoralizing epoch, was that gross and ferocious language which was hastening France with rapid strides towards a state of savage barbarism. La Harpe repelled the innovators in style with the powerful arms of reason, taste, and eloquence ; but ignorance could not brook that zeal which displayed her in her natural colours.

A fresh storm drove him to seek an asylum in a spot impenetrable to all but a faithful friendship. Being here deprived of exercise, the effect was very visible when he again appeared in public after the 18th Brumaire. His health now, therefore, sensibly declined, and he exchanged the cares and anxieties of this life for the enjoyment of that to come, on the 11th February, 1803, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

INFIDEL ENTHUSIASM.

The propagators of infidelity in France previous to the revolution, were so assiduous in spreading it far and wide that they annually expended £900,000 sterling in purchasing, printing, and distributing deistical and other books, in order to corrupt the minds of the people, and prepare them for desperate measures. Knowing this fact, we need not wonder at the horrible scenes of anarchy, confusion, and cruelty, that afterwards were exhibited, by which every human tie and sacred obligation was dissolved, and their natures seemed changed from human to the most brutal.



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